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SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY
JOHN BURNET

LONDON:
Printed by J. Sturges, in Strand,
near Chancery-Lane.
1724.





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SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART.

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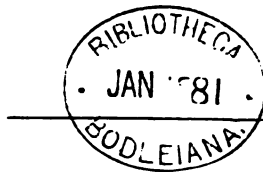
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THE
HOUSE OF CROMWELL
AND THE
STORY OF DUNKIRK.

BY
JAMES WAYLEN.



LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED, 193, PICCADILLY.

1880.

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3, BELL YARD—38, CITY ROAD.

DEDICATED

BY PERMISSION TO

THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ.,

WHOSE "ELUCIDATIONS" OF OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES

HAVE ELEVATED OUR ADMIRATION OF THE PROTECTOR INTO LOVE.



LOUIS XIV placing the keys of DUNKIRK in the hands of Sir W^m. LOCKHART.

PREFACE.

THE following pages are primarily designed to contain genealogical tables of the Protector Oliver's descendants to the present day, and thus to carry down through another century the family history which terminated in 1785 with the publication of Mark Noble's History of the Protectoral House.

Other miscellaneous matter is added illustrative of the Protector's character, all which will speak for itself. But the mention of more than a hundred letters, as supplementary to Mr. Carlyle's collection of the Protector's *Letters and Speeches* claims a few preliminary observations.

About the year 1842 Mr. John Langton Sanford of the Temple, struck by the astounding discrepancies which had long been conspicuous among the biographers of Oliver Cromwell, resolved to make an independent investigation on his own account, and to commence the task by forming as complete a collection as possible of the hero's letters and speeches. Of these, he had brought together about three hundred, when Mr. Carlyle's work on the same subject came forth to light in 1845. As each collection contained documents which were wanting in the other, Mr. Sanford promptly and generously surrendered his own contingent, which accordingly made part of Mr. Carlyle's second edition of 1846. To specify what that contingent supplied, would now be a superfluous task; it may suffice to mention that it included the Clonmacnoise Manifesto, perhaps the most masterly and characteristic specimen on record of Cromwell's polemical discernment.

It is agreeable to add that the results of these studies on Mr. Sanford's own mind were already in felicitous accordance with the Carlylean decisions, and had issued, to use his own terms, in a clear conviction that the theory of Cromwell's hypocrisy and selfish ambition was devoid of all support in the real facts. He had learnt also that the lives of Pym, Hampden, and many others of that time required re-writing quite as much as that of Cromwell; and he became increasingly solicitous that his accumulated stores "might be moulded into a work supplementary to that of Mr. Carlyle and affording a critical refutation of the large mass of calumnious anecdote which still passes for history in works of such general value and authority as Mr. Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*." Such a work therefore appeared in 1858,

—the original title of *Life of Oliver Cromwell* being supplanted by *Studies and illustrations of the Great Rebellion*;—and a very fascinating book it is, fully answering the proposed design, without in the smallest degree disturbing the majestic supremacy of the Protector. It closes with a graphic account of the fight at Marston-moor, which had never before been rightly adjusted; and it supplies a few additional letters, which also may now be read in Carlyle's later editions.

But indeed that gallant crisis in the fortunes of England and of Europe may well sustain other supplementary illustration besides Mr. Sanford's classic essays. The position which the British Protector appeared to be assuming in the councils of foreign nations when death laid him low, is apprehended by very few. Englishmen seem to have forgotten the motives which prompted him to snatch from papal Spain the port of Dunkirk and adjacent part of Flanders. Nay, the majority of his compatriots seem to have forgotten that he ever held Dunkirk at all. It is necessary therefore to remind them that the capture of that nest of pirates, which Dunkirk had long become, was undertaken not only in defence of British commerce, but to convince all parties that the arm which could thus plant itself between three quarrelsome neighbours like France Holland and Spain, and keep the peace between them, would endeavour also to allay the ecclesiastical atrocities signalizing the ever-recurrent struggles throughout Europe for the Holy Empire. In making this high-handed resolve, and accepting for his country a position fraught with so much responsibility, he at the same time felt that the financial objections to the scheme were fully met by the check given to the piratical powers along the coast between France and Holland. In those buccaneering days, the depredations of sea-robbers who owed allegiance to no constituted State, were absolutely insupportable. Mr Dannet, a member of one of Queen Elizabeth's parliaments, while narrating to the House in 1601 the outrages practised by the pirates of Dunkirk and Nieuport, contended that "more

damage had been inflicted on our commerce by these corsairs than by the whole power of France during the three reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Queen Mary." On the two-fold ground therefore of protestant ascendancy and commercial freedom, as those questions were then understood, the occupation of Dunkirk was a master-stroke.

The Flanders campaign, Mr. Carlyle probably felt, would carry him too far afield; for he has done little more than glance at the career and character of Sir William Lockhart our ambassador at the court of France, and he has left unrecorded nearly the whole of the Protector's foreign correspondence conducted by his latin secretary John Milton. One of the objects of the present undertaking is therefore to recover this neglected ground, principally having reference to Dunkirk; and though the sequel of the story may land us, as indeed it must, in national infamy, the narrative may yet serve the purpose of showing how the noble resolves of a single righteous man could modify and check the statecraft of an entire Continent.

Stuart policy ever sought and found affinity with Spain. Oliver's sympathies on the other hand saluted the genius of Sir Walter Raleigh, in whom the Anglican ambition, love of enterprise, and contempt of the Spaniard, found their robust incarnation,—with this qualification, that in Oliver's case the Anglican furor was chastened and adorned by a rigid sense of justice and compassion for the unfortunate, born of christian humility, which fitted him for a truer dominion over his fellow men than Sir Walter could ever reach. Resolving therefore to appeal to such element of manhood as existed among the French people, and which by honest co-operation might be launched against the powers of darkness, he enlisted in this crusade the Kings of Sweden and Portugal, the Prince of Transylvania, the Helvetians, and the Brandenburgers, and would fain have added the power of Russia. As for the Dutch, whose commercial jealousies it might be necessary to soothe, he took care to shut out their

interference by an early peace. Such were the preliminaries of his Protestant scheme. It was but a return to the policy of Queen Elizabeth,—“Queen Elizabeth of famous memory; we need not be ashamed to call her so; that great Queen,” said Oliver to one of his parliaments;—reminding us of the couplet of a modern seer,

“O'er land and sea a virgin Queen I reign,
And spurn to dust both Antichrist and Spain.”

Kingsley's Westward-Ho.

There was no one of his subordinates whose action reflected so much credit on the Protector as Sir William Lockhart. Allied to him by marriage, for their connexion commenced by Robina Sewster, a niece of Oliver, becoming Sir William's second wife, the Scottish chieftain's native sagacity and unaffected zeal for Protestantism, combined with a perfect knowledge of the French language, pointed him out as the most effective executor of Oliver's highest aims; and where could those aims be so widely realized as by a league offensive and defensive with the rising power of France? It is interesting to note how thoroughly Sir William drank into the spirit of the enterprise as the crisis rose to view. Irritated by petty vexations on his first arrival in France, he is found repeatedly begging through Mr. Secretary Thurloe that some more able substitute might take his place. But his note begins to change, as the great treaty, giving to England a renewed footing on the Continent, travels through its clauses, and the Cromwellian red-coats are seen to be actually landing at Boulogne. Notwithstanding the apologetic and self-deprecatory language of his dispatches, he was daily reaching the conviction that in default of his own agency there was not another man in England who could fight a winning battle of diplomacy with cardinals, jesuits, field-m Marshals, and courtiers. Henceforward he is seen to occupy his allotted post with graceful ease. We may even perceive that unexpected difficulties do but accelerate his impetuosity. At last the

Spaniard is encountered hand to hand, the coveted citadel is won, and the gallant and youthful French king in the presence of the lords and ladies of his court places the keys of Dunkirk in the hands of the English envoy. The genius of the Oliverian policy has triumphed, and Lockhart takes his place among the chief captains of the age.

Time out of mind had the English public been suffocated with the oft-told story of the capture and the loss of Calais. The Protector could now assure them that the loss of Calais was more than redeemed, and that the Protestant ensign under which Gustavus Adolphus fought and fell would henceforth float over territory torn from papal Spain. The whole affair was eminently calculated to re-awaken the enthusiasm which his leadership had formerly kindled; for the Flanders campaign, though executed by deputy, was rightly felt to be animated by his spirit. His representatives meanwhile at the Gallic court, where Huguenots had sued in vain, received homages which were withheld from the very Legate of Rome,—a strange spectacle, startling to all Europe,—alike anomalous, portentous, and inexplicable. To many a lip the question must then have risen, which in later years has again and again baffled the logic of his defamers,—wherein lay the divining power which could thus bring an aspiring cardinal and a French autocrat under the fascination of an heretical island-chieftain, whose political aspirations, all undisguised as they were, were backed by but a very moderate military power? The answer surely is found in the fact that every step in his career was known to be the expression and outcome of habitual faith in the unseen. To his parliaments and to those who came still more closely in contact with him it was sufficiently manifest that his every thought was with the eternal, but Milton gives us further to understand that the contagion of his spiritual force carried the better part of the nation along with him. Through Lockhart's medium the same sentiment would remotely influence Mazarin, offering a more honourable, and shall we

not say rational, explanation of his bearing towards the English Protector than the mere vulgar fear which is all that the Cardinal's enemies can discover in him. This downright integrity and absence of self-seeking in Oliver was a new phenomenon in the history of monarchs, and at the bottom of their hearts, the people hailed his advent as that of a practical saviour. In short,—“There has not been a supreme governor worth the meal upon his periwig, in comparison,—since this spirit fell obsolete,” says Carlyle in his comments on Speech V. There, gentlemen,—Is that strong enough? That it will for ever silence his detractors, can hardly be looked for. But it is in the firm belief that the majority of his countrymen are rapidly reaching the same conviction, that the tribute of the following pages has been rendered.

Should it be objected against him that his organization of parochial religious life was a mongrel affair, let it also be remembered that, in the transition age through which the nation was passing, it was a matter of exceptional perplexity. Robert Hall, in many respects a kindred spirit, when repelling on one occasion the notion that any particular form of church-government was stereotyped for all ages, exclaimed “That which is best administered is best.” That Cromwell's administration of this and every other department was the very best conceivable, is not the thing to be proved. That he deemed it the best under the actual circumstances of the hour, and made it the best by the simple force of his personal Christianity, is all that his admirers claim,—sufficiently entitling him, they further think, to the eulogy above expressed,—ratified as it is by the testimony of a contemporary who having, like many others, watched him long and closely, pronounced him “the justest of conquerors.”

Carrington's Life of O. C.



OLIVER CROMWELL in Childhood.
From the picture at the Chequers.

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OLIVER:
LORD PROTECTOR.

OLIVER CROMWELL, the only surviving son of Mr. Robert Cromwell of Huntingdon and Elizabeth Steward of Ely, was born at Huntingdon, 25 April, 1599, and christened in the parish church of St. John, receiving his baptismal name from his uncle and godfather, Sir Oliver Cromwell of Hinchinbrook, Knt. On 22 August, 1620, he was married at St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, London, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier of Felsted, in Essex, Knt., and had issue five sons and four daughters, namely:—

Robert, baptized at Huntingdon, 13 October, 1621; buried at Felsted 31 May, 1639.

Oliver, baptized at Huntingdon, 6 February, 1623 [died in battle, 1644. ?]

Richard, who succeeded his father in the Protectorate, born at Huntingdon, 4 October, 1626; died at Cheshunt, 12 July, 1712.

Henry, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, born at Huntingdon, 20 January, 1628; died at Spinney Abbey, 23 March, 1674.

James, baptized at Huntingdon, 8 January, 1632; died in infancy.

Bridget, baptized at Huntingdon, 5 August, 1624; buried at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, 1 July, 1662.

[NOTE.—In the above list, and in all subsequent dates throughout this work, the year will be treated as commencing, not (as was the practice in England at the Civil War period) on the 25 of March, but on the 1 of January.

Elizabeth, christened at Huntingdon, 2 July, 1629; died at Hampton Court, 6 August, 1658,

Mary, born at Ely, christened at Huntingdon, 9 February, 1637; died at Chiswick, 14 March, 1713.

Frances, christened at St. Mary's, Ely, 6 December, 1638; died [at Spinney Abbey?] 27 January, 1721.

THE PROTECTRESS ELIZABETH.

THE scurrilous literature which at the period of the Restoration found a victim in the quiet dignified Lady Protectress, is beneath notice. She was not without annoyance from the Government itself. Even before the King's return the newspapers were charging her with secreting sundry goods at a fruiterer's warehouse near the *Three Cranes* in Thames Street, including pictures and other royal property, with a view to exportation. And a few weeks later a search-warrant was issued directing her and her sons to deliver up various deeds and evidences belonging to the Marquis of Worcester. These tribulations, which of course had no other origin than malice, drew from her the following petition.

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

The humble petition of Elizabeth Cromwell, widow,—sheweth, that among the many sorrows wherewith it hath pleased the allwise God to exercise your petitioner, she is deeply sensible of those unjust imputations whereby she is charged of detaining jewels and other goods belonging to your Majesty; which, besides the disrepute of it, hath exposed her to many violences and losses under pretence of searching for such goods, to the undoing of her in her estate, and rendering her abode in any place unsafe;—she being willing to depose upon oath that she neither hath nor knows of any such jewels or goods. And whereas she is able to make it

appear by sufficient testimony that she hath never inter-meddled in any of those public transactions which have been prejudicial to your Majesty's royal father or yourself, and is ready to yield an humble and faithful obedience to your Majesty in your government.—She therefore humbly prays that your Majesty would be pleased to distinguish betwixt the concerns of your petitioner and those of her relations who have been obnoxious; and out of your princely goodness vouchsafe her a protection, without which she cannot expect, now in her old age, a safe retirement in any place of your Majesty's dominions. And she shall ever pray, &c.

E. CROMWELL.

This document is endorsed "The petition of Old Noll's Wife." As to the venerable lady's whereabouts during this revolution of things, we have but scanty evidence. She had been ordered to quit the Cockpit soon after her son Richard's abdication; and we can hardly doubt that Henry, whose return from Ireland she was anxiously soliciting, now took her under his protection. Just before the King's arrival, Henry Coventry, writing to the Marquis of Ormond, 27 April, says,—“Cromwell's widow is stolen out of town, and her highest friends pretend not to know whither.” It has been asserted that for awhile she sought retirement in Wales, and even in Switzerland. All we know for certain is that she eventually found a permanent asylum at Northborough House in Northamptonshire, near Market Deeping, the residence of her son-in-law Claypole (still standing as a farmhouse), and that there she died shortly previous to the year 1666. Further particulars respecting her latter days will occur in the lives of her children, Richard, Mary, and Frances. Dr. Gibbons, in the family history which forms a sequel to his funeral sermon on William Cromwell of Kirby Street, gives the date of her death as 8 October, 1672.

The precipitate fall of the Cromwells was felt more or less severely by all the members of their house, and they became the victims of satire even before the return of royalism. The fictitious scenes or speeches of a pasquinade are not of course to be accepted as history, though they may serve sometimes to record what was passing in the public mind, and to reflect the gossip of the hour. With this understanding, therefore, “*The Speech of the Lord Henry Cromwell*” may be read, with its report of domestic disquietude,—supposed to be delivered to the House in October 1659. After apologizing for his own and his brother Richard's abandonment of office, and

prophesying that the life and death of his father would be represented in pantomime thirty years hence at Bartholomew Fair, he goes on,—“I cannot hope for any such monument of my own fame. Will ever my face hang out at Temple Bar? will ever my picture be thought worthy to be cut out in satin by schoolboys, and hung up in ale-houses to inspire ballad-singers? It is true, we had a pitiful poet belonging to our family [Edmund Waller] but he can't write panegyrics unless he be well fed. They say bad poets are great lyars, and I find him so, for he called me “*Illustrissimus* and *Excellentissimus* My comfort is that my brother was as much mistaken as I was And then what a coil the women keep at home. My mother, instead of welcoming me home [from Ireland] cried out,—Oh, ye base bastardy coward! Have you not done finely, thus to make yourself and me the scorn of nations? Oh pitiful brothers, cries my sister Rich; I might have married another lord but for you, that have undone me and all your family. And indeed they made such a din in my ears, bewailing the loss of their lady-rockers gilt coaches, gentlemen ushers, hundred pound whisks, and such kind of worldly trinkets, that I was almost mazed with the noise. But said I to my mother,—Peace, mother, peace; why cannot you be content to retire from greatness to a private life as well as Dioclesian, Charles V., and my brother and I? To my sister Rich, quoth I, Pray take not so much pepper in the nose. Your condition does not require it. Have you forgotten all the godly sermons of Mr. Sterry and Mr. Lockier concerning the world's vanity? At this they cried out all together,—Give us our honours, or else we die. But I hope, gentlemen, you will stop their mouths, for I cannot. My mother thought to have kept a Court in Somerset House; but you have done well to sell it, that so that great temptation may be taken out of her sight.” In conclusion he advises the Members of the House to “sit here as long as you can. 'Tis a sweet thing to ride upon the shoulders of a nation Give your friends life, hang up your enemies, grow rich, and let your obedient servant go home into the country.

Where I like hermit poor, in pensive place obscure,
Do mean to spend my days of endless doubt,
To wail such woes as Time cannot re-cure,
Where none but you shall ever find me out,
And at my gates Despair shall linger still,
To let in Death, when you shall please to kill.”

ROBERT.

ELDEST SON OF THE PROTECTOR.

HE was sent, together with his brother Oliver, and perhaps also with Richard, to the free grammar-school of Felsted, then under the management of Mr. Holbeach. This establishment, which had been founded by Lord Rich in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was just now in considerable repute. Doctors John Wallis and Isaac Barrow are said to have received their early education there. But what principally recommended the place to the judgment of Oliver was, no doubt, the circumstance that his sons would there be under the watchful observation of their maternal grandfather, Sir James Bouchier, whose seat was in the same parish. Other neighbouring friends and relatives were the Mashams of Otes. The few scanty notices of this Robert, who was evidently a son after the father's heart, are of a very interesting character. The first occurs in 1638. Cromwell had been making a brief stoppage at Otes, where his cousin Mrs. St. John happened also to be paying a visit. Perhaps, as Mr. Carlyle suggests, he may have been taking one of his sons over to Felsted school, and on returning home took occasion to ride round by way of Otes and have a talk with his pious kinsmen. The discourse passing at that interview had evidently been of a stimulating and devotional character; so Mrs. St. John reminds him in a subsequent letter. Cromwell's reply to her is one of his most characteristic epistles; but the only use we need make of it here is to quote the reference it contains to one of his sons, presumably Robert,—“Salute all my friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love, I bless the Lord for them, and that my son by their procurement is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.”

Seven months later this Robert died at Felsted, of small-pox, to the unspeakable grief of his father. It was to this

event he alluded on his death-bed, when he said,—“This text [*I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me*] did once save my life, when my eldest son died; which went as a dagger to my heart: indeed it did.” It was long supposed that the son thus alluded to was young Oliver who fought by his father’s side and fell in the wars; and under this impression Mr. Carlyle inserted the name hypothetically into that colloquy, thus—“when my eldest son [poor Oliver] died.”;—which, Monsieur Guizot copying, but failing to mark the doubt, introduced as “mon pauvre Olivier” into his own text, thus treating it as an unquestionable fact. The error had no doubt acquired confirmation from a passage in the father’s letter of condolence to his brother-in-law, Valentine Wauton, who lost a son at Marston-Moor,—“Sir,” says he, “you know my own trials this way”; and then soon after, recalling his favourite text, he adds,—“You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial.” He had himself in fact just been compelled to put to the test the principle here recommended to his brother. A passage in the *Squire Papers* gives the fact thus,—“Meeting Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston battle, I thought he looked sad and wearied; for he had had a sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death not long before, I heard. It was near Knaresborough, and thirty more got killed.” So that, viewing all these facts in their apparent connection, it was a most natural inference that the death of young Oliver in battle was that first great trial “which went as a dagger to his heart.” But, much as the father must have felt this second loss, it is now fully confirmed that Robert, and not Oliver, was the son whose premature death rose to his memory in the hour of his own closing conflict. The discovery of this interesting fact is owing to a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 209, January 1856, whose narrative is as follows,—“In the Register of burials in the parish church of Felsted for 1639 occurs this entry.

Robertus Cromwell filius honorandi viri Militis Oliveris Cromwell et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus sepultus fuit, 31 die Maii. Et Robertus fuit eximie pius juvenis Deum timens supra multos.”

“Which remarkable addition to a simple mention of burial we need hardly point out as of the rarest occurrence on that most formal of all the pages of history, the leaf of a parish register; where to be born and to die is all that can be

conceded to rich or poor. The friend who examined the original for us could find no other instance in the volume of a deviation from the strict rule. Among all the fathers, sons, and brothers, crowded into its records of birth and death, the only *vir honorandus* is the Puritan Squire of Huntingdon. The name of the vicar of Felsted in 1639 was Wharton. This entry is in his handwriting and has his signature appended to it; and let it henceforward be remembered as his distinction, that long before Cromwell's name was famous beyond his native county, he had appeared to this incumbent of a small Essex parish as a man to be honoured. The tribute to the youth who passed so early away, uncouthly expressed as it is, takes a deep and mournful significance from the words which lingered last on the dying lips of his heroic father. If Heaven had but spared all that gentle and noble promise which represented once the eldest son and successor of Cromwell's name, the sceptre then falling might have found a hand to grasp and sustain it, and the history of England taken quite another course. The sad and sorry substitute—is it not written in Monsieur Guizot's narrative of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell? ” [The writer of the above is conjectured to have been John Forster.]

OLIVER,

SECOND SON OF THE PROTECTOR.

ACCOMPANIED his brother Robert, as stated above, to Felsted school. On the breaking out of hostilities, that brother having recently died, Oliver was the only one of the sons old enough to bear arms, and he could not have been more than 20 when his name appears as Cornet in Troop Eight of Earl Bedford's Horse. Very few traces of his military career survive, except in the form of a reference to him occurring in Simon Gunton's History of Peterborough. In that chronicle the elder Cromwell is represented, according to the usual custom of ignorant church-guides, as having been engaged in the mutilation of the Cathedral. Young Oliver's share in the transaction becomes visible through the medium of one of his troopers, who being about to burn a manuscript relating to the antiquities of the See, was persuaded by Mr. Humphrey Austin the precentor to surrender it for the sum of ten shillings and to ensure its preservation by subscribing an acquittance on the fly-leaf, which Mr. Austin thereupon prefaced by the following "*Memorandum*. This book was hid in the Church by me, Humphrey Austin, Feb. 1643, and found by one of Colonel Cromwell's soldiers when they pulled down all the seats in the Choir, 22 April, 1643. And I making inquiry among them for an old Latin Bible which was lost, I found out at last the party who had it, and I gave him for the book ten shillings, as you see by this acquittance." [here following.]

"I pray let this scripture book alone, for he hath paid me for it, and therefore I would desire you to let it alone. By me Henry Topcliffe, soldier under Captain Cromwell, Colonel Cromwell's son. Therefore I pray you let it alone. *Henry Topcliffe*. 22, April, 1643.

The book thus rescued was entitled "The Leger-book of Peterborough," being the annals of the See, compiled by a

monk of the establishment named Robert Swapham. We know full well that the Cromwell family wherever they could make their influence felt throughout the war, rigorously discountenanced violations of this kind; and a letter of the younger Oliver turns up at this very date to corroborate the fact.

"To the right worshipful and worthy friend Samuel Smythe, Esq., Steward of the City of Norwich,

WORTHY SIR,—I am sorry that I should have such an occasion to write to Norwich, concerning those which say they came from that noble city which hath furnished our armies (I can speak by experience) with godly men; but indeed I suppose them rather spurious offspring of some ignoble place. Sir, thus it is, that among honest men, some knaves have been admitted into my troop, who coming with expectation of some base ends but being frustrated of them, and finding that this cause did not nourish their expectations, have to the dishonour of God, and my discredit, and their own infamy, deserted the cause and me their captain. Therefore, Sir, look upon them as dishonourers of God's cause, and high displeasers of my father, myself, and the whole regiment. In brief, I would desire you to make them severe examples, by taking and returning the arms and horses of all that have not a ticket under my hand, and to clap them up into prison, and inflicting of such punishment as you shall think fit. Especially I desire that you would deal severely with one Robert Waffe [Wasse?] and Simon Scafe. Pray Sir, cause to return speedily all that had liberty from me to go to their friends. And likewise I desire you would secure a good horse from some of your malignants to mount one of my soldiers, John Manning, now at Norwich, who was lately taken prisoner by the enemy and by that means destitute. And pray do me the favour to mount such men as this bearer, Richard Waddelow, my clerk shall procure. And so I rest,
—Yours to command,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

From my quarters at Peterborough,
15 Aug. 1643.

Young Oliver's death in the skirmish near Knaresborough in 1644 has been already mentioned; but it is proper to add that in a brief memoir of Richard Cromwell, given in the *"Lives and characters of illustrious persons dying in 1711,"* it

is stated that small-pox was the cause of the younger Oliver's death. He was a very handsome young gentleman, says the narrator. His father had suddenly summoned him to join the army, and he soon after fell a victim to that complaint in the flower of his youth." Possibly there is some mingling of family traditions in this statement written long after the event; and we might be tempted to think that the "handsome young gentleman" who died of small-pox was Robert, and not Oliver, were it not for a contemporary passage in the *Parliament Scout*, 15 to 22 March, 1644,—"Colonel Cromwell is gone with his forces from Burlingham to Stony Stratford and Brickhill, and begins to increase in power. He hath lost his eldest son, who is dead of the small-pox at Newport [Newport Pagnell?] a civil young gentleman, and the joy of his father." In any case he could not be the Oliver Cromwell captain in Harrison's regiment who was slain in July 1648. *See Mark Noble.*

There is a "Major Oliver Cromwell" who figures in the tenth volume of *Lords' Journals*, p. 616, as the writer of a letter dated 28 Nov., 1648, addressed to the Earl of Manchester the Speaker of the Lords, having reference to his own and Colonel Hammond's movements while the King was confined in the Isle of Wight. That he was a zealous and diligent servant of the Parliament is testified by an Order of 21 December,—“That Major Oliver Cromwell, who hath attended as servant to the King in the Isle of Wight at his own charges be recommended to the House of Commons for some satisfaction for the same.” He accordingly re-appears 16 June, 1649, when an Order is passed in the Lower House for satisfaction of his claims. *Commons' Journals*, VI. 235. We cannot suppose him to have been the Protector's son, and dates seem to distinguish him also from the captain in Harrison's regiment.

RICHARD,
THIRD SON OF THE PROTECTOR.

LIKE his two elder brothers, Richard was sent to Felsted School; after which he resided in the Temple in London during the war, and at the age of 20 was admitted to the Society of Lincoln's Inn. The protectorate of Great Britain and Ireland into which he was installed on the death of his father was a troublous reign of eight months, the story of which would be quite unsuitable in this place. At the Restoration he fled the Kingdom, more out of fear of his creditors than for fear of the King, leaving his wife and children behind him at Hursley Lodge near Romsey in Hants. After twenty years residence abroad in Paris and elsewhere, he returned to England in 1680, a period when the increasing unpopularity of Charles II. divested such a step of any great danger; and under the assumed name of Clark, either occupied a small estate which he owned at Cheshunt, or shared the roof of his friend Sergeant Sir Thomas Pengelly (afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer) whose house was that standing near the Cheshunt Church, and subsequently known as the Rectory. His wife had been dead five years; his only surviving son was in possession of large property derived from her; and of his daughters, one was already married to Dr. Gibson, (of whom hereafter); another was perhaps still living at Hursley; and a third, Dorothy, just then nineteen years of age, was on the point of becoming the wife of John Mortimer, a Somersetshire squire. Richard's return to England at this juncture favours the suggestion that one of the objects he had in view was to be present at the ceremony. The young lady died the following year in child-bed. There were now only two daughters and one son, Oliver, remaining out of a family of nine. This son died unmarried in 1705, when the question arose, whether the Hursley estate which he inherited from his mother passed

directly to his sisters as co-heirs, or to Richard their father for his life. The sisters proposed to compromise the affair by paying him an annuity; but Richard, preferring that the matter should be decided in Chancery, obtained a decree in his own favour. This was an event out of which the enemies of the family have always endeavoured to make as much capital as possible. The two daughters of course play the part of Regan and Goneril; while poor deposed King Lear, then in his eightieth year, receives the condolence of the Judge, who orders a chair to be brought him, &c., &c., the scene commonly concluding with a severe scolding addressed to the unfeeling daughters. It so happens that this fabulous harangue from the Bench follows, at a very brief interval, a previous scene in Court (to be noticed hereafter) having certain points in common, wherein Richard's son, Oliver, had been concerned. Both the narratives receive discordant treatment from different hands; nor does it ever seem decided who in either case was the presiding Judge. The safest conclusion will be that the two stories got tossed about and mingled in the popular mind, leaving us at liberty to accept them in what fashion we like. The late Mr. Cromwell of Cheshunt, himself a legal authority, was an unbeliever in Richard's affair; asserting it to be a case in which the plaintiff's presence in Court was not at all necessary.

This affair being settled, Richard appears to have spent a considerable portion of the remaining seven years of his life at Hursley, where in company with his daughters he attended the parish church on Sunday mornings, and in the afternoon rode alone in his coach to a Baptist meeting-house in Romsey. He lies buried in the chancel of Hursley Church, though his death is asserted to have taken place in the house of his Cheshunt friend, Pengelly, above-mentioned, the counsel who had successfully conducted his cause in 1705, and to whom he was strongly attached. In his will he bequeaths a personal souvenir to his good friend Mrs. Rachel Pengelly. Some other names too are mentioned, but his daughters are not referred to. He knew that they would take the Hursley estate after him, and of personal property he probably had but little. He enjoyed, we are told, a good state of health to the last, and at fourscore would gallop his horse for several miles together. In person he is described as tall, fair-haired, and "the lively image of his father." A letter of T. Whiston quoted by Mark Noble asserts that the Cromwells as a family possessed great bodily strength and were of robust constitutions, many of them attaining considerable longevity. On the other hand it is observable how many of them died in

infancy, but this may have been owing to the ignorant medical treatment of those days. In 1657 during his father's Protectorate, Richard met with a serious accident, but youth and a good constitution soon got the better of it. The Members were crowding in to deliver some address to the Protector, when the stairs of the Banqueting Room gave way and Richard got crushed. Thurloe writing to Henry Cromwell, 8 August, says,—“My lord Richard continues in a most hopeful way of recovery; not the least ill accident hath fallen out since his bones were set; praised be the Lord.”

As to his moral character, Richard has shared in the defamiation which, more or less, overtook all the members of his family. He is now known to have been an upright, generous, and sagacious man,—fully aware that the turbulent crew around him when he became Protector had made peace impossible, but resolving at the same time not to shed a drop of blood in defence of a false position. A humane temper is not necessarily a weakness; and certainly John Howe who knew him well did not deem him a weak man. On one occasion in after years, some person in Mr. Howe's presence adopting the cuckoo-cry by charging the ex-Protector with weakness, the venerable divine exclaimed,—“How could that man be termed weak who when the army remonstrance was brought to him by Fleetwood, stood it out all night against the whole Council, and continued the debate till four o'clock in the morning; maintaining that to dissolve that Parliament would be his and their ruin; with none but Thurloe to abet him?” Dr. Isaac Watts who in his youthful days was privileged to hold many conversations with Richard Cromwell testifies that his abilities were by no means contemptible. He further remarks that in all these interviews, the ex-Protector never but on one occasion referred to his former elevation, and then only in a very cursory manner. Would that the Doctor had taken the trouble to record some of these conversations. There is one topic on which we happen to know that their experience must have been concurrent, namely, the oppressive and truculent character of the Southampton magistracy. Another favourable witness was William Tonge, of Denmark Street, Soho, who described to Dr. Thomas Gibbons Richard's occasional visits to some mutual friends there, his appearance in a place of worship, his unblemished character, and the pleasantries which characterized his talk. He corroborates Watts's remark about his unwillingness to refer to former times.

John Howe the divine above quoted, who had been Chaplain in succession to both the Protectors, died in London in

1602. He was visited in his last sickness by Richard Cromwell, then 76 years of age, who hearing that his old friend was near his end, had come up from the country to make him a respectful visit and to take a final farewell. Much serious discourse we are told passed between the two patriarchal men, and their parting was solemn and affectionate. When Richard's own end was approaching, some few years later, he said to his two attendant daughters,—“Live in love; I am going to the God of love.” His affectionate disposition is revealed in the following letter written to one of these daughters from the house of his friend Pengelly at Cheshunt, ten years after his return to England.

Richard Cromwell to Mrs. Anne Gibson.

18 December 1690.

DEAR,—Think not that I forget you, though I confess that I have been silent too long in returning and owning that of yours to me. That which was one bar, I knew not, upon Mrs. Abbott's removing, how to send so as my letter might come safe to you. For though we write nothing of State affairs, they being above our providential sphere, yet I am not willing to be exposed; nor can there be that freedom when we are thoughtful of such restraint as a peeping eye. The hand by which this comes [to you] gave me a hint as if there were some foul play to letters directed to him. [to Pengelly?] Dear heart, I thank thee for thy kind and tender expressions to me, and I assure thee (if there had been cause) they would have melted me. There is a great deal of pity, piety, and love. What I had before, was so full that I had not the least room to turn a thought or surmise. But what shall I say? My heart was full, but now it overflows. You have put joy and gladness into it. How unworthy am I to have such a child! And I know I may venture to say that the like parallel is not to be found. What I said was experienced matter for information. What you replied was in behalf of those who professed themselves to be the Lord's people; and they that are truly such are as tender as the apple of His eye. I rejoice in that we both of us love them; yet we are not to deny our reasons as to the mischiefs some of them have been instrumental [in causing] not only in particular to a family, but in general to the Church of Christ. Besides, what woes are hanging over these nations! May we not go farther, and bring in all Christendom? I have been alone thirty years banished and under silence; and my strength

and safety is to be retired, quiet, and silent. We are foolish in taking our cause out of the hand of God. Our Saviour will plead, and God will do right [as] He hath promised. Let us join our prayers for faith and patience. If we have heaven, let whoso will, get the world. My hearty, hearty, hearty affection and love to your sister and self. Salute all friends. I rest, commending you to the blessing of the Almighty. Again farewell. Your truly loving father,

R. C.

Present me to all friends. Landlord and Landlady [the Pengellys] present respects and service."

The few incoherences visible in the above would probably adjust themselves fairly enough, did we know the substance of the letter which brought them forth; though it is not unlikely that an obscure and involved style would become habitual to one writing under the constant fear of having his letters opened; to say nothing of his having spoken French for twenty years.

The story of Richard's twenty years exile is involved in much obscurity. The following document preserved in the Record Office may help in some small measure to remove it. It is numbered CLI. 17. *State Papers, Domestic, Charles II.*, and was first brought before the public notice in the *Athenæum* 12 April, 1862 by Mrs. Everett Green, who opened the subject by stating that,—During the war with Holland the Government of Charles II. fancying that the English "fanatics" resident abroad were in league with the Provinces against their own country, came to the resolution of fetching them home by a threat of high treason. An Act was thereupon passed, beginning with the direct attainder of three, to wit, Thomas Dolman, James Bampffield, and Thomas Scott; and further enacting that any others who should refuse to come when summoned would incur the like penalty. This was in 1665, and the next year it became known that a list of fugitives had been nominated, including Richard Cromwell. Mrs. Cromwell his wife becoming justly alarmed, sent her agent William Mumford twice up to London to procure if possible the withdrawal of her husband's name from the Proclamation. As the opportunity seemed a favourable one for getting at the personal history of the ex-Protector, the agent himself was put under examination, as follows.

[*Note.*—In his extant letters he avoids names and places as much as possible, his object being to keep out of harm's way.]

“The examination of William Mumford of Hursley near Winchester Co. Hants, yeoman; taken this 15 March, 1666, before me Edmund Warcupp Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the peace for the said county and liberties. This examinant saith that he is menial servant to Mrs. Dorothy Cromwell wife to Richard Cromwell, living at Hursley; and hath belonged to him and to her these eleven years last past, and now manageth Mrs. Cromwell's business in the country or London as her occasions require. He saith that he came to London about five weeks since to apply to Dr. Wilkins to move my Lord Chancellor [Hyde] that Richard Cromwell's name might be omitted in his Majesty's Proclamation to call his English subjects out of France, for that his debts would ruin him in case he should be necessitated to return into England; and Dr. Wilkins informed this examinant that his lordship the Lord Chancellor told him he knew not of Richard Cromwell's name being at all put into the proclamation, whereupon this examinant immediately returned into the country. But the rumour continuing that Richard Cromwell's name would be in, he returned again to London by his mistress's order yesterday was three weeks, and then lodged at one William Taste's a baker in Air Street, Piccadilly, and his horse stands at the Bear there;—that at the first time of this examinant's being in town he received a letter from Richard Cromwell directed to himself but was for Mrs. Cromwell, the contents whereof was complaints for money and condoling for his mother's death; and saith he knoweth not of any other person that Richard Cromwell correspondeth with but this examinant. He further saith that this examinant's wife's sister Elizabeth Blackstone having by distraction murdered her neighbour's child and been committed to Newgate for the offence, this examinant repaired to Newgate to assist her in her distracted condition, and this was all the reason why he went to Newgate. He further saith that as far as he knows or believes the said Richard Cromwell doth not hold any intelligence with any Fanatics nor with the King of France or States of Holland; and that to avoid any jealousy of it, the said Richard Cromwell is by Dr. Wilkins' advice gone or going into Italy or Spain, and that the last letter this examinant sent to him five weeks since was directed to John Clarke at Monsieur Bauvais' in Paris, by which name the said Richard Cromwell now passeth, and doth usually change his name with his dwelling, that he may keep himself unknown beyond the seas, so as to avoid all correspondency or intelligence, which this examinant knows he industriously

avoideth ; for during last winter twelve month he lived with the said Richard Cromwell in Paris, and the whole diversion of him there was drawing of landscapes and reading of books ; And he saw no Englishman, Scotch, or Irishman in his company during that whole time, nor any Frenchmen but such as instructed him in the sciences. This examinant further saith that he hath not any intelligence with any person whatsoever to his knowledge that doth intend or act anything whatsoever against his Majesty ; and that he conceives himself bound in duty and conscience to discover all traitors or traitorous conspiracies against his Majesty or his Government ; and that the estate of Richard Cromwell in right of his wife is but £600 per annum, and that he knoweth Richard Cromwell is not sixpence the better or richer for being the son of his father, or [for being] the pretended Protector of England ; and that the estate of old Mrs. Cromwell lately deceased was in the hands and management of Jeremy White chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and now at Sir John Russell's at Chippenham, who will not come to any account for the same, and who hath not yet conformed. This examinant further saith that he knoweth not of any person who writes to the said Richard besides this examinant and Mrs. Cromwell his wife ; and that he knoweth not nor ever heard that the Scotch regiment is coming out of France, and he is certain that the said Richard never intended to come over with it, but is gone or going into Spain or Italy as advised. He further saith that he hath often heard Richard Cromwell pray in his private prayers for his Majesty, praying God to make his Majesty a nursing father to his people, speaking often with great reverence of his Majesty's grace and favour to himself and family in suffering them to enjoy their lives and the little fortunes they have ; And this examinant further saith that he will not meddle any further in the said Richard Cromwell's affairs if it be any way prejudicial to his Majesty's service ; and that he hath not, nor the said Richard Cromwell, to this examinant's knowledge, acted directly or indirectly anything against his Majesty's Government since his Majesty's happy restoration, and that himself hath taken the Oaths of allegiance and supremacy. And further sayeth not.

WILLIAM MUMFORD.

(Signed) Edmund Warcupp.

The falsity of Hyde's statement that Richard Cromwell's name was not in the list is proved by another paper endorsed "26 March 1666, Names of the fourteen persons to be warned home by a proclamation in pursuance of the Act."

They were as follows,—William Scott, Sir Robert Honeywood jun, Colonel John Disbrowe, Colonel Kilpatrick, John Grove, Algernon Sydney, Oliver St. John, Richard Steele, Newcomen and Hickmen two ministers, Richard Cromwell, John Phelps, Colonel Cobbett, Richard Deane. On maturer consideration, all these names were withdrawn except five,—Richard Cromwell's being probably one of those withdrawn. [Note. "Dr. Wilkins" mentioned above was John Wilkins who afterwards became Bishop of Chester. He had married Robina a sister of Oliver Cromwell, of whom hereafter.]

THE PROTECTRESS DOROTHY.

Richard's wife, whom he married in 1649 shortly after the death of Charles I., was Dorothy eldest daughter and co-heir of Richard Major a wealthy landowner of Hursley aforesaid and of Merdon in Surrey. This was a marriage in which the elder Protector testified unqualified satisfaction on account of the personal piety not only of the father but also of "Dear Doll" herself; and the allusions which he makes in his letters to her on-coming family look as though he cherished the hope that his grandchildren would sustain his own greatness. The few surviving memorials of the lady herself represent her as a prudent, godly, and practical Christian, much devoted to acts of personal charity. For a while she was terribly cast down by the reverse of fortune which drove her husband and herself from the palace of Whitehall to the obscurity of the Hursley retreat, an event aggravated simultaneously by the decease of her father Mr. Major and the flight of her husband into prolonged exile. It is true she had her infant family to rear, the birth of her youngest, Dorothy, occurring just as her husband left the English shore; but her bright hopes in respect of their future fortunes were utterly dashed, and the chagrin which darkened her own reflections seems traceable in their education. One result of affliction was the strengthening of her Nonconformist principles; and her active benevolence thenceforward found expression in endeavours to solace and protect divers ministers ejected by the Uniformity Act of 1662. She died

in 1676 in the forty-ninth year of her age, and lies buried in the chancel of Hursley Church. Her children, nine in number, were as follows.

I. ELIZABETH, born in 1650. This is "the little brat," after whose welfare the elder Protector makes enquiry in a letter to Mr. Major on the 17th July, wherein also he chides the young parents for neglecting to write to him, and says of dear Doll, "I doubt now her husband hath spoiled her."

. . . "I hope you give my son good counsel: I believe he needs it; he is in the dangerous time of his age, and it's a very vain world." Touching the baby, Mr. Carlyle thinks "the poor little thing must have died soon," and he adds that "in Noble's inexact lists there is no trace of its ever having lived." But Mark Noble is strictly exact in this matter and gives us all the information we need. Oliver's good wishes too were amply fulfilled, for the little Elizabeth outlived all her brothers and sisters and reached the age of 81. She appointed as executors her two cousins Richard and Thomas Cromwell, grandsons of Henry Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, desiring them to erect in Hursley Church a monument setting forth all the particulars of the recent Cromwell and Major alliances; a task which they duteously fulfilled. And as she was the last surviving representative of her father's house, a vast collection of portraits, letters, and other family relics, descended from her to the cousins aforesaid. She will still have to come under our notice hereafter.

II. ANNE, born in 1651; died in infancy and was buried at Hursley.

III. A SON, baptized at Hursley 3 Nov. 1652; buried there in the following month.

IV. MARY, born in 1654, died in infancy; buried at Hursley.

V. A FOURTH DAUGHTER, born in 1655—lived only twelve days.

VI. OLIVER, son and heir, of whom hereafter.

VII. DOROTHY, born in 1657; died next year during the Protectorate of her father, who prudently refrained from opening the Westminster Abbey vault, and caused the body to be quietly buried at Hursley.

VIII. ANNA, born in 1659 during her father's Protectorate. She became the wife of Dr. Thomas Gibson, physician-general of the army, whom she survived many years. Her own death occurred in 1727 in the sixty-ninth year of her age; and a marble monument in St. George's Chapel in the Foundling Hospital commemorates husband and wife. Dr. Gibson by will appointed that after his wife's decease the

whole of his property should pass to his nephew Dr. Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London. The prelate maintained a respectful and intimate correspondence with his widowed aunt as long as she lived; and it is conjectured that the terse and comprehensive Life of Oliver which about that period went through so many editions, was the result of his honourable and appreciative attachment to the family. The two surviving sisters, that is to say, Mrs. Gibson and her elder sister Miss Elizabeth Cromwell lived together in Bedford Row, and after the death of their only brother Oliver, must have been very wealthy. We catch an interesting glimpse of them in 1719 from the journal of Thomas Hearne the antiquary, who long resided in St. Edmund Hall, Oxf.—“On Saturday, 5 September, came to Oxford two daughters of Richard Cromwell son of Oliver Cromwell Protector; one of whom is married to Dr. Gibson the physician who wrote *The Anatomy*; the other is unmarried. They are both Presbyterians, as is also Dr. Gibson who was with them. They were at the Presbyterian Meeting-house in Oxford on Sunday morning and evening; and yesterday they and all the gang with them dined at Dr. Gibson's the Provost of Queen's; who is related to them, and made a great entertainment for them, expecting something from them,—the physician being said to be worth £30,000. They went from Oxford after dinner.” *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*. Vol. 2.

Mr. Hewling Luson, (related to Henry's line) of whom more hereafter, says,—“I have been several times in company with these ladies. They were well-bred, well-dressed, stately women, exactly punctilious; but they seemed, especially Mistress Cromwell, to carry about them a consciousness of high rank, accompanied with a secret dread that those with whom they conversed should not observe and acknowledge it. They had neither the great sense nor the great enthusiasm of Mrs. Bendysh. But, as the daughter of Ireton had dignity without pride, the daughters of Richard Cromwell had pride without much dignity.”

Mr. Luson might have added that they habitually assisted other branches of the family who were in less prosperous circumstances than themselves. When the death of their father had left these two ladies at liberty to dispose of the family estate at Hursley, they sold it to Sir William Heathcote for 34 or £35,000; who at once proceeded to pull down the old mansion and to re-build it from the very foundations,—report said, because he scorned to dwell in a house which the Cromwells had owned. The frantic prejudices which long raged against the fallen family, it must be

admitted were sufficiently besotted to give credibility to gossip more vulgar even than this. The next generation of Heathcotes, if not wiser men, acquired at least a reputation for more amiability. Those who are acquainted with the *Memoirs* of the late Henry Hunt of Reform notoriety will recall his descriptions of the hospitalities of Hursley Lodge at a somewhat later date, when he himself was a youthful guest there in 1785,—Sir Thomas Heathcote and his brother-in-law William Wyndham of Dinton in Wilts being, in Mr. Hunt's judgment, the two best surviving examples of old English housekeeping.

IX. DOROTHY, born at Hursley 1 August 1660. The date of her father's flight from England has been approximately determined by Mark Noble as in July or August, that is to say, some few weeks after King Charles II's return, and it seems reasonable to suppose that his object in lingering here so long was to await the issue of this the last birth in the family, and, as it proved to be a girl, to give for the second time the beloved name of Dorothy; which conjecture may be coupled with the other already made, that his return to England in 1680 was in part prompted by the resolution to occupy his paternal place at her wedding. The young lady married John Mortimer, Esq., of Somersetshire, F.R.S., author of "The whole art of husbandry," published in 1708. He is said to have half ruined himself by experiments in agricultural science; but before this happened his wife had died in child-bed, within a year after her marriage. This was in 1681. Dorothy therefore is not to be credited with any share in that transaction of her sisters when they disputed their father's rights in 1705. Her husband re-married, a daughter of Samuel Saunders, Esq. of Derbyshire, and had, with others, a son well known as Dr. Cromwell Mortimer, secretary of the Royal Society—so named by his father, apparently in memory of his first wife.

OLIVER CROMWELL, only surviving son of the Protector Richard, was born at Hursley in 1656. It was very natural that the elder Protector, after hearing of so many deaths among his grandchildren at Hursley, should express a partiality for one who at last gave fair promise of healthy existence. Little Oliver accordingly was brought up from Hampshire, probably to Hampton Court, and remained there till the deposition of his own father; when, together with his sisters, he was again sent down to Hursley. Of his early manhood little is known; but at the period of the Revolution, being then in possession of the estate which he inherited from his mother, he came forward with a patriotic proposal to raise a regiment of horse for the service of Ireland, if he

might be permitted to name his own Officers. The politic William had no desire at that rickety juncture of affairs to see a rival for popularity in the person of a second Oliver Cromwell, whose father and grandfather had both occupied the throne; and the offer was declined. It was a like cautionary feeling perhaps which gave bias to the Election-Committee who in 2nd of William and Mary rejected the petition of Oliver Cromwell and Thomas Jervoise, Esquires, when they claimed to have been legally returned for the borough of Lymington. It is well known that the contested elections whose details crowd the *Commons' Journals* of that and the succeeding age were often made to turn on arbitrary, diverse, and obsolete customs prevailing in this or that borough; so that, as the law of one borough was no law for its neighbour, the returns could be adjusted pretty much as the Government desired. An anecdote for which we are indebted to Hewling Luson's history of the family, humorously associates Mr. Cromwell's petition with Sir Edward Seymour the arch-Tory of the day. The Member who had consented to act in Mr. Cromwell's behalf on this occasion, seeing Sir Edward entering the House at the same time thought it would be a good joke to transfer the office to one who was the mortal enemy of the family, and accordingly addressed him thus,—“Sir Edward, pray do me a favour. I have to attend a trial in Westminster Hall, which will probably keep me too late to give in a petition which I this morning promised to present. Will you present it for me? 'Tis a mere matter of form.”—“Give it me,” said Sir Edward, and the petition went at once into his pocket. On the occurrence of a fitting opportunity, Seymour got upon his feet, adjusted his spectacles, and began to read,—“The humble petition of . . . of . . . the Devil,—of Oliver Cromwell.” The laughter which greeted this explosion was more than Sir Edward could endure; he threw down the petition, and ran out of the House. Mr. Luson gives this story as “resting only on common fame.” Perhaps common fame may also be credited with the next. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke once heard a suit in which the grandson of the Protector Oliver was a party. The opposing counsel thinking to make way with the jury by scandalizing Oliver's memory, was running on in the accustomed style, when Lord Hardwicke effectually checked him by saying, “I perceive Mr. Cromwell is standing outside the bar and inconveniently pressed by the crowd. Make way for him that he may come and sit on the bench.” The representative of the family accordingly took his place beside the Judge, and the orator

changed his tone. Queen Anne, so common fame further saith, expressed her cordial approval of the Judge's conduct. For the protracted period of seven years Mr. Cromwell was involved in a Chancery suit with his Merdon tenants touching the rights and customs of the manor. This we may suppose was the suit just referred to.

Mr. Say, the Dissenting Minister to whom we are indebted for so many reminiscences of the family, says he had seen this Mr. Cromwell and could testify that he had something of the spirit of his grandfather; while another contemporary writer adds that "he had his look and genius." But notwithstanding that, like his own father, he presented the marks of robust manhood, he passed away prematurely in 1705 in the fiftieth year of his age and was buried in the family vault at Hursley. His will, written in 1686 when only 30 years old, makes mention of his "honoured father," but the principal money bequests are to his sisters, giving £2000 to each, if they married in their father's lifetime. Legacies are also left to Benjamin Disbrowe of London, merchant, to Paris Slater and William Wightman of London, William Rudyard of Hackney, Edward Rayner and Mary his wife, John Leigh, Thomas Wade, his cousin Elizabeth Barton, his loving friend Samuel Tomlins B.D., and Mrs Anne Thomas.

HENRY

FOURTH SON OF THE PROTECTOR

RECEIVED like his brothers such brief education as the stormy times would permit, at Felsted. He joined his father in arms about the time of the re-modelling of the army, being then only sixteen years of age; and three years afterwards we find him occupying the post of Captain in Sir Thomas Fairfax's Life-Guards. Advanced to a Coloneley, he accompanied his father in the short but decisive Irish campaign where he performed the part of a dashing officer and an intelligent adviser; he was also present at the death-bed of his brother-in-law Henry Ireton who died at Limerick in 1651. At the age of

twenty-five Henry became a still more prominent man, for he now sat in his father's Parliament as a representative of Ireland, he made a diplomatic visit of observation to Dublin, and he married Elizabeth daughter of Sir Frances Russell of Chippenham, Bart. His subsequent career as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland brought to light all those faculties which proved him the worthy son of such a father. He remained at his post during the two protectorates, having throughout a sore fight to maintain with fanatics of every class, but harassed principally by the difficulty of getting the soldiers' pay from England. Rapin's observation, made after the event, has been accepted by most of the subsequent historians, namely, that if Henry had succeeded to the Protectorate instead of Richard, the Republican officers would have met their match. A coarse compliment of similar import has been paid even to one of his sisters. But there is no reason to think that these summary judgments represent in any wise the estimate which the father formed of his two sons; perhaps we ought to reverse it. Richard, bred to peaceful pursuits, was simply incapable of manipulating the army; and had Henry assumed the supreme command, he would have discovered that, with his principles, the army's occupation was gone, except to anticipate the part which Monk subsequently played.

A strong attachment had sprung up between Henry Cromwell and his brother-in-law Lord Fauconberg even before they ever met. Henry and his wife were in Ireland at the time of Fauconberg's marriage with Mary Cromwell; but from and after that event the letters passing between them were increasingly cordial and confidential. While their brother Fleetwood, in conjunction with Disbrowe, Lambert, Berry, and the rest, were plotting the fall of the Protector Richard, Fauconberg supplied Henry with constant information, and both united in scorn for the fanaticism which in Fleetwood they felt to be but the feeble resurrection of an obsolete creed—the theory, as Henry formulated it, of "Dominion founded in Grace." For a short period indeed "the shade of Cromwell" as Hallam has expressed it "seemed to hover over and protect the wreck of his greatness." But when this had passed away and men awoke to the fact that the Puritan-King was really dead, the galvanic starts and plunges of mere imitators were felt to be ridiculous; and as there was no reason on earth why the Cromwells as a family should inherit a kingdom, its various members had the good sense to withdraw at once into private life. Henry retired to the home of his father-in-law Sir Francis Russell at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, there to await with what fortitude he could the out-come of the political chaos. After

a residence of five or six years at Chippenham, he removed to his own estate at Spinney-Abbey near Soham, worth about £500 a year, where in rural occupations he passed the remaining nine years of his life, dying in 1674 of that painful disorder the stone, in the forty-seventh year of his age. Though he is styled plain "Henry Cromwell" on his tomb, yet in his will he writes himself "Sir Henry Cromwell of Spinney in Cambridgeshire, Knight," being not unwilling, suggests Noble, to let the world know, when he could not be called to account for it, that he thought it an honour to have received Knighthood from his father. He had also been made one of the Lords of the Upper House in 1657, but his work in Ireland prevented his sitting. In his will he mentions only two names, those of his wife and his eldest son Oliver, to the former of whom he devises all his estates in England and Ireland with absolute power of disposal.

It may not be left untold that after his retirement into private life he conformed to the Established faith, and that too at a period in the Church's history when imprisonment and confiscation were the weapons of her warfare against many of his personal relations and political friends. He had learnt it is true during his Dictatorship in Ireland the necessity of holding the scales of justice uninfluenced by polemical distinctions; and it is evident that he acquired during the process much stronger prejudices than his father ever entertained against religious enthusiasts. While this may partly account for his subsequent choice, it is more than probable that his wife's preferences in the same direction operated as a concurrent influence. We are told that an Anglican chaplain was maintained at Spinney-Abbey during her widowhood; till the non-conformity of the next generation displaced him. But then on the other hand, Henry had given asylum to Richard Parr the vicar of his own parish of Chippenham, when ejected for Nonconformity; so that, on the whole, we shall not be far wrong in crediting him with a fair share of liberality. The note of jubilation which Mark Noble raises on Henry's Conformity argues the rarity of such an event among the Protector's descendants of the male line.

Henry Cromwell's petition to the King.

SHEWETH,—That your petitioner doth heartily acquiesce in the providence of God for restoring your Majesty to the government of these nations;—That all his actions have been without malice either to the person or to the interest of your Majesty, but only out of natural duty to his late father:—

That your petitioner did, all the time of his power in Ireland, study to preserve the peace plenty and splendour of that kingdom, did encourage a learned ministry, giving not only protection but maintenance to several Bishops there; placed worthy persons in the seats of judicature and magistracy, and to his own great prejudice upon all occasions was favourable to your Majesty's professed friends. He therefore humbly beseeches your Majesty that the tender consideration of the premisses and of the great temptations and necessities your petitioner was under, may extenuate your Majesty's displeasure against him;—and that your Majesty, as a great instance of your clemency and an acknowledgement of the great mercy which your royal self hath received from Almighty God, would not suffer him his wife and children to perish from the face of the Earth, but rather to live and expiate what hath been done amiss with their future prayers and services for your Majesty. In order whereunto your said petitioner humbly offers to your Majesty's most gracious consideration, that since he is already outed of about £2000 per annum which he held in England, and for which £4000 portion was paid by your petitioner's wife's friends to his late father, he may obtain your Majesty's grant for such lands already in his possession upon a common account with many others in Ireland as shall by law be adjudged forfeited and in your Majesty's dispose. And forasmuch as your petitioner hath laid out near £6000 upon the premisses, that your Majesty would recommend him to the next Parliament in Ireland to deal favourably with him concerning the same, and according to your petitioner's deportment for the common good of that place. And lastly your petitioner most humbly beseeches your most excellent Majesty that no distinction between himself and other your Majesty's good subjects may be branded on him to posterity;—that so he may without fear, and as well out of interest as duty, serve your Majesty all his days; who shall ever pray &c.

H. CROMWELL."

Certificate annexed.

"Whereas we were desired to testify our knowledge concerning the value of the lands to be confirmed to Colonel Henry Cromwell, we do hereby certify as followeth, viz.—That the lands in Ireland possessed by the said Colonel Cromwell on 7 May 1659 were in satisfaction of £12,000 in debentures or near thereabouts;—That debentures were com-

monly bought and sold for four, five, and six shillings in the pound, few yielding more even in the dearest times. According to which rates the said lands might have been had for between three and four thousand pounds. Which said sum with the improvements by him made thereupon, is as much as the same is now worth to be sold; and is all we know he hath to subsist upon for himself and family. Given under our hands this 23 February 1661.

MASSEREENE.

AUDLEY MERVYN.

There are extant other letters of Henry addressed to Lord Clarendon at the time of the Restoration,—“too abject in their tone” must it be said, from the scion of such a house? Yet when we recall the frantic haste which all men were making to turn their backs on that house, and to throw themselves at the feet of royalism, censure may well give place to compassionate sympathy. Henry’s lady, Elizabeth the daughter of Sir Francis Russell aforesaid, survived her husband thirteen years. Elegant in manners and exemplary in conduct, she was long remembered in the neighbourhood as “the good Lady Cromwell.” Her grandson William Cromwell of Kirby Street informed Dr. Gibbons that though, like many others, she had at first entertained a hostile feeling towards the Protector Oliver, yet on becoming his daughter-in-law, closer observation changed her antipathies into affectionate esteem, and led her to regard him as the most amiable of parents. Her death occurred in 1687 in the fifty-second year of her age; and her monument with others of the family are preserved in Wicken Church, Cambridgeshire.

Issue of Henry Cromwell lord lieutenant of Ireland and the Lady Elizabeth Russell.

I. OLIVER, born in Dublin, 1656; died at Spinney-Abbey, 1685, in the 29th year of his age, and as is supposed unmarried. The story of the infant’s birth, as recorded in a News-letter of the day, reads like sad irony in view of the ribaldry which three years later assailed its father—“From Dublin. On the 19th of April my lord Henry Cromwell became the joyful father of a son; which, as it hath been matter of great joy to us, so I presume it will be welcome news to you. The earnest prayers of good people gave his lordship’s lady so easy a deliverance that the most part of her ladyship’s travail was spent in dispatching letters for England. The joy thereof confined not itself long within the walls of

their private family, but was straight blazed by several bonfires throughout the city; the honest townsmen seeming emulous who should contribute the greatest solemnity for so great a mercy. On the 24th following, the joys were more perfect, there being more congratulations for the infant's admission into the Church by baptism than for its entrance into the world by birth; his lordship having openly in Christchurch offered up his child that day to the Lord in that ordinance, and given it His Highness's name. Which so heightened the joy of the congregation, that I never saw in one meeting more eyes and I believe hearts more intently lifted up in prayer, never heard more passionate praises for a blessing, than on that day; which gives no small support to my faith that a child of such prayers and praises shall not miscarry."

II. HENRY, born in Dublin in 1658; of whom hereafter.

III. FRANCIS, born at Chippenham in 1663; died unmarried in 1719.

IV. RICHARD, born at Spinney Abbey in 1665; died unmarried in London in 1687.

V. WILLIAM, born at Spinney Abbey in 1667; died unmarried in the East Indies in 1692.

VI. ELIZABETH, born at Whitehall in 1654; died at Chippenham, 1659, in the house of her maternal grandfather Sir Francis Russell. This is the "Sweet Betty" referred to in Fleetwood's letter to Henry in 1656.

VII. ELIZABETH, born just after the decease of the preceding, therefore taking her name. She married William Russell of Fordham, son of Gerard Russell and grandson of Sir William Russell the first baronet,—consequently first cousin to her mother the Lady Elizabeth. Of this marriage the issue was fourteen children, but the habits of the parents appear to have been very unthrifty. Moving for awhile among the County gentry, and maintaining with that object a style of living far beyond their means, Mr. Russell escaped his creditors only in the grave; and the widow fled with the surviving children to London, where she died in 1711. Her family was as follows:

I. O'BRIAN - WILLIAM, born 1684, fate unknown.

II. III. IV. V. VI. Henry, John, William, Edward, Thomas, died young or unmarried; two of them at sea.

VII. Francis, born 1692, became a hosier in London, of whom presently.

The Duchess of Devonshire, who was born in 1717, was the daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, and was married to the Duke of Devonshire in 1734. She was a very beautiful woman, and was very popular in the highest circles of society. She was also a very accomplished woman, and was very fond of music and painting. She was also a very generous woman, and was very fond of giving to the poor.

Life of Philip, Duke of Devonshire, and his Family.

I. The Duke of Devonshire was born in 1674, and was the son of the Earl of Devonshire. He was a very brave and accomplished man, and was very popular in the highest circles of society. He was also a very generous man, and was very fond of giving to the poor.

II. The Duke of Devonshire was married to the Duchess of Devonshire in 1734. She was a very beautiful woman, and was very popular in the highest circles of society. She was also a very accomplished woman, and was very fond of music and painting. She was also a very generous woman, and was very fond of giving to the poor.

Life of Mary, Duchess of Devonshire, and her Family.

This lady married Mr. Robert D'Aye of Soham and long outlived him. Her portrait will, when being passed at Soham, where her poverty was in some measure relieved by an annual grant from the daughters of the Ex-Pro- tector Richard Cromwell, both of whom also bequeathed her a legacy: but as her own death did not occur till 1765, she must have long survived her benefactors. Her family consisted of, 1st. A son named Russell, who died at sea unmarried.—2. A daughter married to Mr. Saunders, from whom she separated.—3. Elizabeth, who introduces us to the

Family of Addison.

ELIZABETH D'AYE, by her marriage in 1762 with Mr. Thomas Addison of Soham became the mother of

I. Mary, died in childhood.

II. Elizabeth, the wife of John Hill, left three sons, John, William, and Eden.

III. Mary-Russell, born 1764 became the wife of Mr. Robert Sunman and died at Lambeth in 1800, having had Mary-Addison who died in youth, and Robert, born in 1786.

IV. and V. RUSSELL and Thomas, twins, born 1767. Thomas died in infancy.

VI. and VII. Frances and William, both died in infancy.

RUSSELL, the only surviving son of this family died at the age of 25 in 1792. His wife Anne outlived him fifty-four years, dying in 1846 at the age of 85. By her he left one son.

WILLIAM, a surgeon of Soham, where he practised laboriously for more than half a century, being held in great esteem by rich and poor. Beyond this, his life may be described as uneventful; though it is due to him to state that the Cromwell monument forming so striking an object in Soham Churchyard and displaying the descent of the Addisons from Henry the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland downwards, is the expression of his hereditary homage. It has been said that the career of his great progenitor was not often made by Mr. Addison the prominent subject of remark; yet the present writer well remembers the flashing up of the old fire at an interview held with him many years back, when the old gentleman modestly hinted that the Protector's facial lineaments were not yet obliterated in his descendants. Many will say that his son Thomas the Ely solicitor illustrates the fond belief even more than the father did. Mr. Addison died in 1868, having married Anne, daughter of Thomas Fox of the Newlands in Curdworth, Co. Warwick, farmer; by whom, who still survives at Ely (1879) he had three children.

I. Thomas-Russell, born 1828, a solicitor practising in Ely.

II. William-Oliver-Cromwell, born 1832, a solicitor practising at Brierley Hill, Co. Stafford, married Charlotte daughter of Charles Woolverton of Great Yarmouth, Esq. and has issue, 1. Charles-William, 1866.—2. Charlotte-Barnby, 1869.—3. Frank, 1870.—4. Edith-Maud, 1871.

III. Henrietta-Fox, married 1859 to George H. Rust, son of the late Rev. E. Rust D'Eye, of Abbots-Hall Stowmarket. Mr. D'Eye, whose eminent qualities were first utilized at the Godolphin College at Hammer-smith, now conducts a private school at Felixstowe

near Ipswich. His own children are eleven in number, viz.—1. Henrietta-Fanny, 1862.—2. George-Edgar, 1863.—3. Agnes-Elizabeth, 1864.—4. Isabel, 1866.—5. Jane-Louisa, 1868.—6. Henry, 1869.—7. Katharine-Alice, 1870.—8. Evelyn, 1872.—9. Anne-Georgina, 1874.—10. Mabel, 1875.—11. Emily, 1877.

Issue of Margaret, sixth daughter of William and Elizabeth Russell of Fordham.

She became as stated above the wife of Mr. Edward Peachey, and had an only daughter, Elizabeth, whose husband bore the name of Richard Peachey, but was not related to her father's family. By the will of her uncle Martin Wilkins, mentioned above, who left his real estate to his wife Sarah, some of the lands in Horsecroft and the Great Fen were to descend in reversion to Elizabeth daughter of Edward and Margaret Peachey, besides a bequest of £500 and an annuity of £15 till she attained the age of 21. Signed 1742; but by codicil in 1749 the £500 is revoked, she being now the wife of Richard Peachey. This marriage produced three children, viz.

I. Richard, who died unmarried at the age of 20.

II. William, who in 1780 was of Cambridge University.

III. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Mr. Ellis of Milborne, Camb. and the mother of,—1. Thomas, a solicitor.—2. William, a surgeon.—3. Elizabeth, died unmarried.
4. A daughter married to Mr. Burbage, practising in Leicestershire.

MAJOR HENRY CROMWELL.

Dismissing the families descended from the daughters of Henry Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, we now revert to his son Major Henry Cromwell the only one who carried on the name. The politics and religious faith of this gentleman may be gathered from the fact of his marrying a young lady who only the year before had played a more conspicuous part than any other of her sex, as intercessor for the victims of Jefferey's "Bloody Assizes." This was Hannah, the daughter of Benjamin Hewling and grand-daughter of William Kyffin, two names eminently conspicuous among the Nonconformists of that period, and [connexionally] among the adherents of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. Her interviews with Churchill and with King James II. in behalf of her brothers

Benjamin and William Hewling being matters of general history, are too well known to need recital here.

Passing then from her public to her private life, we may well believe that her devotion to the "Old Cause" was not likely to suffer abatement when she came to bear the honoured name of Cromwell. It was probably through her influence that the Anglican chaplain whom the dowager Lady Cromwell had sustained at Spinney Abbey was deposed in order to make room for another chaplain of the Baptist persuasion. That mother survived her son's marriage about a year; and under the circumstances of the case we can hardly doubt but that the priestly element must have somewhat marred the peace of the household. Mark Noble, who evidently has no love for the younger Mrs. Cromwell, goes so far as to assert that her proselyting zeal "led her husband into such pecuniary inconveniences as obliged him soon after their marriage to part with the Abbey of Spinney." But this is surely a very random mode of accounting for his financial embarrassments. On the other hand, a sufficient defence of Mrs. Cromwell's good management is found in the character of the sons whom she reared, and in the honour which those sons reflected on her memory by reviving her name among their own descendants, and above all by adhering to her principles. She was beyond all doubt a courageous and energetic woman in every department. Nothing short of this conviction would have secured the notice and regard of her Tory aunt Lady Fauconberg, who was greatly disconcerted at the depressed condition of so many of her relatives. After considerable solicitation Lady Fauconberg was induced to push her nephew's fortunes in the army; and here we may suitably recite one of her letters, as a sample of her style of mind, and of her bearing towards her niece Hannah.

Lady Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell of Spinney Abbey. To be left with the postmaster of Newmarket, Cambridgeshire.

29 January [1693?]

DEAR NEPHEW,—This comes to congratulate with you after your great fright for your excellent wife, for her safe recovery. And I hope, although she has lost her little one, God will bless you both with more. I am very glad to find by my cousin Hewling you design shortly for London, where I hope to see you both, and give thanks for your kind present which came very safe to my hands. And pray tell my good niece that her good housewifery is both seen and tasted in it,

and that it was as good as ever was eaten. And I must not omit telling you that my lord as well as self returns thanks, and charges me to assure you both of his humble service. All friends here are, I bless God, very well, and present you both with their service. And I am, to my dear niece and yourself, a most affectionate aunt and servant.

M. FAUCONBERG.

Another fragment of hers dated 1689 thus refers to her efforts in Major Henry's behalf:—"Dear Nephew. I received yours which this comes in answer to. My lord was on Thursday at Hampton Court, where he spake to the King [William III] again as for your concerns, and your cousin's. [Oliver, son of Richard] But all the answer he could get was that he wanted money, and at present did not think of raising any more men,—which for your sakes I am concerned for."

It was principally by the influence of the Duke of Ormond that Mr. Cromwell's promotion in the army was at last brought about, "in acknowledgment," as his Grace always declared, "of the great service and benefit which his family had received from Henry Cromwell while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." Mr. Cromwell's military status at the time of his death was that of Major of foot in Fielding's regiment; he was cut off by fever at Lisbon while serving under Lord Galway in the war against Spain in Queen Anne's reign, in 1711, being then in his 54th year. His widow, who survived him twenty-one years, appears to have resided in or near London, for her burial took place in Bunhill fields. The portraits of herself and of her husband, the latter being represented as a very handsome man, are still extant, being part of the Brantingsay collection.

Issue of Major Henry Cromwell and Hannah Hewling.

I. OLIVER, born at Spinney Abbey in 1687, died at Gray's Inn in London at the age of sixteen. This was the fourth Oliver Cromwell who by celibacy or premature death failed to carry on the first Protector's name.

II. BENJAMIN HEWLING, born at Spinney Abbey in 1689; died at York in 1694.

III. HENRY, born at Spinney Abbey in 1692; died in infancy.

IV. WILLIAM, generally known as "Mr. Cromwell of Kirby Street," was born in the parish of Cripplegate in London in 1693. Being bred to the law, he passed a

considerable portion of his life in Grays Inn chambers; and it was not till he reached the age of 57 that he married Mary the daughter of William Sherwill of London, merchant, and the wealthy widow of Thomas Westby of Linton, Camb. Esq. consequent on which event he changed his abode to Bocking in Essex. The lady herself was sixty years of age at the time of this her second marriage, and in the course of two years after the removal to Bocking she died, and Mr. Cromwell thereupon returned to London and spent the remainder of his days in Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, where his own death occurred in 1772 at the age of 79. Husband and wife both lie in the family vault in Bunhill fields. Mrs. Cromwell shortly before her second marriage had, in conjunction with Mrs. Bromsale, built and endowed at Hoxton the row of ten houses long known as "the old maids' almshouses"; though in fact widows as well as single women were embraced in the charity, the only stipulation being that they were protestant dissenters. She thoroughly sympathized in the outspoken nonconformity which distinguished her husband's confession of faith, who for fifty years was a member, and for nearly thirty years a deacon, of the church meeting at Haberdashers' Hall; and there his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Thomas Gibbons. "He appeared," says the Doctor, "to be a Christian indeed; not only by abstaining from what was gross and scandalous, profane and ungodly, but by a spirituality of temper and by attention to inward religion and the pulse of his soul towards God; and indeed his sentiments and conduct manifested a happy union of experimental and practical godliness. He met, and no wonder, in so long a pilgrimage, very heavy afflictions, but never did I hear him murmur or repine, though I am persuaded he was not without quick and keen sensations." "He might have had genteel provision made for him in life beyond what Providence had otherwise given him, if he could have qualified as a member of the church of England, but he chose rather to preserve his conscience inviolate and to remain a nonconformist, than advance himself in the world and depart from what appeared to him the line of duty."

It would indeed be matter for surprize had any other course appeared open to the son of Hannah Hewling. Mr. Hewling Lusson, a son of Hannah's younger sister, bears a corresponding testimony, speaking of him as "the late Mr. Cromwell of Kirby Street, my near relation, and a most benevolent humble honest man." *Hughes' Letters*. The Journal of Thomas Hollis the virtuoso chronicles under date 1762 an interview with "that worthy old gentleman Mr. William

Cromwell the great grandson of the Protector"; by whom he is then introduced to two nieces, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Letitia Cromwell of Hampstead. The portrait gallery of these ladies and their museum of family relics are then inspected, disclosing a variety of heir-looms;—which Mr. Hollis then describes, but which must be left at present till the Brantingsay gallery and other collections of Cromwellian relics claim a final notice.

Mr. Cromwell was on friendly terms with Henry Cromwell the poet, so well known by his published correspondence with Alexander Pope; and though the family relationship between these two gentlemen was somewhat remote, yet as they both derived from the knight of Hinbriock, they constantly maintained the form of calling one another "cousin." One of William Cromwell's early reminiscences was his having dined at Westminster, when a youth, with his great-uncle Richard the ex-Protector. There were present on that occasion besides himself, Jerry White the chaplain and William Penn the Quaker-founder of Pennsylvania. Mr. Cromwell rendered valuable aid to the compilers of *Thackeray's State Papers* by contributing a large collection of family documents which had come down to him from the original owners, and which are duly notified in the margin of that work.

V. RICHARD, fifth son of Major Henry Cromwell and Hannah Hewling, was born at Hackney in 1695, and became an eminent attorney and solicitor in Chancery. In 1723 on his great-grandfather's auspicious day the third of September, he married Sarah the daughter of Ebenezer Gatten of Southwark, who was also the niece and eventually one of the co-heiresses of Sir Robert Thornhill a wealthy attorney of Red Lion Square. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Edmund Gibson the Lord Bishop of London aforesaid, and the place selected was the chapel connected with the Banqueting-House in the palace of Whitehall. Bishop Gibson's alliance with, and attachment to, the family of the Cromwells has been already noticed in the section treating of Anna daughter of the Protector Richard. Mark Noble thinks that when we take into consideration the temper of the times, this resolution of the prelate to shed a traditional lustre on the marriage of one of Oliver's representatives must be accepted as a mark of much courage and greatness of mind,—a sentiment which it may be presumed few if any would be unwilling to endorse. Bishop Gibson, whose scholarship was of the most varied kind, linguistic, antiquarian, and forensic, was moreover what is commonly understood as a liberal-minded churchman; while in his character of an official

censor he poured through the press an unceasing stream of pamphlets and charges with a view to the reformation of manners, and by his hostility to court-masquerades provoked the enmity of King George II. Perhaps his admiration for Oliver was an additional stimulus to the royal displeasure.

Mr. Richard Cromwell after his marriage continued to reside in London as his place of business, but eventually removed to Hampstead, where he died in 1759, and was buried in the family vault in Bunhill Fields. He had previously erected there an "altar-monument" to receive family inscriptions; but this relic, like so many others around it, fell a prey to neglect, and the inscriptions are now almost obliterated, excepting the names of his brother William and wife. It has recently received at its foot the words, deeply chiselled, of "RICHARD CROMWELL, HIS VAULT." Restored by the Corporation of London." It must be with reference to this gentleman that the following letter was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1777,—“Mr. Urban.—In order to render your former as well as later accounts of Cromwell's family as perfect as possible, I must observe that there was a Mr. Cromwell, an attorney by profession, with whom I frequently conversed, and who was well known to the old frequenters of Wills' coffee-house near Lincoln's Inn Gate. I do not know in what degree of consanguinity he stood to Oliver; but that he was a descendant of his family none who saw him could doubt, for he was very like the best pictures of Oliver himself. He was respected too as an honest man; but he seemed to have only the external marks of his great predecessor. I think about the time 'I missed him at the accustomed tree' was near twenty years ago, and he then appeared to be about seventy years of age. P.T.” A subsequent correspondent conjectured that this might have been Henry the sixth child of Hannah Hewling, but Henry's occupation was not that of the law—nor do the dates fit so well as with Richard. Mr. Richard Cromwell had two sons and four daughters.

I. ROBERT, born at Bartlett's Buildings. This gentleman inherited in right of his mother Sarah Gatton a moiety of the manor of Cheshunt park or Brantingsay aforesaid; but dying unmarried in 1762 at the age of 37, the said moiety went to his sisters; and the other moiety also came to them eventually through the decease s.p. of their cousin Peter Hynde, only son and heir of Eleanor Gatton.

II. Oliver, died in infancy.

III. Elizabeth, died at Hampstead in 1792.

IV. Anne, died at Berkhamstead in 1777.

V. Eleanor, died in infancy.

VI. Letitia, died at Hampstead, 1789.

The survivors of these ladies, namely, Elizabeth and Letitia, on inheriting their brother Robert's estate, quitted Berkhamstead, and re-occupied the paternal mansion at Hampstead in Middlesex. Among the personal property which in like manner descended to them, they came into possession of a complete museum of historical relics, including a series of family portraits dating from the sixteenth century downwards, all which subsequently found a fitting receptacle at Cheshunt. Elizabeth's death is thus recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1792:—"At Hampstead, Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, eldest daughter and last surviving child of Mr. Richard Cromwell grandson of Henry Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. She has left the bulk of her fortune to Mr. Oliver Cromwell, attorney, clerk of the Million-Bank,—£500 to the children of Mr. Field of Newington late an apothecary of Newgate Street, who married her cousin her uncle Thomas's daughter; and a handsome legacy to Mrs. Moreland relict of Richard Hynde Esq. whose mother was her maternal aunt, and who with her brother jointly possessed Cheshunt park, the moiety of which on his death devolved to them, subject to his widow's jointure."

VI. HENRY, sixth son of Major Henry Cromwell and Hannah Hewling, born 1698, was for some time in partnership with his brother Thomas as a wholesale provision merchant, though he subsequently held a post in the Excise office. He died unmarried in 1769, and was buried in Bunhill Fields in the vault of his brother Thomas. The inscriptions on this tomb, like those on Richard's, are now also defaced, but the name HENRY CROMWELL has been recently cut in strong relief, and the following words, "Discovered seven feet beneath the surface and restored by the Corporation of London, 1869." The ruin which some few years ago had with increasing rapidity been overspreading the memorials of Bunhill Fields through over-crowding, was happily brought to an end when all future interments were forbidden. Amongst many others, one of the Cromwell monuments and also that of Lieut.-Gen. Fleetwood and Lady Hartopp had gone quite out of sight, although both of them, especially that of Fleetwood, were capacious structures. The place now presents the regular and well-ordered condition of a modern suburban cemetery, the curator Mr. James Cashford being ever on the spot and ready to supply intelligent information respecting the historical dead,—Daniel de Foe,

John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, John Wesley's mother, Joseph Hart the hymn-writer, the Cromwells, and other eminent citizens whose names the Corporation of London justly decreed to be worthy of everlasting remembrance.

VII. THOMAS, the only one of the eight sons of Major Henry Cromwell and Hannah Hewling, whose descendants survive,—of whom presently.

VIII. OLIVER, born in Gray's Inn in London, in 1704, just after the death of his eldest brother Oliver, and therefore made to succeed him in name. He, like his father, served in the British army, and held an Ensigncy in an Irish Regiment; but disliking the situation, resigned his commission and passed the rest of his life in privacy, dying unmarried in 1748. This is the fifth Oliver Cromwell dying without issue.

IX. MARY, born at Newington Green in 1691; died unmarried in 1731; buried in Bunhill Fields.

X. HANNAH, born at Hackney in 1697; died unmarried in 1732.

THOMAS CROMWELL.

Seventh son of Major Henry Cromwell and Hannah Hewling, born at Hackney in 1699, became, in partnership with his brother Henry, a wholesale provision merchant and sugar refiner, on Snowhill, adorning that occupation by the habitual exhibition of Christian virtues. On quitting business he retired to Bridgwater-square, dying in 1748 (or 1752?) and was buried in Bunhill Fields. He was twice married; first to Frances daughter of John Tidman of London, merchant; and secondly to Mary daughter of Nicholas Skinner of London, merchant, of whom hereafter. The issue of the first marriage were

OLIVER, Henry, Thomas, and Elizabeth, who all died young or unmarried; and Anne, who in 1753 was married at Edmonton to John Field an apothecary at that time of Newgate Street but afterwards of Stoke-Newington, of whom hereafter.

Mr. Thomas Cromwell by his second wife Mary Skinner had

I. OLIVER, his heir.

II. Thomas, who in 1771 or 1773 died in the East India Company's service just after obtaining a lieutenancy.

III. IV. V. VI. Richard, Elizabeth, and Hannah-

Hewling, who all died young; and Susanna, who for many years lived with her widowed mother in Carey Street Lincoln's Inn Fields, and is supposed to have died at Flamstead-End unmarried about the year 1825.

As for the widowed mother herself, she survived her husband more than sixty years, reaching at last the patriarchal age of 104; in fact she was nearly 105. About the year 1783, being then 74 years of age, she quitted London in company with her daughter Susanna, and took up her final residence at Ponders End in the house of her deceased aunt Lady Collett who had long been a principal supporter of the Nonconformist interest in that village. Before the erection of a chapel Lady Collett obtained a licence for holding public worship in her own dwelling-house, and until the time of her death, procured the aid of preachers for every Lord's Day. We may well believe therefore that Mrs. Cromwell coming among them as the relation and successor of their benefactress, met with a hearty reception; besides that in virtue of her own illustrious name she must have been regarded as an object of especial veneration. Lady Collett, whose previous history has been sought in vain, was probably the widow of some City knight. "Mr. Collett of Hempstead" is one of the subscribers to Palmer's *Nonconformists Memorial*.

Mrs. Cromwell's communion with her new friends as a church-member was considerably hindered by her loss of hearing, but she found a partial resource in the habitual record of her feelings in the form of a Diary which must have covered a vast space of time. This chronicle of her hidden life was destroyed, in fulfilment no doubt of her own wishes; but a fragment or two from its earlier pages have been rescued, from the tenour of which we may gather that the successive loss of her husband and children had been felt by her as a very sore affliction. Referring to the death of her daughter Elizabeth above mentioned who died at the age of thirteen, she makes the following reflexion.—"My God has seen fit in His infinite wisdom to remove another dear creature-comfort, a first-born; one whom His grace made to differ; whose early piety appeared in her fear of offending God, her love to every duty of religion, her strict regard to truth, always dutiful, and conscientiously careful against sin. Her life was short but well improved: she made haste and delayed not to keep the commandments of the Lord. Could I follow my dear delights no farther than the grave, I must sink under my afflictions,—to see my comforts dropping off like leaves in autumn, wave after wave rolling over me, and leaving me a lonely survivor. But religion teaches me to

converse with things above, leads me to see where real and lasting joys are to be found, and calls me to recollect my covenant-engagements. I then resolved to take up my cross." On the death of her husband in October 1752 she had written, " E'er long my change will come. I think I am as weary of sin as of sorrow, though Death has been my worst enemy. May his next visit be in mercy, and may every wave of affliction leave me nearer the heavenly shore. Afflictions have drunk up my spirits. Thine arrows stick fast in me, and Thine hand presseth me sore. Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me: my heart within me is desolate. Unless Thy Law had been my delight I should have perished in my affliction."—With more to the same effect, all indicative of a wearied spirit to whom the prospect of extraordinary length of days would have seemed anything but attractive, could she have foreseen it. She had, however, after her retreat to Ponders End, an abiding consolation in the character and creditable career of her son Oliver, who residing in the neighbouring parish of Cheshunt often came over to see her, and was able before she died to invoke her blessing on seven of his own grandchildren. That he also took an interest in the religious community to which his mother was attached is evidenced by the appearance of his name in a subscription list preserved in the records of that church for enlarging the building in 1815, towards which object "Oliver Cromwell" gives ten guineas, and "Susannah Cromwell" five guineas.

As might have been expected, Mrs. Cromwell's decease at so advanced an age was a very gradual process. Dimness of sight so far as to preclude the faculty of reading had been added to her other infirmities; so that, shut out from the external world, the attitude of her soul expressed itself in a constant desire to depart, and her attendants on entering her chamber usually found her on her knees. The 29th of January 1813 saw the close of her long pilgrimage; and her surviving children Oliver and Susannah, selected as an appropriate motto for her funeral sermon the dying song of the Apostle Paul, "I have fought the good fight," &c., which sermon, entitled "*The triumph of faith*," was accordingly delivered by John Knight the then minister of Ponders End chapel. Her portrait, taken shortly before her death, is in the hands of her descendants the Prescott family of Oxford Square. Mrs. Cromwell, as also her daughter Susannah, who survived her some years, are believed to have been both buried in Bunhill Fields. We have now to treat of her only surviving son,

OLIVER CROMWELL OF CHESHUNT.

OLIVER CROMWELL Esq., born in 1742, commenced life as a solicitor, but on inheriting the Cheshunt estate under the will of his cousins Elizabeth and Letitia adopted Brantingsay as his habitual residence. This estate is not to be confounded with Theobald's Park which was never in the possession of the Cromwell family. Theobald's Park and the manor of Cheshunt belonged to the Prescott family, while Cheshunt or Brantingsay park and manor at Theobald's belonged to the Cromwell party. The name was formerly spelt Brantingshaye. In 1771 Mr. Cromwell espoused Mary daughter and co-heir of Morgan Morse Esq. and had two sons and a daughter. The first child died in infancy. The birth of the second, named Oliver, is thus recorded in the *Annual Register* for 1782. "Birth,—The lady of Oliver Cromwell Esq., of a son and heir, at his house in Nicholas Lane. This child is the only male heir of the Cromwell family in a lineal descent from the memorable Protector of that name." But little Oliver, alas, like so many of his predecessors, once more disappointed the generous hopes of his friends. He lived but three years; and now the only surviving child was a daughter, Elizabeth-Oliveria, born in 1777, and married in 1801 to Thomas Artemidorus Russell Esq.

There seemed at last to be a perilous prospect of the great name dying out altogether. Seven times, (if not oftener, for unbaptized infants are not always recorded) had descendants of the Protector been named Oliver, but a fatality seemed to mock the cherished desires of each successive generation, and now the patronymic itself was threatened with extinction. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Mr. Cromwell of Cheshunt should wish his daughter to carry it on, in accordance with the course usually pursued in such cases, by her husband's adopting the surname and arms of Cromwell either in addition to or in exchange for those of Russell. Such a procedure is technically said to be "by royal permission;" and though royalty seldom interferes in such matters, yet here was a case in which royalty's instincts seemed suddenly awakened to the susceptibility of an unaccustomed chord. True, it was a chord whose vibrations responded to the mere ghost of a name. But what a name! Has it ever been other than a word of omen to royal ears during the last two centuries? The issue of the affair is thus recorded by Mr. Burke the herald;—"Mr. Cromwell wishing to perpetuate the name



OLIVER CROMWELL. ESQ.,

Of Brantingsay, Cheshunt.

puts it—it had become usual for both Houses to adjourn over the 30th of January, the day appointed for the celebration of his martyrdom. But, alarmed by the fate of Louis XVI, King George III ordered the revival of the service in 1787. The Bishop selected to preach the sermon was Dr. Thomas Burgess of St. David's (long after known as the evangelical Bishop of Salisbury) who revived on this occasion all the old epithets of execration,—told his auditory of “the murderers who had extinguished the light of Israel and entailed Divine vengeance on their countrymen.” Those countrymen were now assured that they had more than ever to lament the deed, in view of the atrocities throughout Europe which the example of the English regicide had first provoked. With such Bishops at his elbow, the maxim of “no more Cromwells” must have penetrated the very centre of King George's heart.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1777, evidently an admirer of the Cromwell family, after speaking of the decay of their earthly titles, adds,—“but a vein of sincere piety seems to have spread through and descended with them from father to son, and to have been their most distinguished ornament in the silent and retired paths of private life.” And such, it may be added, continued to be their characteristic long after the above testimony was delivered. If the late Mr. Cromwell's nonconformity was not so pronounced as that of his immediate progenitors, the liberal principles maintained throughout his work on the Civil Wars plainly enough tell us where his convictions rested. It were no depreciation of that work to say that it was largely built on the previous Life of the Protector by Dr. William Harris, or to say further that the genius of Macaulay and Carlyle subsequently carried the structure to a loftier culmination. All that is necessary to prove is that Mr. Cromwell fully, fairly, and affectionately appreciated the Nation's Hero; and in him, the Christian portion of the national conscience.

Mr. Cromwell died in 1821 at the age of 79. His excellent wife whose charitable deeds were long remembered in the neighbourhood, lived on till 87. On Sundays she was in the habit of attending the chapel of the neighbouring college (founded by Lady Huntingdon) in which she was joined by her husband and by her sister-in-law Miss Susanna Cromwell. Concerning this last-mentioned lady it may here be stated in conclusion that she left Ponder's-End after her mother's death, and occupied a cottage residence at Flammstead-End in her brother's parish. She survived that brother some few years; and is believed to have been buried in Bunhill Fields, at all events not in the parish in which she died,

for the family monument at Cheshunt Church records only the following names,

Oliver Cromwell Esq., 1821, aged 79.
 Mary Cromwell his wife, 1831, 87.
 Lieut.-Gen. Armstrong his son-in-law, 63.
 Tho. Artemidorus Russell Esq., 1858, 83.
 Eliz. Oliveria, his wife, 1849, 72.
 Artemidorus Cromwell Russell, 1830, 27.
 Avarilla Aphra, his wife, 1827, 21.
 John Russell Esq., 1830, 82.
 Eliza, wife of John-Henry-Cromwell-Russell, 1876, 70.

Family of Russell of Cheshunt Park.

ELIZABETH-OLIVERIA CROMWELL, born in 1777, married in 1801 to Thomas Artemidorus Russell of Thurston, Co. Hereford Esq., had nine children, namely,

I. ELIZABETH-OLIVERIA, born 1802; married 1823 to Frederick-Joseph son of George-Frederick Prescott of Theobalds, Herts, Esq., became the mother of ten children.

1. Frederick-George, b. 1824; d. in infancy.

2. Emma-Elizabeth, b. 1826; mar. 1853 to Herbert Calthorpe son of Lieut-Gen. William Gardner, R.A. and by him (who d. 1857) had, surviving issue, Herbert-Prescott, b. 1854, and Emma Louisa, b. 1857.

3. George-Frederick, vicar of St. Michael's, Paddington, M.A. Cantab., b. 1827, mar. 1863 to Sarah d. of John Horsley Esq. Madras Civil Service; and had—Mary, 1864,—Edward, 1866,—Ernest, 1867,—Mildred, 1871.

4. Charles-Andrew, banker, and M.A. Cantab., b. 1829,—mar. 1864 to Emma-Catharine, d. of William Harrison Esq. of Westbourne Terrace, by whom he had four children, — Charlotte-Cromwell, 1865.—Charles Cave Cromwell, 1867, d. in childhood.—Oliveria - Cromwell, 1872.—Kenneth - Loder - Cromwell, 1874.

5. Edward-Barker, Capt. 33rd Regiment (Wellington's) wounded in the Crimea. Medal and clasps. Mar. 1857 to Sophia-Victoria, d. of William Cox of Gloucester Crescent, Esq. and has a son, Edward-Frederick-William, b. 1858.

6. Lucy-Esther, b. 1833.

7. Augusta-Sophia, b. 1835,—mar. 1873 to Robert Burn, Fellow of Trin. Coll. Camb.

8. Henry-Warner, a banker, b. 1837.

9. Edgar-Grote, of the Stock Exchange, and B.A. Oxon, b. 1839—mar. 1865 to Jane-Katharine, d. of Edgar Barker Esq. of Oxford Square, and had seven children,—Henry-Frederick, 1866,—Edward Barker, 1867,—Edgar-Evelyn, 1869,—Margaret-Oliveria, d. in infancy 1871,—Herbert, 1872,—Nelly-Margaret, 1875,—Isabel-Katharine, 1878.

10. Oliveria-Louisa, b. 1842.

II. ARTEMIDORUS CROMWELL, b. 1803, d. 1830, having mar. Avarilla-Aphra Armstrong, by whom (who d. 1827) he had one d. Avarilla-Oliveria-Cromwell, b. 1826—mar. 1849 to Rev. Paul Bush of South Luffenham, now rector of Duloe near Liskeard, by whom she had issue,

1. Thomas-Cromwell, in holy orders, B.A. Oxon, b. 1851.

2. Elizabeth-Oliveria, 1852.

3. James-Graham, in India, 1854.

4. Paul-Warner, Lieut. in the Royal Navy, b. 1855.

5. Charles-Cromwell, in India, b. 1857.

6. Charlotte-Mary-Avarilla, 1858.

7. Beatrice-Maud, 1860.

8. Herbert-Cromwell, 1861.

9. Ethel-Julia, 1863.

10. Gertrude-Harriet-Cromwell, 1865.

11. Mabel-Ottley, 1868.

III. MARY-ESTHER, b. 1805,—mar. 1832 to General George-Andrew Armstrong of Hereford, Inspector-General of the Hereford Volunteers. She mar. secondly in 1836 Thomas Huddleston Esq.

IV. JOHN-HENRY-CROMWELL, of Sittingbourn, b. 1806,—mar. 1832 to Eliza only d. of Maurice Lievesley Esq. and had one d. Eliza-Clementina-Frances-Cromwell, b. 1835.

V. THOMAS-ARTEMIDORUS-CROMWELL, b. 1808—d. in infancy.

VI. THOMAS-ARTEMIDORUS, b. 1810—mar. 1862—d. 1863.

VII. LETITIA-CROMWELL, b. 1812,—mar. 1847 to Frederick Whitfield of 4 Vane Street Bath, M.D. and had two daughters,—Amy, 1848, and Elizabeth (?). Mrs. Whitfield died in 1863.

VIII. CHARLES-WILLIAM-CROMWELL, b. 1814, d. 1859.

IX. EMMA-BRIDGET, b. 1816,—mar. 1834 to Capt. Richard Warner, 5th Foot, a descendant of Sir Thomas

Warner who as one of the early explorers of Antigua, obtained a grant of land there from James I., who also presented him with the celebrated ring which Queen Elizabeth had given to Essex. This gem we are informed belonged originally to Mary Queen of Scots, and King James's gift of it to Sir Thomas Warner was designed as an especial mark of favour. Since that time it has descended from father to son in the elder branch of the Warner family. Captain Richard Warner d. 1863. The issue of the above marriage was as follows.

1. Ashton-Cromwell, b. 1835. He served throughout the Indian mutiny campaign in 1857—8,—received a medal with clasps for "Defence of Lucknow" and "Lucknow," and a brevet majority;—retired from the 20th Hussars in 1868,—appointed Chief-Constable of the Co. Bedford in 1871. Major Warner mar. first, 1868 Anne-Geraldine only d. of M. B. Jeffreys Esq., and by her (who d. 1871) had one son, Ashton-Darell-Cromwell, who d. in infancy. He mar. secondly 1872 Florence-Louisa fourth d. of the late W. Stapleton Piers Esq. and granddaughter of Sir John Bennett Piers of Tristernagh Abbey, Co. Westmeath, bart. and has issue,—Bridget-Nora-Cromwell, 1874.—Lionel-Ashton Piers, 1875.—Marjorie-Ellin, 1877,—Esther-Hastings, 1878.

2. Richard-Edward, b. 1836—mar. 1864 to Mary-Jametta-Hale d. of Major Constantine Yeoman of Siron, and had issue, Constance-Emma-Cromwell,—Leonard-Ottley, — Mary-Challoner, — Basil-Hale, — Richard-Cromwell,—Lawrence-Dundas, — Wynyard-Alexander,—Marmaduke.

3. Wynyard-Huddleston, named after his uncle General Wynyard of the Grenadier Guards who distinguished himself in the Crimea. He mar. Jane d. of Mr Bell of the Civil Service, E. Ind. Co.

In the summer of 1849 Mrs. Elizabeth-Oliveria-Cromwell-Russell passed away at the age of 72, and in her death the English nation had to contemplate the final extinction of the Protector's household inheriting the name of Cromwell by blood. To the present writer, his personal intercourse with the venerable lady is the most interesting fact connected with the labours of this family history. To watch her passing from portrait to portrait through the Brantingsay gallery, and hear her with tremulous voice dwelling on the virtues of each successive representative of the House from the Protector's parents down to her own father, was to become for

awhile the passive recipient of very pleasant sensations,—sensations, it may be, too thronging for description, too complex for analysis; but bathed in an aroma such as no other domestic legend of English life was capable of kindling. We now pass to the families deriving from her great-aunt Anne Cromwell.

Family of Field.

ANNE only surviving daughter of Thomas Cromwell of Bridgwater Square by his first marriage, married in 1753, at Edmonton, John Field an apothecary, at that time of Newgate Street, but afterwards of Stoke Newington. There is reason to think that this was a union prompted by cordiality of religious sentiment, the Fields being of a puritan stock, and Mr. Field himself attached to Stoke Newington society. It is not Mark Noble who tells us this. All he says is that Mr. Field was a very intelligent gentleman, and that he displayed great interest in the annals of the family with which he was now associated. Nor is there much to add, beyond the fact that Mr. Field's medical practice was extensive, and that he was the founder in 1765 of the London Annuity Society established for the benefit of the widows of its members. This institution, now located at 3 Sergeant's Inn, possesses half-length portraits of himself and of his son Henry who succeeded him professionally. His living presence we are told was a familiar and grateful object to all the dwellers in and about Stoke Newington who believed his good nature to be inexhaustible; the capacious coach in which he performed the daily journey into Town being apparently at the service of the public; for while his personal friends occupied the interior, some poor neighbour was generally to be seen on the box. The religious coterie of that suburban district, clustering round the household of the ex-General Fleetwood, will be noticed more at large hereafter. Mr. Field's intercourse must have been with their succeeding generation. His own ancestry derived from Cockenhoe in Herts, where he was born in 1719. His death occurred in 1796, the year before that of his wife. Their children now to be noticed are nine in number.

I. HENRY, born 1755, rose to high esteem among his brethren, as testified by the offices which from time to time he filled, such as Lecturer and Treasurer to the Society of Apothecaries, one of the Board of health in 1831 for prevention of cholera, the city of London presenting him with a

silver centre for his table. Among his writings may be mentioned *Memoirs of the Botanic Garden* at Chelsea. He maintained his powers till his 83rd year when he died at Woodford, and was buried at Cheshunt, 1837. His portrait was painted for the Apothecaries by R. Pickersgill, and for the Annuity Society by Samuel Lane; and an engraving from the latter was so skilfully executed by Charles Turner that the family regard it as a better likeness than the original painting. Mr. Field married in 1784 Esther, daughter of E. Barron of Woolacre House near Deptford, Esq. and by her (who died 1834) left six sons and two daughters.

1. HENRY CROMWELL, born 1785. Succeeded to his father's professional position in Newgate Street, and became Chairman of the Court of Examiners of the Apothecaries' Company. His personal tastes took an artistic turn, and led to his becoming an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Shortly before his death he was preparing, in co-operation with the chaplain of Charter-house, a book in illustration of that establishment. It was whilst in the discharge of his duty as resident medical officer there that his death occurred instantaneously in 1818, and he was buried in the vault of Charter-house chapel. He married his cousin Anne, daughter of Thomas Gwinnel, of whom hereafter.

2. BARRON, born 1786, died s. p. 1846 at his residence at Meadfoot-House, Torquay. Called to the bar of the Inner Temple, he became Advocate-fiscal at Ceylon, Chief Justice in New South Wales, and finally Chief Justice at Gibraltar. Like his brother he sought and found a solatium in studies less rigid than the law. Dramatic literature became his favourite pursuit. He edited some of the issues of the Shakespeare Society, and was meditating a complete collection of Heywood's works with a biography, at the time of his own decease. His widow, Jane, daughter of Mr. Carncroft, died at Wimbledon in 1878, aged 86.

3. FRANCIS-JOHN, born 1791, died suddenly at his residence 88 Chester Place, Regent's Park. He held in the India House the office of Accountant-General, and was the last of that title. He married, 1841, Anne, daughter of Edward Barron of Northiam in Sussex.

4. ESTHER, born 1792, resided near her brother Frederick Field the rector of Reepham in Norfolk.

5. EDMUND, born 1799, a Russian merchant of the

firm of Brandt and Co.—retired to Hastings, where he became active in works of benevolence and in pictorial studies.

6. **FREDERICK**, born 1801. Fellow of Trin. Col. Camb. Rector of Reepham, and L.L.D. He resigned his rectory on account of almost total deafness, and employed his leisure in editing an edition of the Septuagint.

7. **MARRIOTT**, born 1803, emigrated to America, where he was drowned. His taste was for music, besides the construction of three poems entitled Job, Ecclesiastes, and the Story of Esther.

8. **MARIA-LETTIA**, born 1805, has long constituted one of the Field-colony at Hastings.

II. **OLIVER**, born 1761, left Worcester for America in 1799, and died at New York in 1835. His wife was Elizabeth daughter of Thomas Gittings of Shropshire. Their family when they left England were very young; of these, Oliver died in childhood; of the survivors John Joseph and Thomas, two of them and the mother paid a visit to England many years ago; but are now, together with their sisters, believed to have all married in America.

III. **JOHN**, born 1764,—commenced business as a Russia merchant; but discovered before long a remarkable aptitude for astronomy and the construction of scientific apparatus. These qualities, combined as they were with a character for high integrity, becoming known to the Government, his services were secured for the Royal Mint, where he held the office of Umpire between the several departments on the precious metals passing between the officers and the Bank of England. Among his mechanical inventions, some of which were adopted in America and France, may be mentioned a counting machine and an improved system of assay-beams and weights. He died in 1845 at his residence, Bayswater Hill, in his 79th year. His portrait, reminding one of Pascal, is in the possession of his son Henry. He married Mary, only child of Charles Pryer of Tichfield, Hants, Esq. and by her, who died 1871, had eight children.

1, 2 and 3. **HENRY, CHARLES, and FREDERICK**, who all died young of typhus fever.

4. **HENRY WILLIAM**, born 1803. Was for fifty one years an able servant of the Crown at the Mint, and about seven years ago retired to his estate of Munster Lodge on the banks of the Thames near Teddington. He entered the Mint at the age of sixteen at the time of Lord Maryborough's Mastership, and assisted at

THE HOUSE OF CROMWELL.

...then in progress; the chemical ... inherited from his father eventually ... scope when in 1850 he succeeded to the ... Queen's Assay-master (an antient appellation ... desused.) This was also the period of Sir ... Herschell's appointment to the Mastership, ... an economical crisis in the history of that ... which was long remembered as the ... of '51. In the laboratory Mr. Field was ... St. John's able auxiliary, more especially when ... resolved to establish and apply more incontrovertible tests to the quality of bullion devoted to ... The scientific details of Mr. Field's new system of working the Assays cannot here be displayed: it must suffice to say they received Herschell's emphatic approbation. A parting message which came from his old friend many years after will form a notable voucher:—"I am suffering," says Sir John, "under an attack of bronchitis which has lasted me all the winter, so excessively severe that I can hardly hold the pen, which must excuse the brevity of this; and being now in my eightieth year, I can hope for no relief. I shall retain however to the last a pleasing recollection of aid and support I received from you during the period of my administration of the Mint. And I know you will believe me, Ever my dear Sir, yours most truly. *J. F. W. Herschell.*" Mr. Field in 1810 married Anna daughter of T. Mills of Coval-Hall, Chelmsford, and vicar of Hellions-Bumpstead, Essex, and by her, who died in 1868, had.

I. Mary - Hester - Katherine, mar. 1864 to Arthur Evershed of Ampthill, M.D. and has issue seven children.

II. Katharine-Anne-Russell, mar. 1866 to Will. Henry Snelling of the Admiralty, of Ashton Lodge, Selhurst, Esq. and has issue.

III. Harriet-Elizabeth-Pryer.

IV. Frances-Anna-Ollyffe.

V. Henry-Cromwell-Beckwith, of Trin. Col. Camb. Curate of St. Jude's Liverpool, born 1850.

VI. Letitia - Eliza, mar. 1876 to Ralph Thomas of Doughty Street, solicitor, and has issue.

h. EMMA-KATHARINE, born 1809, lived with her widowed mother at Notting Hill, and after her mother's decease, removed to Barnes.

6. CHARLES-FREDERICK, born 1813; held office in the Admiralty, married in 1868, Flora-Helen, daughter of Charles A. Elderton of the Bengal Medical Staff, and had issue,—1. Charles-John-Elderton, 1869. — 2. Flora-Georgiana, 1870. — 3. Oliver-Cromwell, 1871.—4. Katharine-Mary-Ida, 1875.

7. OLIVER CROMWELL, born 1815: a Commander in the Royal Navy, having much in common with his renowned ancestor, a man of energy, humanity, and prompt action, shewn on various occasions in the rescuing of wrecked crews during his several voyages to and from India.

8. SAMUEL PRYER, M.A. of Trin. Col. Camb. Vicar of Sawbridgeworth. born in 1816, died 1878; so devoted to the study of ecclesiastical architecture that he lavished much of his income in restoring the church fabrics successively under his care. By his wife, Jane, daughter of Admiral Sir W. H. Pierson, of Langton, Hants, he had four children,—1. Cyril.—2. Bertha.—3. Oliver.—4. Maud.

IV. WILLIAM, fourth son of John Field and Anne Cromwell, born 1767, died 1851, of Leam near Warwick. In accordance with the Calvinistic theology of his parents, he was educated as a Protestant Dissenting Minister, first at Daventry and afterwards at Homerton; but adopting Unitarian principles, was ordained by Dr. Priestley and Mr. Belsham to the pastorate of the antient Presbyterian congregation of High Street Chapel in Warwick; and with this was combined for twenty two years the oversight of a similar community at Kenilworth. He early displayed that literary power both political and polemical which he was ever afterwards prompt to wield in the advocacy of popular rights, resulting in a vast variety of pamphlets belonging chiefly to the period of Lord Grey's first Reform Bill, but embracing also historical works such as the Life of his friend Dr. Parr of Hatton, Account of the Town and Castle of Warwick, the establishment of a public library, and of the *Warwick Advertiser*. His portrait painted by Henry Wyatt, and exhibited in 1838, has been well engraved in large quarto by Charles Turner. The Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson gives us a glimpse of the domestic life of this family in 1839. Mr. Robinson had been spending a fortnight with his friends the Masqueriers of Leamington, and adds,—“This excursion has left several very agreeable recollections. Among them the most prominent was my better acquaintance with the Field family. I then knew Edwin Field chiefly as the junior partner of

Edgar Taylor, who was at that time approaching the end of an honourable and useful life. Mr. and Mrs. Field senior were then living in an old-fashioned country-house between Leamington and Warwick. He had long been the minister at Warwick, and also kept a highly respectable school. He was known by a Life of Dr. Parr, whose intimate friendship he enjoyed. His wife was also a very superior woman; I had already seen her in London. I heard Mr. Field preach on 21 July; his sermon was sound and practical, opposed to metaphysical divinity. He treated it as an idle question, (he might have said, a mischievous subtlety) whether works were to be considered as a justifying cause of salvation or the certain consequence of a genuine faith." Vol. III. 178. The lady here mentioned was Mary, daughter (by his first wife Elizabeth North) of William Wilkins, baptist minister of Bourton on the Water. She was married to Mr. Field in 1803, and died in 1848, having had fourteen children, eleven of whom survived their parents in 1851, namely.

1. EDWARD WILKINS, born 1804, an eminent solicitor practising first in Bedford Row, and afterwards in Lincoln's Inn Fields. His life will be given presently. He married, first, Mary Sharpe niece of Samuel Rogers the poet, and had one son named Rogers after this great-uncle. Mr. Field married secondly Letitia daughter of Robert Kinder of London Esq. who became the mother of seven children—namely.—1. Basil, 1834, successor to his father.—2. Allan, 1835, married Miss Phillips and has five daughters.—3. Walter, 1837, an eminent landscape and genre painter, married Miss Cookson daughter of W. Strickland Cookson, solicitor, and has seven children.—4. Mary, 1839.—5. Grace, 1841.—6. Susan, 1843.—7. Emily, 1845.

2. ARTHUR, born 1806, died unmarried about (1845?)

3. JOHN HAMPDEN, born 1807, settled and married in America.

4. FERDINAND-EMMANS, born 1810, a merchant in Birmingham.

5. LAURA, born 1811, married W. Langmead of Plymouth.

6. ALGERNON SIDNEY, born 1813, a solicitor at Leamington and clerk of the peace for Warwickshire;—mar. Sarah Martin of Birmingham, and has issue three sons and two daughters.

7. ALFRED, born 1814, merchant in New York,

where he married the daughter of another emigrant, viz. Charlotte Errington, whose father a native of Yarmouth in Suffolk, left England in consequence of failure in business. Miss Errington's mother, named Notcutt, was descended from an old puritan family long known at Ipswich in Suffolk. Alfred Field has issue, one son named Henry Cromwell and one daughter named Rosa.

8. CAROLINE, born 1816, married Reginald A. Parker, solicitor, and has seven children.

9. ALICE, born 1817.

10. LUCY, born 1819.

11. HORACE, born 1823, architect, twice married, and has two children.

12. LEONARD, born 1824, barrister.

V. ANNE, eldest daughter of John Field and Anne Cromwell, born 1756, died 1820, having married in 1787 Thomas Gwinnel of Worcester, merchant. Mr. Gwinnel, who died in 1818 aged 68, left five children, namely—

1. THOMAS-CROMWELL, a solicitor at Worcester, died 1835.

2. ANNE-SOPHIA, married her cousin Henry Cromwell Field; see page 48.

3. AMELIA, lived at Hastings with her cousin Letitia Field;

4. DIANA, married Mr. Roberts of Worcester.

5. ELIZA, married Patrick Johnston of the firm of Prace, Fane and Johnston, bankers in Fleet Street. Their children are—1. Patrick, a solicitor.—2. Janet-Eliza.—3. Henry Cromwell, in holy orders.—4. Thomas of Kingston on Thames.

VI. LETITIA, second daughter of John Field and Anne Cromwell, became the second wife of Rev. William Wilkins of Bourton on the water, and had four children, viz.

1. WILLIAM, who died young.

2. Letitia, mar. William Kendall of Bourton, solicitor, by whom she has six children,—Herbert William, — Amelia-Letitia, — Edmund, — Agnes, — Harriet,—Henry.

3. HENRY FIELD, a solicitor at Chipping-Norton; married Miss Spence of that place.

4. HARRIET, married George Tilsley a solicitor at Chipping-Norton.

VII. VIII. IX. ELIZABETH, SOPHIA, MARY; three unmarried daughters of John Field and Anne Cromwell. Elizabeth died at Stoke Newington 1781 aged 22, buried

at Cheshunt. Mary who resided at Worcester, died in 1840.

Life of Edwin Wilkins Field.

If Edwin Field was not a statesman in the popular sense, he was the stimulating agent in bringing about many reforms for which professed statesmen have reaped the credit. Yet neither was he a law-reformer only. He was a man of unbounded sympathies, and his Cromwellian energy was combined with versatile capacity. The tactics of war, it is true, do not figure among his published treatises, yet none that knew him could doubt that he would have occupied a chief seat at a time of national difficulty with the same facility which he discovered in all other pursuits.

Born at Leam near Warwick in 1804, and educated at his father's school, he was articled in 1821 to Taylor and Roscoe of Kings Bench Walk in the Temple. "I remember as if it were yesterday," says he in after life, "my good old father's wistful look as he left me there. That look has stood me in fast stead many a time since." His first action in life was to repay that father the expenses occurred in his out-setting. The father refused, but the pious dexterity of the son contrived to fulfil the intention. This generous impulse was the animus which pervaded all his subsequent schemes. His object was to make the practice of the law square with consciences as upright and scrupulous as his own. To become a law reformer was therefore with him a moral necessity; and to see those reforms carried to a triumphant issue was but the fair reward of one who thought it more heroic to abolish abuses than to run away from them. His first essays in the *Legal Observer* had reference to the law respecting marriages abroad between English subjects within the prohibited degrees. This was in 1840; but his grand attack during the same year was directed against the Court of Chancery, and the Six-Clerks-Office in particular. Lords Brougham and Cottenham had begun to clear the ground, but the crisis was not precipitated until Mr. Field led the public voice. Details cannot be enlarged on here, but the judgment of contemporaries may establish the verdict. Spence, in his *Equity Jurisprudence*, says, "To Mr. Field's exertions, enforced by Mr. Pemberton, the Court of Chancery is in great part indebted for the late improvements." John Wainwright, formerly one of the sworn clerks and now taxing-master says in a letter written since Mr. Field's death that his friend was "the first person who practically brought about this change." And

Robert Bayley Follett, also a taxing-master, says, "I always considered the abolition of the Six-Clerks-Office due to E. W. Field."

The removal of one monster grievance ensures the fall of many parasitical institutions. Mr. Field had abundance of work before him; but success had now energized his arm and inspired his friends with confidence. After the year 1846 there was scarcely a Royal Commission or Parliamentary Committee on Chancery reform or general legal questions before which he was not called upon to give evidence. Extracts from the list of his published writings may serve as an index to his subsequent services. Thus in the *Westminster Review* Feb. 1843, we have, "Recent and future law-reforms,"—"Judicial procedure a single and inductive science." In the *Law Review* Aug. 1848, "Comparative anatomy of judicial procedure," reprinted in the *New York Evening Post*. Pamphlet "on the right of the public to form limited liability partnerships and on the theory practice and costs of commercial charters."—"On the roots and evils of the law,"—"Economical considerations on the autocracy of the Bar and on the system of prescribed tariffs for legal wages." A paper read at Manchester in 1857—"What should a Minister of Justice do?" A treatise before the metropolitan and provincial Law Association held in London 1859 on "Legal education and the comparative anatomy of legal, medical, and other professional education,"—Correspondence with C. G. Loring the eminent American advocate on the present relations between Great Britain and the United States.—"On the property of married women," published in the *Times*.

Brought up among the English Presbyterians, Mr. Field was not disposed to sit down quietly under the partial legislation which was still enforced against Unitarians under cover of the notorious Lady Hewley case; and accordingly by the Dissenters-Chapels Bill of 1844 he upset that legislature for ever. This is quickly told, but the struggle while it lasted was arduous, and to many appeared hopeless; even his constant friend and ally Crabb Robinson despaired of attacking entrenched Orthodoxy; but a band of resolute men who for many months sat on the question *de die in diem*, had at length a long conference with the Minister, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Field acting as spokesman. In brief, the enemy's position was turned. Sir Robert, though a political opponent, promptly undertook to make it a Government measure; while the elaborate historical argument with which Mr. Gladstone swayed the Commons on that occasion was mainly furnished by Mr. Field.

It was Mr. Field's belief that few schemes would more tend to simplify and quicken legal operations than the concentration of all the Courts of Justice and offices of the law into one building. For thirty years before the passing of the Courts of Justice Building Act of 1865 he had urged the measure; and when at last a Royal Commission was issued to obtain and approve a plan upon which the new Courts should be built, it was natural that her Majesty should appoint "her trusty and well-beloved Edwin Wilkins Field to be the Secretary to the Commission." For his arduous duties in this capacity extending over three years, embracing a thorough mastery of the details of the vast fabric, preparing instructions for the competing architects, and drawing up elaborate reports, Mr. Field refused all remuneration. But the firm of which he was the head were appointed by the Board of Works solicitors for acquiring the new site; and under his vigorous superintendence a very short time sufficed to clear the ground for an architectural pile which will not be complete without some artistic memorial of the enthusiastic Secretary.

He was an ardent lover of nature, and of the pictorial renderings by which true poetry alone can apprehend her. Much of the interest which as a member of the Council of University College he took in that institution, assumed this form; as shewn in his co-operating with Crabb Robinson in the formation of the Flaxman Gallery and the establishment of the Slade School of Art; in all which, as well as in the legislation which from time to time he put into motion for the furtherance of Art and its professors, his advice and assistance were spontaneous. "No labour," says he, "that I can ever give on this subject will repay the obligations I am under to art and to artists for a great deal of the pleasure of my life." "I reverence art. I look upon it as one of the divinest gifts of our nature. Develope a love of art in every way. It will give you new eyes wherewith to draw in and make part of yourself the very beauty of nature and new undreamt-of capacities for enjoying it. It will assuredly improve and elevate your character." Accustomed as he was to be consulted in matters of taste, it awoke no suspicion when Mr. T. Cobb, one of his former clerks, asked him one day what painter he would recommend under the following circumstances. A number of clerks in a London office had subscribed to get the portrait of their master executed in the best style, and it was thought they could not have a better adviser than Mr. Field. After a little further explanation he replied, "Watson Gordon is your man."—"But, Sir," said Cobb,

"Sir Watson paints only in Edinburgh, and we doubt whether his sitter would consent to travel so far."—"Then," rejoined Mr. Field, "tell the young men to drag him there; he ought to be proud of such a request." In due time Mr. Field was himself requested to go to Edinburgh and sit to Sir Watson Gordon for a painting to be presented to Mrs. Field. "Congratulate me," he wrote to Crabb Robinson; "A hundred of my old clerks have subscribed to have my portrait painted;—men, I have tyrannized over,—bullied—taken the praise from, which they really had earned, who knew every bit of humbug in me,—no sense of favours to come. Regard from such a body is worth having." The picture is now at the family residence at Squire's Mount, Hampstead, with the names of the hundred subscribers displayed on the frame. Another characteristic likeness is preserved in a picture painted by his son Walter,—a river scene, in which Mr. Field together with part of his family is represented in the enjoyment of one of his favourite pursuits, that of boating on the Thames. It has been said of him that "not Izaak Walton loved his favourite river more than Mr. Field loved the Thames." Like the painter Turner he desecrated in its varied aspects suggestive material for boundless poetry; and in order fully to drink in its influences, he took for holiday purposes a lease of the Mill-house, Cleve, near Goring. Yet the Thames became the disastrous scene of his death. On the 30th of July 1871 the boat in which he was sailing with two of his clerks was upset by a gale of wind. One of the party, named Ellwood, as well as Mr. Field himself, was a swimmer; the third, who could not swim, was the sole survivor; and all that this survivor could recollect about the affair was that he had at first gone down, but afterwards found himself supported by his two friends who held on to the boat and were making for the shore,—that eventually Mr. Ellwood sank, and soon afterwards Mr. Field also. Five days later, at the Highgate Cemetery, Edwin Field was laid in a vault next to that in which sleeps his friend Henry Crabb Robinson. His age was sixty seven. The above facts are derived from "A Memorial" drawn up by his friend Thomas Sadler P.H. D. and published by Macmillan in 1872, abounding with anecdotes and details of a highly interesting nature but far too copious for adoption in this place. It may also be here stated that notices of the various members of the Field family will be found scattered up and down the biographies of Crabb Robinson, Sergeant Talfourd, and Charles Lamb. Here is one example, having reference to Mr. Barron Field.—"Charles Lamb, in one of his letters to Bernard Barton,

THE HOUSE OF CROMWELL.

was humorously recording his neglect of some of the details of social life, says, "All the time I was at the East India House I never mended a pen. When I write to a great man at the Court end, he opens with surprize upon a naked note such as Whitechapel people interchange, with no sweet degrees of envelope. I never enclosed one bit of paper in another, nor understood the rationale of it. Once only I sealed with borrowed wax, to set Sir Walter Scott a wondering, signed with the imperial quartered arms of England, which my friend Field bears in compliment to his descent in the female line from Oliver Cromwell. It must have set his antiquarian curiosity upon watering."—*Talfourd's Life and Letters of Lamb*.

JAMES

FIFTH SON OF THE PROTECTOR.

Named after his maternal grandfather Sir James Bouchier, was baptized 8 January 1632 at St Johns Church in Huntingdon, where also he was buried on the following day.

BRIDGET

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE PROTECTOR

Baptized at St John's Church Huntingdon 5 August 1624, was married first to Henry Ireton in 1646, and secondly to Charles Fleetwood, probably in the early part of 1652. Her marriage with Ireton took place just before the completion of the first civil war, while Fairfax was investing the city of Oxford; and at Holton St Bartholomew, some six miles distant from the walls and conjectured to have been the General's head-quarters, the affair is thus chronicled in the parish register,—“15 June 1646. Henry Ireton, Commissary-General to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and Bridget daughter to Oliver Cromwell, Lieutenant-General of the Horse to the

said Sir Thomas Fairfax, were married by Mr. Dell in the Lady Whorwood's house in Holton. Alban Eales, rector." Dell was Fairfax's chaplain. The antient manor-house, which was surrounded by a moat, was taken down in 1804 and the present mansion built upon its site. Near the place a large number of skeletons were once unearthed; supposed to have been the victims of some scrimmage in the Civil war time, as the bodies were near the surface and had been thrown in promiscuously.

Henry Ireton, descended from a good family seated at Attenborough, Co. Nottingham, was brought up to the law; but when the civil contests commenced, his puritan and patriotic principles found more congenial play in the Parliament's army, where the inflexible character of his mind acted as a buttress and stimulant even to that of Cromwell. Strong sympathies early drew the men together, and during the principal passages of the war they acted in concert. After the King's death Ireton accompanied his father-in-law to Ireland, and being left by him there in the capacity of Lord Deputy, he completed the subjugation of the natives with rare vigour and ability; his determination to show no mercy on any who were proved guilty of taking part in the massacre of the Protestants in 1640 subjecting him as a matter of course to the charge of wanton cruelty. Having crowned his sublunary career with the capture of Limerick in 1651, he was seized with a pestilential disease and died there, in the presence of his brother-in-law Henry Cromwell, sincerely lamented by the Republicans who revered him as a soldier, a statesman, and a saint. He received a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, Oliver Cromwell walking as chief mourner, attended by several members of Parliament. The House passed a bill for settling an estate of £2000 per annum on the widow and children, a gift which had in fact been offered a few months previously to Ireton himself, but he nobly refused it, urging in reply, that the Parliament had many just debts which he desired they would pay before they made any such presents. For himself, he had no need of their land, and would be far better pleased to see them doing the service of the nation than so liberal in disposing of the public treasure. And truly, adds his friend Ludlow, "I believe he was in earnest; for as he was always careful to husband those things that belonged to the State to the best advantage, so was he most liberal in employing his own purse and person in the public service." *Ludlow's Memoirs* I. 371.

At the Restoration of Charles II. Ireton's body, like that

of his father-in-law and of Bradshaw, was taken from its tomb in Westminster Abbey and hung on the Tyburn gallows, an action fitly corresponding with the slanders by which his enemies had long assailed the reputation of one of the most true-hearted, chivalrous, and generous men that ever bled for England. He was not a whit overpraised in the sermon preached at his funeral in Westminster Abbey by Dr. John Owen, 6 Feb. 1652, and with the recital of the dedication of that performance to Henry Cromwell, his character may be dismissed. The text was from Daniel xii. 13. But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

To the honourable and my very worthy friend Colonel Henry Cromwell.

SIR,—The ensuing sermon was preached upon as sad an occasion as on any particular account hath been given to this nation in this our generation. It is now published at the desire of very many who love the savour of that perfume which is diffused with the memory of the noble person particularly mentioned herein. It was in my thoughts to direct it immediately to her [the widow] who was most nearly concerned in him. But having observed how near she hath been to be swallowed up of sorrow, and with what slow progress He who took care to seal up instruction to her soul by all dispensations, hath given her hitherto towards a conquest thereof, I was not willing to offer a new occasion to the multitude of her perplexed thoughts. In the meantime Sir, these lines are to you. Your near relation to that rare example of righteousness, faith, holiness, zeal, courage, self-denial, love to his country, wisdom, and industry, the mutual tender affection between you whilst he was living, your presence with him in his last trial and conflict, your design of looking into and following his steps and purpose in the work of God and his generation, as such an accomplished pattern as few ages have produced the like;—[all these] did easily induce me hereunto. I have nothing to express concerning yourself but only my desires that your heart may be fixed to the Lord God of your fathers; and that in the midst of all the temptations and opposition wherewith your pilgrimage will be attended, you may be carried on and established in your inward subjection to, and outward contending for, the Kingdom of the Dearly Beloved of our souls; not fainting nor waxing weary until you also receive your dismissal to

rest for your lot in the end of the days. Sir, your most
humble and affectionate servant
[*slightly abridged.*]

JOHN OWEN.

Upon Ireton's death, Cromwell fixed upon Charles Fleetwood to marry his widow. The Fleetwoods deriving from an antient stock in Lancashire had recently made rapid progress in honours. In the civil war they became like many others a divided family; for while Sir William Fleetwood of Aldwinkle and Woodstock suffered for the King, two of his sons were in the opposite ranks. George was a Colonel in the Parliament's army, and sat on the tribunal which condemned the King. Charles became Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law and Commander in chief of the forces in England; and both were nominated Lords in his Upper House. Nay, it has always been a sort of conjectural creed with many that Oliver designed Charles Fleetwood as successor to himself in the Protectorate, but that the instrument or will to that effect was not discoverable when wanted. Is it not Lord Broghill who unhesitatingly declares that such was the case, and that the fair spoiler who discovered and burnt the document was one of the Protector's own daughters?

What sort of Protector Fleetwood would have made, it were vain to surmise. Entertaining in theory many of the maxims of his father-in-law, but totally wanting in his moral ascendancy and personal prowess, he was compelled before long to make the unwelcome discovery that the reign of the saints was not to be perpetuated by any artillery at his command. Sorely perplexed indeed he was to apprehend what was "the voice" of Providence, (such was the term constantly on his lips) in committing to his hands the Commandership of the national forces, if those hands must remain tied; a state of mind which resulted in successive actions of vacillation, all arguing it may be a tender conscience but leaving him at the mercy of less scrupulous men. Impatience at witnessing the elevation of his pacific nephew Richard Cromwell must also it seems be placed to his account; and it was the factious course which he thereupon thought fit to pursue, which drew from Henry, then in Ireland, the memorable and oft quoted letter, exposing the folly and wickedness of using the Army in defence of any sectional form of faith. No doubt the good man learnt the meaning of all the "voices" during the leisurely seclusion of his after-days at Stoke Newington, but failing to read them rightly when they arose he fought an uncertain battle which could only issue in anarchy.

When at last the factions of the hour had exhausted

themselves and the return of Charles II became inevitable, Fleetwood's puritan principles and thoretic objections to the Kingly office made him still hesitate to adopt those conciliatory measures by which other prominent agents mitigated the coming wrath. Still less was he capable of imitating the craven example of his brother George, who sought to shelter himself at the expense of his friends, and even attributed his personal share in the royal deathwarrant to "Cromwell's threats and insinuations." Charles Fleetwood indeed was not implicated in that affair; consequently the penalty which overtook him was limited to degradation and partial confiscation. He passed from the activities of a camp to the social obscurity of a meek Dissenter "pursuing the even tenour of his way" in the suburban region of Stoke Newington,—subject of course to the periodical incursions of that graceless crew, the common informers against meeting-houses, but otherwise permitted to fight his battles o'er again in the peaceful arena of his own fire-side. Stoke Newington thus became early conspicuous as the chosen asylum of some of the more wealthy puritan families; and the fines levied there on the Fleetwoods, Hartopps, and others of their non-conforming associates amounted in no long time to six or seven thousand pounds. Meanwhile, his royalist father, Sir William, resumed his antient position at Court in the capacity of cup-bearer to the restored Monarch.

But it was not to Stoke Newington that Charles Fleetwood first fled to escape the returning torrent of royalism. He was naturally attracted to Feltwell St. Mary in Norfolk where an estate had descended to his first wife or her heirs. This first wife was Frances, sole daughter and eventual heiress of Thomas Smyth of Whinston in Norfolk, Esq. and Fleetwoods retirement to this place may be reasonably regarded as contemporary with the death of his second wife Bridget Cromwell. Having reached which point, it will be best, before proceeding further with Fleetwood's own affairs, to conclude the personal history of that excellent lady.

Bridget Cromwell belonged to the Puritan party *par excellence*; to which result the characters of both her husbands greatly contributed. The confederacy of Henry Ireton, Charles Fleetwood, Edmund Ludlow, John Hutchinson and their associates, most of them being Baptists, represented the root and branch section of the anti-monarchists. Ludlow ardently admired Bridget's first husband, but could never be reconciled to her father; while Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson's Memoir betrays the same envious spirit against the entire family of the Protector, always excepting her dear

friend Bridget. Oliver's wife and children, says she, "were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape. Only to speak the truth of Oliver himself, he had much natural greatness and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled and not exalted with these things; but the rest were insolent fools." Insolent fools! and this language was meant to apply to all the ladies of the Protector's family except Bridget!

But there was no lack of cordiality between Bridget and her father, however her own familiar friends might misunderstand him. She became too the mother of a daughter, the renowned Mrs. Bendysh, who, more than any other person in the succeeding generation, judged him aright and reflected his character. Fortunately there are sufficient materials in Oliver's correspondence to illustrate his estimate of Bridget's piety and his care to foster it. The first letter to be noticed was sent to her a few months after her first marriage, and constitutes one of the choicest gems of the Cromwellian biography. The "sister Claypole" referred to was Elizabeth Cromwell, who had also been very recently married.

"For my beloved daughter Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury the General's Quarters.

London, 25 October 1646.

DEAR DAUGHTER. I write not to thy husband, partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed at this time, having some other considerations. Your friends at Ely are well. Your sister Claypole is, I trust, in mercy exercised with some perplexed thoughts. she sees her own vanity and carnal mind; bewailing it. She seeks after, as I hope also, what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker, is to be of the best sect next to a finder; and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self vanity and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His, and could go less in desire,—less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear heart, press on. Let not husband, let not any thing cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he [thy husband] will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him. Do so for me. My service and dear

affections to the General [Fairfax] and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee. It adds to all other obligations. I am, Thy dear Father,

OLIVER CROMWELL."

In the next extant letter she is addressed, not as the wife of Ireton, but as that of Fleetwood, on her second arrival in Ireland. It is not difficult to see that this second visit had something depressing about it. Her first experiences of Irish life had been in company with the gallant Ireton, but now her heart seems to have been yearning for the children whom we judge to have been left behind her in England. Whatever it was, her father evidently felt that there was need for solace and encouragement. But, first of all, he seeks to silence her groundless anxieties, as though she were the victim of penal discipline. "The voice of fear," says he, "is, If I had done this, or avoided that, how well it had been with me. (This I know hath been her vain reasoning.) Whereas, love argueth on this wise, What a Christ have I.—What a Father in and through him,—What a name hath my Father, merciful, gracious, long suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. What a nature hath my Father. He is love, free in it, unchangeable, infinite. What a Covenant between Him and Christ for all the seed, for every one; wherein He undertakes all, and the poor soul nothing. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within ourselves? Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect grace. Faith, as an act, yields it not but only as it carries us into Him who is our perfect rest and peace, in whom we are accounted of and received by the Father even as Christ himself. This is our high calling. Rest we here, and here only." He concludes by assuring her that her two children, "the boy and Betty, are very well." The boy is Henry Ireton; but Betty may be either Elizabeth or Bridget?

A third letter from her father dated two years later and directed to Fleetwood, is in a similar strain as concerning herself, and need not therefore be quoted. On returning to England with her husband and the infant children born to them in Dublin, she had to witness during the next three years the series of events issuing in the culmination of her father's career, his lamented death, and the downfall of his family. Amid the national confusions which prepared the way for the Restoration, she did her utmost to sustain her husband in some sort of consistent action, but his scrupulous conscience proved a very intractable factor in that whirlpool

and conflict of second-rate men. Edmund Ludlow has recorded a scene in which with tears she besought his counsel and aid. But what was Ludlow, or all his party, in that hour of darkness? For him as for her, flight and obscurity were the only refuge. We can but conjecture the rest. Lamenting less the loss of her own station than the total overthrow of her father's giant schemes in the Protestant behalf, she must have looked upon the conduct of public men around her, in their frantic haste to recall the King, as one of the most humiliating spectacles that any nation ever presented. It has been said that she disapproved of her father's elevation to the supreme power; and very possibly she may in former years have entertained theoretical objections to such a measure, especially when she lived in companionship with Ireton; but as the objects of his reign unfolded themselves, we choose rather to believe that, like her daughter Mrs. Bendysh, she came to recognise his advent as a special boon from Heaven to a thankless race, and that her dying hours were cheered by the conviction that he too had lighted a candle in England which by God's grace would never go out. The place of her death is uncertain, but her burial is recorded at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, 1 July, 1662. Few if any of her letters survive except the following one which she sent back from England to her brother Henry when he superseded her own husband Fleetwood in the government of Ireland.

Mrs. Bridget Fleetwood to Henry Cromwell Lord Deputy in Ireland, date 1657 (?).

DEAR BROTHER,—I am very unfit and unapt to write, and yet I would not altogether neglect to stir up that affection which ought to be betwixt so near relations, and is very apt to decay. I blame none but myself. I desire rather so to do than to lay it upon others, or to be a judge of others. I could wish there had not been so much occasion of the contrary, wherein my corrupt heart hath taken advantage. I desire to be humbled for it, and not to give way, whatever others' unkindness may be, to weaken that love and affection which ought to be and is the desire of my soul to defend and nourish in me towards yourself, though it may be not much cared for. Yet however I shall labour to be found in my duty, which is to be,—Your dear and affectionate sister,

BRIDGET FLEETWOOD.

The next thing to be noticed in the career of her surviving

husband Charles Fleetwood is his third marriage, namely with the dowager Lady Mary Hartopp of Newington, Midx., described in the marriage allegation as a widow of about forty, his own age being fifty. This was in 1663; and as the result of this new connexion, we are henceforth to contemplate the combined families as permanently settled in the large, old, rambling red-brick mansion of the Elizabethan style known in modern times as Fleetwood-house, standing on the north side of Church Street, close to what is now the south entrance to Abney-Park Cemetery. Properly speaking, it consisted of two houses renovated or modified at various times, and serving to accommodate the Hartopp and Fleetwood families with all their dependencies. Under Fleetwood's portion of the roof were now therefore grouped,—first, the children of his first wife Frances Smyth who left two sons and a daughter,—secondly, the three daughters of his second wife Bridget Cromwell by Henry Ireton,—thirdly, his own surviving children by that lady, three or four perhaps in number,—lastly, his third wife Dame Mary Hartopp, with such children as she had, if any.

Lady Hartopp was the daughter of Sir John Coke of Melbourne, one of the Secretaries of State to Charles I., and widow of Sir Edward Hartopp the second baronet of Freathby. Consequent on her new alliance, it came to pass that her son Sir John Hartopp the third baronet and her daughter Mary respectively married a daughter and son of Fleetwood's first wife Miss Smyth. Nor was this the only link between them; for persecution from without strengthened the harmony of home; and the distinguished names which made Stoke Newington a very metropolis of Dissent, combined with the other followers of Dr. John Owen to supply within the radius of their own circle all the materials for refined and elevated fellowship. It will simplify our view of this suburban coterie if we contemplate it as largely consisting of such portions of the Cromwellian connexions as fell into the ranks of Dissent consequent on the Uniformity Act of 1662, and gathered under the pastorate of Dr. John Owen (Oliver's quondam vice-chancellor at Oxford). To the Stoke Newington names of Ireton, Fleetwood, Hartopp, Gould, Gunston, Cooke, Field, Hurlock, Abney, we must therefore add those of Colonel Disbrowe brother-in-law to the Protector, Colonel James Berry, Lady Vere Wilkinson, Lady Haversham a daughter of the Earl of Anglesea &c. &c. The society subsequently included Dr. Isaac Watts, but this was some years later, and not till after Fleetwood's death. It may be presumed with some certainty that neither Richard Cromwell,

even if he were not in exile, nor Henry had he not become a churchman, would have been at one with them; for Fleetwood and Co. had precipitated the downfall of their house. The subscribers' names to the folio edition of Dr. Owen's works may supply other suggestions.

The almost total silence which shrouds the domestic life of Fleetwood subsequent to the Restoration contrasts strangely with the tumultuous tide of events whose every crest had carried his name during the two previous years. Dr. Watts tells us that his name was held in honour among the churches. This we can easily believe; but the Doctor would have pleased us better by placing on record some vestiges of his conversations or his correspondence during the period in question; for how frequently, we imagine, must the old Covenanter's moralisings on the "voice" of Providence have reverted to the past, and received amplification from his narratives of the great Protector's spiritual warfare, a theme on which he could dwell with a warmth and a sympathy which few to the same extent could either appreciate or share.

There was one respect in which he could look back on the late upturnings without any remorse. The part which he had himself borne in them was marked throughout by perfect disinterestedness. Expressing once to Henry his unwillingness to aid out of the public purse a distant relative whom he calls "poor Cromwell," he frankly adds,—“You in part know my estate and condition. I cannot make an advantage of my public employments as many have [done] or others suppose I do. Neither am I solicitous about this business. I have sufficient cause from experience to trust the Lord with children whom I shall leave behind me. His blessing with a little is great riches” *Thurloe*. VII. 595.

Not the least interesting portion of this society consisted of the three daughters of Henry Ireton mentioned above, who appear to have been greatly attached to their father-in-law, and to have married from his house with his officially expressed approval. The dates of their marriages shew that they must all have continued resident at Stoke Newington many years after their father-in-law's union with Lady Hartopp. Thus, Jane was married to Richard Lloyd in 1668,—Bridget to Thomas Bendysh in 1669,—Elizabeth to Thomas Polhill about the year 1674. A reference to two of the said marriages, as preserved in the Faculty-Office, may here be fitly introduced as illustrative of domestic life at Stoke Newington and as serving also in the adjustment of a question to be subsequently discussed. The marriage allegation having

reference to Jane is in substance as follows.—Richard Lloyd of St. James'. Duke's Place, London, widower, aged about thirty, was to marry Jane Ireton of Newington Middx. spinster, aged about twenty, whose parents were dead, with the consent of her father-in-law Charles Fleetwood Esq. They were to marry at Cheshunt, Herts, St. James' Duke's Place, or Newington aforesaid. The other allegation referring to Bridget testifies that Thomas Bendysh of Grays Inn, gent. aged about twenty four, was to marry Bridget Ireton, spinster, aged about nineteen, whose parents were dead, and she living with and at the disposal of her father-in-law Charles Fleetwood Esq. of Stoke Newington, whose consent was alleged. They were to marry either at Stoke Newington or at St. Leonard's Shoreditch. *Recited in Notes and Queries, by Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester.* During the year before Fleetwood's death, his daughters-in-law having long left him, it looks as though his household must have been brightened by the presence of that chivalrous lady Hannah Hewling the wife of Major Henry Cromwell, for here occurred in 1691 the birth of her daughter Mary. Unseated from their home at Spinney Abbey, the family were leading an unsettled life in the neighbourhood of London, the Major engaged in his military duties, and Hannah seeking here and there the home which is found among kindred hearts. Did Bridget Bendysh ever travel all the way from Yarmouth to greet her kinswoman under the old roof-tree, and mingle their tears once more over the fate of Benjamin and William Hewling? no one knows.

Abstract of the will of General Fleetwood, recorded in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. 10 January 1690.

I, Charles Fleetwood of Stoke Newington in the County of Middlesex, Esq. being through the mercy of the Lord in health and memory, do make &c. First, I commend my soul and spirit into the hands of my gracious God and father through our Lord Jesus Christ by the Holy Spirit enabling me to lay hold upon the imputed righteousness of Christ for my justification, and in virtue of that righteousness do I hope to stand at the great day of the Lord. My body to be buried in the same grave or as near as may be to my last dear wife. Debts, wages, &c. to be paid within one year of death. To my daughter the Lady Elizabeth Hartopp £100 as a last expression of my thankfulness for the constant dear love and duty she hath always manifested unto me. I give unto dear daughter Carter £100. To my cousin Mary Waterson £20

over and above the £20 which my last dear wife owed her by bond which I now direct my executor to pay. To Anne Pace £10 for myself and £10 more which my last wife gave her. [two devises left blank, follow]. I give to the poor distressed people of God £200 such as my executor with two of my trustees hereafter named (Sir John Hartopp to be one) shall think fit objects of charity. £10 to be paid to the poor of that society with whom I have had Christian communion in the Gospel,—as also £6 to my antient friend James Berry Esq. and £3 to Mr. Howard minister of the Gospel and to Mr. Thomas Taylor minister of the Gospel at Cambridge and Mr. Pelloe minister of the Gospel at Sudbury, and £2 to any others that I shall name in a paper behind me. I give and devise to Sir John Hartopp bart., Samuel Desborrow doctor of physick, Captain John Nicholas, and Nathaniel Gould merchant their heirs and assigns all my manor or lordship of Burrough alias Burrough-Castle, Co. Suffolk, in trust to pay legacies &c. and afterwards to convey the same to my son and heir Smyth Fleetwood and his heirs for ever. To each of my said trustees £5 for mourning. And whereas there is a debt due to me from my son Bendysh, my will is that my executor shall not demand the said debt till God shall in his providence make a comfortable provision for his wife and children. My son Smyth Fleetwood to be sole executor—Signed 10 January 1690—in presence of Edward Terry, Mary Waterson, John Wealshdale. Proved by Smyth Fleetwood in P. C. C. 2 November 1692. Registered "*Fane*" 201. *Notes and Queries*. 4 May, 1872.

In accordance with the above will, General Fleetwood was buried in his wife's tomb in Bunhill Fields. The original inscription, which has long been worn away, stated that Charles Fleetwood Esq. died 1692 aged 74, and Dame Mary Hartopp his wife in 1684. In place of this, the names "Lieut. General Charles Fleetwood" and "Dame Mary Hartopp" have been strongly re-cut on the side of the monument;—as also the following words,—“Discovered seven feet beneath the surface and restored by the Corporation of London, 1869.” For an account of the other Cromwell monuments in this cemetery, see page 37; and for their inscriptions at large, consult Mark Noble's Protectorate.

Three or four years after the veteran's departure, Isaac Watts comes upon the scene. In 1696, being then twenty two years of age, he was engaged by Sir John Hartopp to act as tutor to his only surviving son John (the fourth and last baronet,) which first visit to Stoke Newington lasted five years. Reviewing it in after life, he thanks Heaven for the

pleasure and improvement then experienced ; having himself derived so much instruction where he was called to be an instructor. Upon which passage Robert Southey most truly comments,—“ If he [Watts] had not, as may all but literally be said, sucked in the principle of Dissent at his mother's breast, this was a household in which of all others he would be most likely to imbibe it.”

But there was another part of Watts's creed which could not fail to be adjusted to a correct standard by his long association with this select circle ; for to the five years spent under Sir John Hartopp's roof we must add the five and thirty during which he was the guest of their neighbour Lady Abney. This article of his belief, touching which so many went astray, was a true and loving estimate of the character of the Protector. Turning to his Lyric Poems, we see at once that his most cherished friendships embraced the descendants and adherents of Oliver ; and we also know that his own family history sustained the generous homage. While Mrs. Bendysh during an occasional visit from Yarmouth to the paternal home may be imagined as uttering some of her accustomed rhapsodies in praise of her incomparable grandfather, Isaac Watts could tell them how his own grandfather had sailed in Admiral Blake's fleet ; and how, when the ship in which he fought blew up in action with the Dutch, he and his mates were shot towards heaven by the volcanic discharge, and ceased not to ascend till they reached the stars. This grandfather of Watts was a man not to be soon forgotten. In time of peace he had exhibited taste not only as a draughtsman but as a violinist. In the East Indies he once encountered a tiger, and when the animal pursued him into a river, contrived to destroy him by holding him under water. The widow whom he left behind afterwards became the spiritual nurse of her little grandchild Isaac, and her narratives no doubt fostered that bellicose phraseology which ever and anon crops out in his poems. Soon after the restoration of royalism, Isaac Watts's own father who kept a school at Southampton was clapped into gaol as a nonconformist. Isaac was then an infant ; and his mother, we are told, was accustomed to come on sunny days and sit on a stone near the cell of her husband, there to nurse her baby through the weary hours. Yes—Robert Southey is quite right in tracing Isaac Watts's polemics to the maternal fountain,

Among his poetical works we discover several odes dedicated to members of the Fleetwood household ; that “ Against tears ” for instance, addressed to Mrs. Bendysh ; “ The Indian Philosopher ” to Henry Bendysh her son, on his

marriage in 1701. "The Life of Souls" is addressed to Dr. Thomas Gibson the Protector Richard's son in law. An answer to a libellous satire, being a defence of King William III, is dedicated to David Polhill; Hortatory verses to the two brothers Charles and Smyth Fleetwood; Two pieces, one in English, the other in Latin, to his pupil Sir John Har-topp; and lastly, two Panegyrics to John Howe the venerable surviving chaplain of the two Protectors; the latter as follows.

"Howe is a great but single name;
Amidst the crowd he stands alone,
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone.
Eternal God, command his stay;
Stretch the dear months of his delay.
Oh, we could wish his age were one immortal day.
But when the flaming chariot's come.
And shining guards to attend thy prophet home;
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes.
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies."

In 1699 the lease of the Manor of Stoke Newington was sold by the Popham family of Littlecote in Wilts to Thomas Gunston a young man of fortune, who forthwith proceeded to erect a stately mansion at its southern limit facing Church Street; but dying the next year, before the house was completed, he left the estate to his sister Mary the second wife of Sir Thomas Abney (then Lord Mayor of London.) This premature death of Gunston gave birth to a long elegiac poem or Epicedium by Dr. Isaac Watts, consisting of 430 lines, which he dedicated to Lady Abney and enrolled among his Lyrics. After Sir Thomas's death, this lady came to reside in the house, together with her family, of which Dr. Watts remained for so many years a member. Stimulated perhaps by the pictorial tastes of his maternal grandfather above mentioned, the Doctor once tried his hand at four allegorical figures representing Youth, Age, Mirth, and Grief, which long years after, remained in the front parlours as mementoes of his residence here. A swan painted by him was also shewn, which he had introduced, during the artist's absence as an improvement to a wall-picture representing Actæon's Metamorphosis. Whether or not the artist, on his return, deemed it an improvement, is not recorded; but the swan was permitted to remain. In modern days the Abney grounds with their venerable cedars have obtained a new and modified form of lease by their conversion into the Abney-

Park-Cemetery; and Dr. Watts still dominates the scene in the form of a statue, which, notwithstanding its cyclopean proportions, conveys a not incorrect idea of the original man.

Stoke Newington must not detain us any longer; for the Fleetwood and Hartopp alliances and the histories of Sir Nathaniel Gould, Justice Cooke, Mrs. Hurlock, and the rest of the race, do not properly fall within the Protectoral annals. All this, together with much more respecting other illustrious residents there, such as Daniel De Foe, Thomas Day, Howard the philanthropist, and Mrs. Barbauld, will be found duly set forth in William Anderson's History of the parish. As for Fleetwood-house itself, the old mansion where so many of the Cromwell kith and kin went in and out two centuries ago, it was demolished in 1872, at which time several visits were made to it by persons interested in its history; whose narratives may be read in the *Notes and Queries* of that date, descriptive of its oak panelling, its picturesque staircases, its blazon of arms, with other memoranda of the associated families who successively inherited it. We must now travel back and recover the track left by Henry Ireton.

Children of the Protector's daughter Bridget by Henry Ireton.

I. HENRY, who married Katharine daughter of the Rt. Hon. Henry Powle, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1689 and Master of the Rolls. No issue.

II. ELIZABETH, born about 1647. A brief reference to her childhood occurs in a letter sent in 1651 by Oliver St. John "to his kinsman Oliver Cromwell" then commanding in Ireland,—“Tell my cousin Ireton that his wife breeds Betty up in the Popish religion to worship images, and that [which] she now worships teacheth her to frown.” What this playful sarcasm indicates, we can only conjecture. In 1674 she was married to Thomas Polhill of Otford, Co. Kent, Esq.

Family of Polhill.

The issue of the marriage of Elizabeth Ireton and Mr. Polhill consisted of three sons,—1. David, of whom presently.—2. Henry, who died in his father's life-time.—3. Charles, a Smyrna merchant, born 1679, died s.p. 1755,

having married Martha daughter of Thomas Streatfeild of Sevenoaks.

DAVID, of Cheapstead in Kent, born in 1675, M.P. for the county, then for Bramber, and finally for Rochester, which city he represented till he reached the age of 79. This is the gentleman whom Daniel De Foe memorialised as the leader of the Kentish Petitioners of 1701, a body of five delegates who in the reign of William III. presented a remonstrance to the Houses condemnatory of their subservience to the Court of France; the other names being Thomas Colepepper, William Colepepper, William Hamilton, and Justinian Champneys, Esquires. For this they were committed to the Gate-house and kept prisoners for a week, but their return into Kent resembled the march of conquerors. Polhill was met at Blackheath by five hundred horsemen and escorted to his house at Otford; the other four were met at Rochester by nearly half the county, and from thence on to Maidstone where flowers were strewn in their path and all the church-bells set a-ringing. A contemporary print is preserved in the Polhill family containing the portraits of the five patriots. Patriotism, among the commercial-protestant party of that hour, took the form of an ardent promotion of all King William's schemes at home or abroad; and a valuable means to that end was the defence and exaltation of his personal character, a service which was lovingly rendered by Dr. Watts, Bishop Burnet, Daniel De Foe, and others. Thus Watts breaks forth, when addressing his friend—

" Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame ;
Can your zeal sleep, or are your passions tame ?
Nor call revenge and darkness on the [slanderer's] name ?
Why smoke the skies not ? why no thunders roll ?
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul ?
Audacious wretch ! to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel flame."

Mr. Polhill was thrice married, first, to Elizabeth Trevor, secondly to Gertrude sister of Thomas Hollis Duke of Newcastle, and thirdly to Elizabeth daughter of John Borrett of Shoreham; the last became the mother of four sons and one daughter. In these sons and daughters were united not only the blood of Oliver Cromwell and Henry Ireton, but also that of the patriot John Hampden, for Elizabeth Borrett's mother was the daughter of Sir John Trevor of Denbighshire, by Ruth eldest daughter of John Hampden. The names of these children were Charles, Thomas, Henry, John, and Elizabeth, all of whom died unmarried except

CHARLES, of Cheapstead and afterwards of Otford; married, first, Tryphena-Penelope daughter of Sir John Shelley of Mitchel-grove, Sussex, bart. and by her had one daughter Tryphena-Penelope who married George Stafford, and had two sons, Charles and Thomas-George. Mr. Polhill by his second wife Patience Haswell had seven children, George, his successor,—Charles, who died unmarried,—David, died in infancy,—Patience, unmarried,—a second David, unmarried,—Thomas-Alfred, lost in the South Seas from the *Guardian*, Capt. Rion,—Francis, comptroller of the Customs at Montserrat in the West Indies, died 1839. Mr. Polhill died in 1805 and was succeeded by his eldest son,

GEORGE, who married Mary daughter of Robert Porteus and grand-niece of Dr. Bielby Porteus, bishop of London, and died in 1839. Their children were, 1. Charles, who married Sarah Marshall, and had two daughters, Beatrice-Mary and Elizabeth-Mary, and died recently.—2. Mary-Elizabeth-Cambell.—3. Frederick Campbell, curate of Hever, Sevenoaks.—4. George.—5. Henry-Western-Onslow, who married Miss Frances Charlotte Streatfield. The seat of the Polhills contains a valuable collection of the portraits of their illustrious ancestry, including many full-lengths.

III. JANE, second daughter of Bridget Cromwell and Henry Ireton, born 1647, married 1668 Richard Lloyd of St. James', Duke's Place, Esq. widower, and had an only child Jane, wife in 1710 of Nicholas [or Henry] Morse Esq. Issue of this marriage were four sons, David, Henry, Nicholas, Daniel. There were also three daughters, Elizabeth, Jane, and Anne; of whom, the eldest married Mr. Oyle a physician, and became the mother of Elizabeth married to Samuel Codrington; Jane the second daughter became Mrs. Burroughs; and Anne the youngest daughter became Mrs. Roberts. The husbands of these three ladies are all presumed to have belonged to Norfolk or Suffolk, but any tangible memorials of them seem to have perished with the exception of the possible identity of the second with Sir James Burrow, sometime President of the Royal Society, who in 1763, under his then style of James Burrow Esq. of the Middle Temple, published "*Anecdotes and observations relating to Oliver Cromwell*" with a view to disprove the assertion of an Italian historian that Oliver had spent two years in the University of Padua. Mr. Burrow received knighthood in 1773 and died in 1782, events which must have been well known to Mark Noble; so that, though the suggested identity be untenable, Sir James's interest in the Cromwellian annals may still have arisen from some near

connexion, perhaps that of brother in law to Miss Jane Ireton aforesaid. The "Oliver Cromwell" who was undoubtedly at Padua in 1618 was the son of Sir Oliver Cromwell of Hinchinbrook by the knight's second wife, "the widow of Sir Horatio Palavicini, a noble Genoese residing at Baberham Park near Cambridge. It was this Italian connexion which induced Sir Oliver to send his son to Padua for his education. The large number of contemporary Oliver Cromwells has perplexed English writers; much more might they mislead a foreigner; there was

Sir Oliver Cromwell of Hinchinbrook who died 1655, æt. 93, uncle of the Protector.

Oliver Cromwell, son of Sir Oliver, the young man who went to Padua.

Oliver Cromwell, son of Sir Philip, the Major mentioned at page 10 of this work.

Oliver Cromwell, son of the Earl of Ardglass.

Oliver Cromwell, the Protector.

Oliver Cromwell, his son.

And possibly some others. Sir James Burrows' investigations resulted in the conviction that Oliver the Protector never visited the Continent.

Touching the four sons of Mr. Morse aforesaid, nothing seems recoverable unless we make an exception in favour of the third named, and regard him as the Nicholas Morse who was Governor of Madras in the middle of the last century, and whose daughter Amelia married Henry Vansittart Governor of Bengal and father of Nicholas the first Lord Bexley. It may suffice to add that the claim which the Vansittart family have long asserted touching their descent from the Protector through Henry Ireton and Nicholas Morse has every right to be accepted as legitimate; the only difficulty in the way being that Mark Noble gives "Moore" instead of "Morse" as the name of Jane Lloyd's husband: that this is an error, hardly admits of a doubt, occasioned by the resemblance of the two words in manuscript. It is also to be noted that the lady who about the same time, viz. in 1771 became the wife of the last Oliver Cromwell Esq. was named Mary Morse, indicative at least of friendly relations existing between families so named.

Amelia Morse, the wife of Governor Henry Vansittart aforesaid, died in 1818, at her house on Blackheath, aged 80. Her husband had long been dead, having perished at a comparatively early age on his passage to India in the *Aurora* frigate. When the news of this calamity reached England, she resolutely refused to wear mourning, and continued for

many years to nurse the belief that he was cast away on some desert island and would eventually return to his native country. As President of the Council at Calcutta Mr. Vansittart had been injuriously assailed by another East India Director named Sraffton, which induced the contending parties to come to England and carry on a paper war which lasted some years. But being at last reconciled, they and their respective friends re-embarked for India, and having touched at the Cape were never again heard of. The whole narrative is exhaustively treated in the third volume of *Hughes' Letters*. One of the lost crew of the *Aurora* was the purser William Falconer the author of the poem called "*The Shipwreck*."

NICHOLAS VANSITTART, Baron Bexley, was the second son of Henry Vansittart the Governor of Bengal, and grandson of Arthur Vansittart of Shottesbrook, by Martha, daughter of Sir John Stonhouse of Radley, bart. Of the Von-Sittarts, deriving from the Duchy of Juliers between the Rhine and the Maese, the first English settler was Peter Vansittart, described as an eminent Russia merchant, and father to Arthur. Lord Bexley was born in 1766, four years before his father's death at sea. In 1784 he went to Christchurch, Oxford, and in 1791 was called to the bar in Lincoln's Inn; but aspiring to diplomatic honours, he entered the House as Member for Hastings and in 1801 was entrusted with a special mission to Copenhagen. The Danes overawed by Napoleon refused at that time to entertain an English ambassador; and on returning home Mr. Vansittart became joint Secretary of the Treasury, which office he held till the Addington ministry resigned in 1804. Under Lord Liverpool he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1812 and held the post for twenty-one years. He was supposed to be well fitted for that department by the mathematical turn of his mind, but it required something more to render the subject either lucid or attractive to his auditors. In 1823 he obtained his peerage and a seat in the Cabinet, and took little share afterwards in public affairs; dying in 1851 at the age of 85, at his beautiful residence of Footscray near Bexley in Kent. He married in 1806 the Hon. Katharine-Isabella Eden, second daughter of William first Lord Auckland, but by her, who died four years afterwards, he left no issue; whereupon the barony of Bexley became extinct and a pension of £3,000 lapsed to the Crown.

IV. BRIDGET, third daughter of Bridget Cromwell and Henry Ireton, born about the year 1649. The biography of this lady, as heretofore given, simply consists of three different sketches supplied respectively by Samuel Say a Dissenting

minister, by Dr. J. Brooke, and by her relation Mr. Hewling Iuson. In the following version an attempt has been made to impart greater completeness and rotundity to the affair by blending these three narratives, and occasionally (to a very slight extent) modifying the language. Bridget, together with one or two other of the family, appears to have been left under the care of their grandmother the Protectress, when their own mother went to Ireland with her second husband Fleetwood in 1652. Her guardians very early discerned in the child's character the seeds of future greatness, and the little girl on her part was not long in imbibing for that of her grandfather a veneration which through a long life fell little short of idolatry. To his early lessons she was in the habit of attributing whatever good qualities she possessed. "Ah, that was what I learned from my grandfather," she would say in after years on the imputation of any good maxim or practice to herself. She had so long looked at life from his standpoint, had sympathized so lovingly in his struggles and aspirations, and in childhood had been honoured with so much of his confidence, that her mind became a more perfect mirror of his own than perhaps any other of his descendants was capable of presenting. True, she was a woman; yet among all his warlike progeny the Protector has never been so worthily represented as by the tender hearted, heroic, and self-forgetful Bridget Bendysh. One of the lessons which he taught her was the sanctity of any secret with which he might entrust her. When only six years of age she had sat between his knees during the discussion of State affairs among his privy council, and on one of the parties objecting to her presence, he would curtly remark, "There is nothing I would discuss with any one of you which I would not equally confide to that child." Nor was his confidence misplaced; he had put it to the test in the following manner,—first imparting a secret which she was to divulge to no person whatsoever, and then directing her mother and grandmother to attempt its extraction by coaxing, threatenings, and even severe punishments; against all which assaults little Biddy would stand out with inflexible integrity, acknowledging the duty which she owed to her mother, but at the same time asserting the still more imperious fealty which her grandfather had challenged. That grandfather's death occurred before she was ten years of age; that of her mother followed four years later; so that she must have had an unquiet time of it before she settled down with her sisters beneath the roof of their father-in-law Fleetwood in the nonconforming atmosphere of Stoke Newington. Here she passed four or five years of her

virgin life, as already shewn, till her marriage with Thomas Bendysh of Grays Inn and of Southtown, Yarmouth, Esq. son of Sir Thomas Bendysh who had served as Ambassador to Turkey both from Charles I and from the Protector Oliver. It would be highly interesting, were the materials extant, to trace the early married life of this excellent lady, and her individual share in those ecclesiastical tragedies which contributed to build up her stately character. Heartbreaking and mortifying we know they must have been to one who had none of the pliant policy which enabled so many of her kinsfolk to acquiesce in the national recoil from fortitude back to slavery. Dr. Isaac Watts's Ode addressed to her "Against tears" would give us to understand that she was subject to much depression of spirit; yet, if she has been rightly judged in the present memoir, it could hardly be for herself that Mrs. Bendysh was given to weeping. One would rather be disposed to apply to her case the words of William Cowper.

"True piety is cheerful as the day;
Will weep indeed and heave a pitying groan
For other's woes, but smiles upon her own."

Watts's Ode is dated 1699, the year in which he was only 25, while Mrs. Bendysh must have been double that age. We may conclude therefore that while he gave her full credit for nobility of soul, his own brief experience of life's trials hardly qualified him to sound the depth of sorrows such as hers. She knew and felt, as few besides her did, from what bright hopes the better part of the nation had fallen, how her grandfather's struggles and aspirations for the Protestant ascendancy abroad had been quenched in the ignominious triumph of vice at home; and how, in numerous cases that came home to the beloved members of her family, the homage of the crowd had been exchanged for an undignified struggle for existence. Shortly too before Watts came into contact with her, had occurred the Western tragedies connected with the Duke of Monmouth's rising. This whole affair must have been a very torture to her sensibilities; and when we recall the fate of her kinsmen the Hewlings, and fancy her co-operating with Mrs. Henry Cromwell in their behalf, for it would be impossible for Mrs. Bendysh to sit still at such a crisis, who can wonder that her heart had bled, or that the wounds which were then opened, as old Kyffin said to the King, could close only in death? With Watts, on the other hand, the brightening prospects of Protestantism under the fostering hand of Wil-

liam of Orange served very much to obliterate the past, while the respected names with which Dissent had now come to be gilded, proclaimed a happy outcome from obsolete disaster which rather challenged a note of perennial jubilation.

Samuel Say the earliest of Mrs. Bendysh's biographers had many opportunities of knowing her intimately, for he had not only been pastor of a church in the neighbouring town of Ipswich, but he married a relative of Mr. Carter of Yarmouth the husband of Mary Fleetwood; moreover he had been a fellow-student with Dr. Watts. Here is his description of her personal appearance—

“As Mrs. Bendysh in the features of her face exactly resembled the best picture of Oliver which I have ever seen and which is now at Rosehall in the possession of Sir Robert Rich, so she seems also as exactly to resemble him in the cast of her mind,—a person of great presence and majesty, heroic courage and indefatigable industry; and with something in her countenance and manner that at once attracts and commands respect the moment she appears in company;—accustomed to turn her hands to the meanest offices and even drudgeries of life;—among her workmen from the earliest morning to the decline of day, in a habit and appearance beneath the meanest of them, and suitable neither to her character nor to her sex. And then immediately after having eaten and drunk almost to excess of whatever is before her without choice or distinction, to throw herself down upon the next couch or bed that offers in the profoundest sleep, to rise from it with new life and vigour, to dress herself in all the riches and grandeur of appearance that her present circumstances or the remains of better times will allow her, and about the close of evening to ride in her chaise or on her pad to a neighbouring port [Yarmouth] and there shine in conversation and receive the place of precedence in all company as a lady who once expected to have been at this time one of the first persons in Europe; to make innumerable visits of ceremony, business, or charity, and dispatch the greatest affairs with the utmost ease and address;—appearing everywhere as the common friend advocate and patroness of the poor and miserable in any kind, in whose cause she would receive no denial from the great and rich; rather demanding than requesting them to perform their duty;—and who is generally received and regarded by those who knew her best as a person of great sincerity, piety, generosity, and even profusion of charity.”

Mr. Say then proceeds to qualify this character by the

story of her inconsistencies to which we shall have to return ; but her personal portraiture must first be completed. "Such," says he, "was this granddaughter of Oliver, who inherited more of his constitution of body and complexion of mind than any other of his descendants or relations with whom I have happened to be acquainted : and I have had some acquaintance with many other of his grandchildren, and have seen his son Richard, and Richard's son Oliver who had something indeed of the spirit of his grandfather ; but all his other distinguishing qualifications seemed vastly inferior to the lady whose character I have here represented."

Dr. J. Brooke of Norwich another of her biographers, whose testimony is of a later date, remarks,—“There was something in her person when she was dressed and in company that could not fail of attracting at once the notice and respect of any strangers that entered the room wherever she was, though the company were ever so numerous, and though many of them might be more splendid in their appearance. Splendid indeed she never was ; her highest dress being a plain silk, but it was usually of the richest sort, though, as far as I can remember, of what is called a quaker's colour ; and she wore besides a kind of black silk hood or scarf that I rarely if ever observed to be worn by ladies of her time ; and though hoops were in fashion long before her death, nothing I suppose could have induced her to wear one. I can so far recollect her countenance as to confirm what is observed by Mr. Say of her likeness to the best pictures of Oliver ; and she no less resembled him in the qualities of enterprise, resolution, courage, and enthusiasm” “She must certainly have had an engaging and entertaining turn of conversation, or she could not have fixed the attention of myself when a boy twelve or fourteen, and of another still younger and as volatile [Hewling Lusson] and have made us often happy in listening to her discourse, whether it concerned the history of her herself and her own times, or whether it consisted of advice and instruction to us, or was a mixture of both. It is impossible to say what figure she might not have made in the world had she been placed in an elevated station and been honoured with the confidence of a prince or minister ; and I believe there is no station to which her spirit would have been unequal. In the circumstances therefore in which she was left, with an income of I think two or three hundred a year, it was natural that sometimes as far and sometimes beyond what her fortune would admit. she engaged in projects of different kinds, by which I have been told she was much oftener a loser than a gainer. One into



which she entered was the grazing of cattle. Her going to fairs to buy them, in the only equipage I remember her to have had, a one-horse chaise, afforded exercise at once for her courage and enthusiasm. Travelling in the night was to her the same as in the day, and in the worst roads and weather as in the best. Nor could she encounter any dangers in which it would not be too little to say she was perfectly fearless; it comes nearer to her character to say, which she would most enjoy. I have heard her say that when in the darkest night, on a wide open heath, with the roads of which she was quite unacquainted, she has had to encounter the most dreadful thunder-storm, she has then been happy, has sung this or that psalm, and doubted not that angels surrounded her chaise and protected her."

The narrative of Mr. Hewling Luson the third of her biographers, who like Dr. Brooke knew her only in advanced life, presents us with a similar picture. Luson's mother was a younger sister of Hannah Hewling [Mrs. Henry Cromwell], and the sympathy which Mrs. Bendysh felt for the fate of her brothers fully accounts for the frequency of her visits to the elder Mr. Luson's house. "I was young," says Hewling Luson, "not more than sixteen when Mrs. Bendysh died, yet she came so often to my father's house that I remember her person, her dress, her manner, and her conversation, which were all strikingly peculiar, with great precision; and I have heard much more of her than I have seen. She was certainly, both without and within, in her person and in her spirit, exactly like her grandfather the Protector. Her features, the turn of her face, and the expression of her countenance all agree very exactly with the excellent pictures I have seen of the Protector in the Cromwell family. And whoever looks upon the print prefixed to the octavo Life of Cromwell, said to be published by the late Bishop Gibson about the year 1725, which exactly agrees with these pictures, will have a clear idea of Mrs. Bendysh's person, if their imaginations can add a female dress, a few years in age, and a very little softening of the features. I refer to that print because the fine engraving of Cromwell in the Houbraken Collection bears very little resemblance to the pictures in the Cromwell family and no resemblance at all to Mrs. Bendysh" "She had strong and masculine sense, a free and spirited elocution, much knowledge of the world, great dignity in her manner, and a most engaging address. The place of her residence was called the Salt-Pans [near Yarmouth]. In this place which is quite open to the road, I have often seen her in the morning, stumping

about with an old straw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without stays, and when it was cold an old blanket about her shoulders and a staff in her hands,—in a word, exactly accoutred to mount the stage as a witch in *Macbeth*. Yet if at such a time she were accosted by any person of rank or breeding, the dignity of her manner and politeness of style which nothing could efface would instantly break through the veil of debasement which concealed her native grandeur; and a stranger to her customs might become astonished to find himself addressed by a princess while he was looking at a mumper. Mrs. Bendysh resembled the Protector in nothing more than in that restless unabated activity of spirit which, by the coincidence of a thousand favourable circumstances, conducted him to the summit of power and of fame, but entangled her, generally unfavoured by success, in a thousand embarrassments and disgraces. Yet she never fainted nor was weary. One prospect lost, another still she gained. And the enthusiasm of her faith kept pace with, or to speak more truly, far outran the activity of her mind.” “She had one constant never failing resource against the vexation of disappointments; for, as she determined at all events to serve the Lord with gladness, her way was to rejoice at every thing as it arrived. If she succeeded, she was thankful for that; and if she suffered adversity which was generally her lot, she was vastly more thankful for that; and she so managed that her spiritual joys always encreased with her outward sufferings.” “Mrs. Bendysh’s religion was in the highest strain of Calvinistic enthusiasm, and Dr. Owen in his writings was her spiritual guide. She no more doubted the validity of her election to the Kingdom of Heaven than Squire Wilkes doubts the validity of his for the county of Middlesex. But her enthusiasm never carried her to greater lengths of extravagance than in the justification of her Grandfather, of whose memory she was passionately fond. It however unfortunately happened that her fancy led her to defend him exactly in that part of his character which was least defensible. She valued him no doubt very highly as a General and politician, but she had got it fixed in her head that this kind of fame was vain and worthless when compared with the greater glory of his saintship.” “Now it could not but happen that for five hundred who might be prevailed with to receive Oliver as a great General, not five could be found who would admit him to be a great Saint; and this constant kicking against Oliver’s saintship wrought the good lady sore travail. On such occasions her friends gave way to her whims or laughed

them off; but when her faith in Oliver was gravely contested by strangers, great and fearful was her wrath."
 "As the whole of Mrs. Bendysh's personal economy was not of the common form, her hours of visiting went generally out of the common season. She would very frequently come and visit at my father's at nine or ten at night, and sometimes later if the doors were not shut up; and on such visits she generally staid till about one in the morning. Such late visits in those sober times were considered by her friends as highly inconvenient, yet nobody complained of them to her. The respect she universally commanded gave her a license in this as in many other irregularities. She would on her visits drink wine in great plenty, and the wine used to put her tongue into brisk motion, though I do not remember that she was ever disgracefully exposed by it. There was an old mare which had been the faithful companion of Mrs. Bendysh's adventures during many years. The old mare and her manœuvres were as well known at Yarmouth as the old lady. On this mare she was generally mounted, but towards the end of her life the mare was prevailed with to draw a chaise in which Mrs. Bendysh often seated herself. She would never suffer a servant to attend her in these night visits. God, she said, was her guard, and she would have no other. Her dress on these visits, though it was in a taste of her own, was always grave and handsome. At about one in the morning, for she seldom finished her round of visits sooner, she used to put herself on the top of the mare or into the chaise and set off on her return. When the mare began to move, Mrs. Bendysh began to sing a psalm or one of Watts's hymns in a very loud but not a very harmonious key. This I have often heard; and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, one gently trotting and the other loudly singing, jogged on the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home." [Another hero, besides Mrs. Bendysh, was "waking the night-owl with a catch" from the same book of songs. Colonel Gardiner in a letter to Dr. Doddridge says, "Well am I acquainted with Watts's works, especially with his Psalms, Hymns, and Lyrics. How often by singing some of them by myself on horseback and elsewhere has the evil spirit been made to flee away."]

"This extraordinary woman," says Dr. Brooke, "wanted only to have acted in a superior sphere to be ranked by historians among the most admirable heroines. Had she been in the situation of a Zenobia, she would have supported her empire and defended her capital with equal skill and resolution; but she would never have lived to decorate the triumph

of an Aurelian, nor have given up a Secretary of the fidelity and abilities of Longinus to save herself. If she had been in the situation of Queen Elizabeth, she would without scruple have cut off the heads of twenty Marys who by surviving her might overturn the happy establishment she had formed. She would as gloriously have defended her kingdom against a Spanish Armada or any hostile force whatever, and have rather inwardly triumphed than been intimidated at the most formidable preparations against her." "She had as much of Cromwell's courage," says Luson, "as a female constitution could receive, which was often expressed with more ardour than the rules of female decorum could excuse" "She lived through what the Dissenters but too justly called the troublesome times, when the penal laws against conventicles were strained to their utmost rigour. The preaching of this sect was then held in the closest concealment, and the preachers went in momentary danger of being dragged out by spies and informers to heavy fines and severe imprisonment. With these spies and informers she maintained a perpetual war. This kind of bustle was in all respects in the true taste of her spirit. I have heard many stories of her dealings with these ungracious people. Sometimes she circumvented and outwitted them, and sometimes she bullied them; and the event generally was that she got the poor parson out of their clutches. Upon these occasions and upon all others when they could express their attachment to her, Mrs. Bendysh was sure of the common people. She was, as she deserved to be, very dear to them. When she had money she gave it freely to such as wanted; and when she had none, which was pretty often the case, they were sure of receiving civility and commiseration. She practised an exalted humanity. If in the meanest sick-room she found the sufferer insufficiently attended, she turned attendant herself, and would sit hours in the poorest chamber to administer support or consolation to the afflicted. In this noble employment she passed much of her time." It is reported of her that on the occasion of what was called the Rye-house plot she rescued a relative from imprisonment for high-treason by a bold and well concerted stratagem, though perfectly sensible of the vindictive spirit of the King and of the Duke of York, and that her own life would have paid the penalty of his escape, had she been detected. She was also in the secret of the Revolution of 1688, and would go into shops in different parts of the town under pretence of cheapening silks or other goods, and on coming out to her coach take occasion to drop bundles of papers to prepare the minds of the people

for that happy event ; for she might safely be trusted with any secret were it ever so important." After the accession of William and Mary, she was presented to the Queen by Archbishop Tillotson with a view to the settlement of a pension, to enable her to support in some creditable measure the dignity which she had tasted in early days ; but the speedily succeeding death of both prelate and Queen defeated that design.

As a set-off against the almost faultless character here portrayed, Mr. Say brings against her the unaccountable charge of disregard for truth, or something very like it ; with a few other drawbacks ;—let us see what they are worth. Granting her possessed of all the virtues above recorded, "and possessed of them," he admits, "in a degree beyond the ordinary rate, Mrs. Bendysh is a person, I am almost tempted to say, of no truth, justice, or common honesty ; who never broke her promise in her life, and yet on whose word no man can prudently depend, nor safely report the least circumstance after her. Of great and most fervent devotion towards God and love to her fellow-creatures and fellow-christians ; and yet there is scarce an instance of impiety or cruelty of which perhaps she is not capable. Fawning, suspicious, mistrustful, and jealous without end of all her servants and even of her friends ; at the same time that she is ready to do them all the service that lies in her power. Affecting all mankind generally, not according to the service they are able to do her, but according to the service their necessities and miseries demand from her ; to the relieving of which neither the wickedness of their characters nor the injuries they may have done to herself in particular, are the least exception, but rather a peculiar recommendation. Such are the extravagances that have long appeared to me in the character of this lady, whose friendship and resentment I have felt by turns for a course of many years acquaintance and intimacy."

Does not this last sentence awaken the suspicion that Mr. Say was still smarting under the recollection of some of her rebukes ? But there is one more trait to be noticed. On all occasions of doubt and difficulty she adopted her grandfather's plan of seeking guidance by prayer. In Mr. Say's view this was a process by which "the vapours were raised, and the animal spirits wrought up to a peculiar ferment." It followed that projects undertaken in this frame of mind, might, and often did, appear very quixotic to her prudential friend ; but in the spirit of a phrase which was evidently a favourite with her, "She would trust a Friend who never deceived her." Mr

Say intimates that this excellent maxim was sometimes utilized to the evasion of a prompt discharge of her debts. "This was the very answer she made me," says he, "when upon her receiving a considerable legacy at the death of a noble relation [her aunt Lady Mary Fauconberg] I urged her to suspend her usual acts of piety generosity and charity upon such occasions, till she had been just to the demands of a poor woman, and had heard the cries of a family too long kept out of their money; for how, said I, if you should die and leave such a debt undischarged? She assured me she would never die in any one's debt. But how can you be sure of that, while you are for ever in debt, and have so many other occasions for your money than discharging your debts, and are resolved to have so many as long as you live? Her answer was as before mentioned." To this, Mr. Say condescends to append a postscript in the following words—"Added after her death. And the event justified her conduct, if anything could justify a conduct which reason and revelation must condemn."

With all due thankfulness for Mr. Say's graphic touches, it remains doubtful whether he was quite up to his subject. The scrupulosities which Mrs. Bendysh's serene fortitude over-rode, might have been virtues to himself; the neglect of them in her own case can neither be attributed to laxity of principle nor be permitted to obscure the essentially Christian attribute of courage.

Of the anecdotes illustrative of her admiration for her grandfather, one only wears any credible aspect; and even this seems overcharged, as if to furnish evidence of Lady Fauconberg's reputed alienation. In a violent fever, says Dr. Brooke, when she was thought past recovery and insensible to all around her, her aunt Lady Fauconberg and other company being in the room, and her ladyship giving too much way to things said in dishonour of his memory by some present, Mrs. Bendysh to their surprize raised herself up, and with great animation expressed her astonishment that a daughter of the greatest and best man that ever lived should be so degenerate as not only to hear with patience his memory defamed but to seem herself to assent to it. [The above history of Mrs. Bendysh with many more details may be read in the second volume of *Hughes' Letters*.]

Mrs. Bendysh's husband had died in 1707 and was buried in St. Nicholas Church, Yarmouth, where she erected a monument to his memory. She survived him twenty-two years, dying in 1729 at the age of eighty, having had two sons and one daughter, viz.

1. THOMAS, whose first wife was the mother of his only son, Ireton, a young man of great promise whose early death was much lamented. His second wife was Katharine Smith of Colskirk near Fakenham, a lady of property; but extravagant habits darkened their remaining history. The fate of this family was no doubt one of the sorrows of old Mrs. Bendysh.

2. Bridget, lived and died at the paternal seat of Southtown.

3. Henry, of Bedford Row, London, married Martha Shute sister of Viscount Barrington, and had,—1. Henry, of Chingford and of the Salt-pans at Southdown, died unmarried in 1753, when the name of Bendysh became extinct in this branch of the family.—2. Mary, married to William Berners, of whom presently.—3. Elizabeth, mar. 1756 to John Hagar of Waresley-park, son of Admiral Hagar.

Family of Berners.

MARY BENDYSH and William Berners both died in 1783. Their surviving children were,—1. Charles of whom presently.—2. Henry, rector of Hambledon near Henley on Thames, had one child, Emma, by his wife Elizabeth Weston.

CHARLES, born 1740, married Katharine daughter of John Laroche of Egham, M.P. for Bodmin, and had issue,—

1. Charles, his heir, who dying unmarried in 1831 was succeeded by his brother.—2. Henry Denny.—3. William a London banker, mar. Rachel Jarrett of Freemantle in Hampshire, and had, William, a captain in the horse artillery, Henry, mar. to Miss Saunders. and Arthur.—4. Martha mar. to Herbert Newton Jarrett of Jamaica, Esq., and died 1831.

Mr. Charles Berners died 1815, and was succeeded first by his son Charles, secondly by his second son,

REV. HENRY DENNY BERNERS, L.L.B., Archdeacon of Suffolk. By his wife Dinah d. of John Jarrett Esq., he had issue.—1. John, b. 1800, died, s.p.—2. Hugh, b. 1801, Capt. R.N. mar. 1832, Julia, d. of John Ashton of the Grange, Cheshire, and has a son and three daughters.—3. Ralph, b. 1803, rector of Harkstead and Erwarton in Suffolk; mar. 1831 Eliza, d. of Sir Cornelius Cuyler of Welwyn, bart. and had three sons and two daughters.—4. Alice, d. unm. 1820.

Children of Bridget Cromwell by Charles Fleetwood.

Hypothetically they may here be assumed as five in number, and bearing the names of,—1. Charles, buried at Stoke Newington in 1676.—2. Bridget, buried at Stoke Newington in 1681.—3. Nancy, buried in Westminster Abbey previous to 1659.—4. Ellen, buried at Stoke Newington in 1731.—5. Mary, who became the wife of Nathaniel Carter of Yarmouth, and died, s.p. year unknown. The authority for all which rests upon various allusions to children or approaching births occurring in letters passing between the Protector, Thurloe, and Fleetwood,—compared with entries in the Stoke Newington registers. Fleetwood's will throws no light upon the subject; and another difficulty arises from the fact that the Miss Cromwells of Hampstead, whose knowledge of the family may be supposed to have been complete, took no notice in their pedigrees of any issue of Fleetwood's marriage with Bridget Cromwell. It must have been on this authority that the heralds Burke in their *Extinct and dormant baronetcies*, p. 200 summarily declare that "of this marriage there was no issue"—But this declaration as to "no issue" is one which cannot be maintained. Thus, in respect of what may be termed Infant number one, Oliver writes, 22 Aug. 1653, "My love to thy dear wife, whom indeed I entirely love both naturally and upon the best account; and my blessing, if it be worth anything, upon thy little babe." The existence of two others in like manner is inferred from passages by Fleetwood; the illness of "Nancy" being frequently referred to; while her burial in the Abbey seems to be proved by the Order which violated the Cromwell tomb at the Restoration; for in that warrant we read the name, among eleven others, of Anne Fleetwood. [For the letters in question see *Thurloe*, besides several in vol. 821 of the *Lansdowne MSS.*] While therefore this cumulative evidence attests the existence of a family, it must be admitted that there is no evidence of any of them carrying on the descent. In respect of one child only, namely Mary, can it be confidently asserted that maturity was reached, and she as already stated died without issue. In the blank absence of such evidence, a tradition comes in to supply its place, that namely which finds favour with the Markham family of Becca-Hall in the west Riding of Yorkshire, to the effect that a daughter of Fleetwood and Bridget Cromwell, named Frances, became the wife of Captain Fennel of Cappagh in Ireland. whose daughter married Daniel Markham the grandfather of Arch-

bishop Markham, whose descendants it is added may be counted by hundreds. See the statement in *Notes and Queries*, 20 April, 1867, signed by William Wickham one of the race.

Granting that the evidence furnished by the Fleetwood and Hartopp genealogies, though carrying the negation of silence, are not absolutely destructive of such a tradition;—admitting also that the Miss Cromwells being proved to have ignored in the construction of their pedigrees palpable and indisputable facts, may have had some private motive for suppressing the Fennell connexion; yet standing alone and unsupported, the Markham tradition must be felt to be insufficient to warrant the descendants of that family ranking among the Cromwellians.

It is true that Fleetwood had one married daughter, Elizabeth, who became the wife of Sir John Hartopp; but then she was the child of his first marriage with Frances Smyth. As to any other marriageable daughter, Mary Carter still excepted, all that can be said is that the record is silent. The supposition has indeed been occasionally advanced by persons ignorant of the above facts that through the aforesaid Elizabeth Fleetwood the Hartopps inherited Cromwellian blood, but there is no sort of ground for disturbing on this point the genealogy long recorded and accepted; and the Hartopps may therefore be dismissed along with the Markhams;—merely observing in conclusion and ratification, that the holder of the revived Hartopp baronetcy inherits the Fleetwood property in Norfolk as derived, not from Bridget Cromwell, but from Frances Smyth.

There is a statement of Mark Noble's respecting the above Mrs. Carter, which also has been made matter of debate,—namely, that in anticipation of her marriage the young lady assumed the name of Mary Fleetwood in place of Mary Ireton, out of a prudential care not to parade too ostensibly the memory of her real father. The marriage licences of two of Ireton's veritable daughters, already noticed at page 67, indicate no such pusillanimity on their part; and even if any of his children had lain under so ignominious a temptation, who will believe that their step-father Fleetwood would stoop to complicity? But as this hypothesis of Mark Noble has found modern supporters, it may be as well to state that the matter has been ably sifted in the pages of *Notes and Queries*, by Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester, who, more than any other witness, has furnished the official data by which a true solution can be reached. "My authority," says he, "for the assertion that Mary Carter was not the daughter of Ireton,

but of his widow (Bridget Cromwell) by her second husband General Charles Fleetwood, is the original sworn allegation of her intended marriage, which distinctly describes her as Mrs. Mary Fleetwood of Stoke Newington Middlesex, spinster, aged about twenty-three, and as having the consent of Mr. Fleetwood her father. Her intended husband is described as Nathaniel Carter of Great Yarmouth, Co. Norfolk, merchant, bachelor, aged about forty. The license was issued by the vicar-general of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and is dated 19 Feb. 1677-8. The parties were married at Stoke Newington on the 21st. of the same month as "Mr. Nathaniel Carter and Mrs. Mary Fleetwood." There is an abundance of corroborative evidence, some of which I may briefly mention. *First.* If she had been the daughter of Ireton, who died in 1651, she must have been several years older than is stated in the allegation; and my experience is that ages were generally very correctly given in marriage allegations at this period, and that the expression "about twenty-three" would mean either not quite or a little more than twenty-three. On the other hand, well-known letters of Fleetwood show that his wife was enceinte in 1654 and 1655, dates which would quite agree with the age of twenty-three, as stated in the allegation. *Secondly.* Fleetwood in his will left a legacy of £100 to his "dear daughter Carter," but did not even mention the names of his step-daughters the children of Ireton. *Thirdly.* On her monument in the Church of St. Nicholas Yarmouth, her name, according to Mr. Dawson Turner, was given as Mary Fleetwood. Now, in opposition to all this direct and positive evidence, we have, what? simply the flippant *ipse dixit* of the Rev. Mark Noble that she was really the child of Ireton, but chose to pass by the name of Fleetwood on account of the odium attached to the name of her father." . . . [After the marriage of her half-sisters.] "It is simply absurd to suppose that ten years later, the memory of Ireton had become so much more hateful that his own daughter abandoned his name; and it is still more absurd to suppose that in an official document substantiated by the oath of the person who signed it, a lady should be described as the daughter of one man when she was really the daughter of another." *Notes and Queries.* 11 Nov. 1876.

On the other hand it has been urged that indications of Mary Carter's being a daughter of Ireton are discoverable in her husband Nathaniel Carter's will; the benefits of which flow in an Ireton rather than in a Fleetwood direction;—thus, "I give to my cousin Katharine the wife of Thomas Bendysh Esq. £25 to buy mourning for herself and her son Ireton.

To my sister-in-law Bridget Bendysh the gold watch which my dear wife used to wear. To my dear niece Bridget Bendysh, junior, single woman, a legacy of £450. To my loving nephews Charles and Smyth Fleetwood two guineas each for a mourning ring." And true it is that in this will of Mr. Carter none of the Fleetwood family are legatees except the two sons, and they only of mementoes;—very natural also that Mrs. Carter's gold watch should go to her own sister Mrs. Bridget Bendysh (supposing that she *was* her own sister,) and equally appropriate that Mrs. Bendysh's unmarried daughter should enjoy a legacy of £450. But the simple explanation of all this lies in the fact that the Bendysh family and not the Fleetwoods were the needy relatives. The gold watch passing to Mrs. Bendysh merely suggests that Mrs. Carter had no surviving sisters more nearly allied; and Mrs. Bendysh was selected, we need not doubt, on the score of personal attachment, both the families residing at Yarmouth. If the term "sister-in-law" applied by Mr. Carter to Mrs. Bendysh appear to point to a closer relationship than that of his wife's half-sister, it is a difficulty easily waived by asking, How else could he have designated her?

ELIZABETH

THE PROTECTOR'S SECOND DAUGHTER

Born at Huntingdon in 1629,—married in 1646 to John Claypoole eldest son and heir of John Claypoole of Northborough or Norborough near Market Deeping. The father had fallen under the displeasure of the Court for contumacy in respect of ship-money, a circumstance sufficient to account for that personal intimacy with Oliver Cromwell which issued in the marriage aforesaid. Under the Protectorate the younger Claypoole became Master of the Horse, with other positions of emolument, besides obtaining a seat in Oliver's Upper House. At the Restoration, having taken no hostile action against the King's party, he was permitted, not without molestation, to retire into private life. His death occurred in 1688, at which time he was of the Middle Temple, London.

Elizabeth Cromwell was her father's favourite daughter;

and judging by the portraits taken at different periods of her life, must have been very attractive in person. The narrator of Sir James Harrington's recovery of his manuscript of *Oceana* which had been seized by the Protector's orders, states that Sir James determined to make his application through the lady Claypoole "because she acted the part of a princess very naturally, obliging all persons with her civility, and frequently interceding for the miserable." This is the lady who has so often been made to figure in absurd pictures by artists of the royalist-sentimental school, who represent her during her last illness as upbraiding her father for the part he had taken against the King,—Oliver meanwhile appearing to shrink beneath the charge, and wearing the aspect of a convicted thief. But all these representations may safely be dismissed as beneath contempt. The terms on which that father and daughter stood were of a character far too sacred to be disparaged by royalist ribaldry; and the love which had outlasted many trials was encreasingly ardent and congenial in proportion as their respective characters were unfolded. It is no wonder that a heart so susceptible as Elizabeth's should at first have been dazzled by the rapid rise of her family; but the lessons of personal affliction which became her early lot, conjoined with the ardent love of her parents, eventually quenched all inferior passions, and kept her steady to "The good old Cause." Thenceforward the sympathy between father and child was absolute and complete: a few traces of their intercourse will now be noticed.

His parental anxiety has been already witnessed in the letter written to her elder sister Bridget in 1646. Five years later, when she was living with her husband at Norborough House, and had apparently just recovered from the perils of childbirth, Oliver writing from Edinburgh to her mother, says,—“Mind poor Betty of the Lord's great mercy. Oh, I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord and to keep close to Him; and to take heed of a departing heart and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them, knowing how weak our hearts are and how subtle the adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them truth of heart to Him. Let them seek Him in truth and they shall find Him. My love to the dear little ones. I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their letters; let me have them often.”

Four years subsequently another domestic episode engaged the parents' sympathy.—The following scraps of intelligence pointing apparently to the birth at Whitehall of her fourth and last child, will sufficiently tell the tale.—“My lady Elizabeth continues ill, but we hope mending. Her Highness [the Protectress] is recovered. It was grief [which brought her down], but now his Highness and she rest well” “I never saw two parents so affected e’er now as my Lord Protector and her Highness.” Fleetwood writes,—“The illness of my sister Claypoole is so very great that both their Highnesses are under a great trial. You know the dearness they have unto her; and though we know not how the Lord will deal with her, yet her recovery is much doubted. This afternoon hath given very great cause of fear”; but he adds in a postscript,—“Since the writing hereof my sister Claypoole is fallen into travail, and so her condition is very hopeful.”

She did in fact survive the trial, but never seems to have recovered robust health. During the next year she joined her two unmarried sisters Mary and Frances at Hampton Court and appears to have resided there for the remaining two years of her life. The following letter dated a few weeks before her death and presumably the last she ever wrote, is addressed to her sister in law Henry Cromwell’s wife. It contains a reference to the latest plots against her father’s life.

Lady Elizabeth Claypoole to Lady Elizabeth Cromwell,
12 June 1658.

DEAR SISTER,—I must beg your pardon that I do not write to you so oft as I would do; but in earnest I have been so extreem sickly of late that it has made me unfit for anything; though there is nothing that can please me more than wherein I may express my true love and respect to you, which I am sure none has more reason than myself, both for your former favours and the sense you have of any thing which arises to me of happiness. I will assure you, nothing of that can be to me wherein I have not a power to express how really I love and honour you. Truly the Lord has been very gracious to us, in doing for us above what we could expect; and now has shewed Himself more extraordinary in delivering my father out of the hands of his enemies; which we have all reason to be sensible of, in a very particular manner; for certainly not only his family would have been ruined, but in

all probability the whole nation would have been involved in blood. The Lord grant it may never be forgotten by us, but that it may cause us to depend upon Him from whom we have received all good, and that it may cause us to see the mutableness of these things, and to use them accordingly : I am sure we have need to beg that spirit from God. Harry is very well : I hope you will see him this summer. Truly there is nothing I desire more than to enjoy you with us ; and I wish that you may [lie-in] here. I beg my true affection to your little ones. Dear Sister, I am,—Your most affectionate sister and servant,

ELIZABETH CLAYPOOLE.

Thus, every testimony which we possess of a direct or personal kind shows her to have been loyal to the cause of her gallant father. Attempts have been made to prove her sympathy with Dr. Hewitt and other episcopalian plotters, and an infamous letter to that effect has even been fabricated in her name ; but her own words negative the insinuation ; and a truer portrait of her, spite of its allegorical efflorescence, may be read in the following panegyric by Carrington, the earliest of the Cromwell biographers.

After speaking of the joy which the capture of Dunkirk occasioned, Carrington goes on,—“The lawrels faded and the joys abated by the interposing of the cypress tree which Death planted upon the tomb of the illustrious and most generous lady Claypoole, second daughter to his late Highness, who departed this life to a more glorious and eternal one on the sixth day of August this present year, a fatal prognostication of a more sensible ensuing loss. For even as branches of trees being cut and lopped in an ill season, do first draw away the sap from the tree and afterwards cause the body thereof to draw up and die ; in like manner, during the declining age of his late Highness, an ill season, in which men usually do (as it were) reap all their consolation from the youth and vigour of their children, wherein they seem to go to ruin by degrees as they draw near to their death, it unfortunately fell out that this most illustrious daughter, the true representative and lively image of her father, the joy of his heart, the delight of his eyes, and the dispenser of his clemency and benignity, died in the flower of her age :—which struck more to his heart than all the heavy burden of his affairs, which were only as a pleasure and a pastime to his great soul ;—so great a power hath nature over the dispositions of generous men when the tie of blood is seconded by love and virtue. This generous and noble lady Elizabeth

therefore departed this world in despite of all the skill of physicians, the prayers of those afflicted persons whom she had relieved, and the vows of all kinds of artists whom she cherished. But she died an Amazonian-like death, despising the pomps of the Earth; and without any grief, saving to leave an afflicted father perplexed at her so suddenly being taken away, she died with those good lessons in her mouth which she had practiced while she lived. And if there be any comfort left us in her death, it is in the hope we have that her good example will raise up the like inclination in the remainder of her sisters whom Heaven hath yet left us. I shall not at all speak of her funeral, for if I might have been credited, all the Muses and their God Apollo should have made for her an Epicedium, and appeared in mourning which should have reached from the top of their Mount Parnassus to the bottom of the valley thereof."

Her funeral, to put it into plain English, comprized a lying in state in the Painted Chamber, and a pompous procession on the night of the 10th of August 1658 to a new vault in Henry VII.'s chapel; her aunt Robina (Mrs. Wilkins) walking as chief mourner. She died on the sixth of August, just four weeks before her father.

Horace Walpole says, "Lord Pelham has a small three-quarters of Mrs. Claypoole, on which is written *M. Ritus fec.* It is an emblematic piece, the allegory of which is very obscure, but highly finished." *M. Ritus* stands for Michael Wright, a Scots painter. Lord Pelham probably acquired this relic through his wife Anne Frankland the great granddaughter of Frances Cromwell. *Anecdotes of painting.*

There was long a tradition at Norborough House that Oliver was fond of spending his Christmas there. The Protectress seems to have had a similar attachment to the spot; it was there that she spent the evening of her days.

The children of Elizabeth Cromwell and John Claypoole were three sons and one daughter.

I. CROMWELL, born about 1647, to whom his father resigned his manor of Norborough with appendages. He died a bachelor in 1678 and was buried in the chancel of Norborough Church, according to his express direction, as near to the body of his grandmother the Protectress as convenience would admit. The family relics at his disposal he left to his cousins, having no surviving brother or sister directly descended, but only a half-sister. His will may be read *in extenso* in Mark Noble's Protectorate.

II. HENRY, went as is supposed into the army, and predeceased his brother.

III. OLIVER, died young, during the last illness of his mother, a circumstance which precipitated her own dissolution.

IV. MARTHA, died young and unmarried; buried in Norborough Church 1664.

It will thus be seen that with the death of Mr. Cromwell Claypoole in 1678 this branch of the Protector's family dies out. True it is that ever and anon persons of the name of Claypoole or Claypole are found cropping up to claim descent through that channel. But descent from John Claypoole is not enough, since he married a second time. Claypooles inheriting the blood of Cromwell through the Lady Elizabeth are no longer in existence.

MARY

THE PROTECTOR'S THIRD DAUGHTER

Born at Ely, and christened at Huntingdon in 1637. It is believed that when only seventeen years of age she had to encounter the matrimonial proposals of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. Edmund Ludlow is our principal authority for the statement, which occurs among the suppressed passages in his "*Memoirs*," a work from which every thing reflecting injuriously on the character or career of Shaftesbury was cut out previous to publication.—"Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who was first for the King, then for the Parliament, then in Cromwell's first assembly for the reformation, and afterwards for Cromwell against the reformation; now being denied Cromwell's daughter Mary in marriage, he appears against Cromwell's design in the last assembly, and is therefore dismissed the Council, Cromwell being resolved to act there as the chief juggler himself." Oldmixon and Anthony a'Wood sustain this testimony, though neither of them give the name of Mary. Cromwell must have thought favourably of him when he summoned him to join his first Convention; since then, he had probably read him down. But whatever was the cause of alienation, the matrimonial suit appears to have miscarried suddenly and entirely. Perhaps the young lady herself entertained personal objections to one who had already had two wives

and was nearly twice her own age. Mr. Christie the modern editor of the Shaftesbury papers throws doubt on the whole transaction.

The next suitor was Sir Edward Mansfield of Wales, of whom next to nothing is recorded. Fleetwood in a letter to Henry Cromwell, preserved in the Lansdowne mss. 821, "hopes he may be worthy of so deserving a lady;" which perhaps means, he hopes Sir Edward will not get her. The claims of the Welch knight, whoever he was, quickly paled before the advances of a more dashing aspirant in the person of Thomas Bellasyse Viscount Fauconberg, who was just then returning from foreign travel, intently resolved on snatching if possible the glittering prize for himself.

Lord Fauconberg, who was about 29 years of age, was also, like Mary Cromwell's first lover, a widower, but he was the representative of an illustrious family holding large estates in Durham, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, to which, as also to the title, he had recently succeeded upon the death of his grandfather Thomas the first Viscount Fauconberg. Sir Richard Bellasyse the Knight of Durham had served on the Committee acting in the Parliament's behalf for that county; but with almost this sole exception the entire clan had been avowed royalists during the war, and Oliver no doubt felt that union with the new lord would tend to conciliate an important section of aristocratic malcontents. Seconded therefore by the Protectoral policy, the young man's ambition found little or no obstacle in its path. He commenced his suit when passing through Paris from Italy in the spring of 1657, by enlisting the services of Sir William Lockhart the English ambassador in the Court of Louis XIV, in whom he found an ally who was not only the husband of one of Oliver's nieces, but a statesman whose diplomatic career reflected more credit on the Protestant Protector's name than any other of his Continental representatives. And so well did the ambassador plead the suitor's cause with Mr. Secretary Thurloe, vindicating him from the charge of supposed Romanist proclivities, and enlarging on his personal endowments and on his attachment to the actual form of government, that the young lord's arrival in England and presentation at court was speedily followed by his nuptials, which took place at Hampton Court with great pomp and magnificence, on the 19th of November 1657. The public ceremony was performed according to the simple ritual then in use among the Puritans; but before the day was over, by general consent, the marriage contract was repeated in the Anglican form. Andrew Marvell thereupon issued a pastoral eclogue, and the news-writers

did their best to follow in fancy's train and snatch a ray from Parnassus, but their effusions must not detain us. Her brother Henry whose duties kept him in Ireland, seems to have been the only absent member of the family. Lord and Lady Fauconberg therefore immediately after the marriage interchanged letters with him and his wife, full of cordial salutations; which may be read in *Thurloe*. Of this marriage there was no surviving issue; the following letter written by the husband only three months afterwards will explain itself.

*Lord Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell Lord Deputy of
Ireland.*

Whitehall 26 February 1658.

MY LORD.—This place is at present so distracted with the death of my brother Rich. —especially my dame, whose present condition makes it more dangerous to her than the rest, that I must humbly beg your lordship's pardon if in short I only tell you that Major-General Packer, four Captains, and the Captain-Lieutenant, after an obstinate persisting, even to his Highness's face, in their dislike of his government, were this week cashiered.

My lord, I am just now called to my poor wife's succour; therefore I must humbly entreat of your lordship leave to subscribe myself, sooner than I intended, My lord, your lordship's most faithful humble servant,

FAUCONBERG.

Henry Cromwell in reply, says,—“ I hope your lordship's being called to succour my dear sister, your lady, tends but to repair our family of the late loss it hath sustained; and I hope that the sad apprehensions occasioned by this late stroke will not frustrate our hopes therein.”

The first form in which the Protector proceeded to utilize the new connection was by sending his son-in-law on a mission of congratulation to the French Court on the successes of Louis's arms against the Spaniards in co-operation with “ the Six Thousand ” sent from England; for the narrative of all which, together with Lord Fauconberg's tour in the north of England on his return from France, see the chapter on Dunkirk siege. During this tour in the northern counties the Earl was accompanied by his youthful bride. All contemporaries agree in attributing a large share of beauty to Lady Fauconberg, a testimony which is fully borne out by her extant portraits. The return south of the Earl and Countess is

thus chronicled by a weekly newspaper.—“Hampton Court, 30 July. This evening here arrived the most noble lord the Lord Fauconberg, with his most illustrious lady the Lady Mary; being safe returned out of the North, where, in all places of their journey, and particularly at York, the people of those parts made so large expression of their duty, in the honours done to the person and virtues of this most religious lady, and of their extraordinary affection towards this meritorious lord, as abundantly manifested what a high esteem his noble qualities have purchased him in his own as well as in other counties.” *Mercurius Politicus*.

All this sounds very prosperous and re-assuring, yet in truth the storm in which the family fortunes were about to be engulfed was already lowering as the party reached Hampton-Court. The Lady Elizabeth Claypoole lay dying. Their brother Richard who had been into the West of England on an errand similar to that of Fauconberg, was just arrived from Bath, and the Protector himself was worn out with grief and protracted watching. The next issue of the *Mercurius* announces the lady Claypoole's death.

Mark Noble, strange to say, while admitting July 1658 as the date of Fauconberg's visit to the North, of which there is no manner of doubt, yet places the event under Richard's Protectorate, which deprives the affair of all meaning and credible likelihood. The Earl, it is true, gave a prompt adherence to Richard's accession, but there were no “triumphal progresses” after Oliver's departure. Fauconberg in fact descried the coming storm more quickly than many did, and took his measures accordingly. But before following him through the political labyrinth of the hour, let us linger awhile to hear him lament with unstudied pathos the irreparable loss which his country had sustained in the death of the first Protector. He thus announces the fact to his brother-in-law Henry.

Lord Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell.

Whitehall 7 Sep. 1658.

DEAR MY LORD. This bearer Mr. Underwood brings your lordship the sad news of our general loss in your incomparable father's death, by which these poor nations are deprived of the greatest personage and instrument of happiness that not only our own, but indeed any age else, ever produced. The preceding night and not before, in presence of four or five of the Council he declared my lord Richard his successor. The next morning he grew speechless, and departed betwixt three

and four in the evening. A hard dispensation it was, but so has it seemed good to the all-wise God. And what remains to poor creatures but to lay our hands upon our mouth to the declaration of His pleasure? Some three hours after his decease (a time spent only in framing the draft, not in any doubtful dispute) was your lordship's brother, his now Highness, declared Protector of these nations with full consent of council, soldier, and city. The next day he was proclaimed in the usual places. All the time his late Highness was drawing on to his end, the consternation and astonishment of people is unexpressible. Their hearts seemed as sunk within them. And if thus, abroad in the family, your lordship may imagine how it was with her Highness and other near relations. My poor wife, I know not what in the Earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into passion that tears her very heart in pieces; nor can I blame her, considering what she has lost. It fares little better with others. God I trust will sanctify this bitter cup to us all. His mercy is extraordinary as to the quiet face of things amongst us; which I hope the Lord will continue. I am, Your lordship's most affectionately faithful and very humble servant,

FAUCONBERG.

Lord Fauconberg facilitated the restoration of royalty as soon as he saw it was inevitable. To the King himself the recovery of such an agency was especially welcome; for the link which attached Fauconberg to the Cromwellian destinies carried with it an added force. With which course of action the influence of Henry Cromwell, though less demonstrative, must needs be associated. In this they stood apart from Lockhart, whose personal alliance with some of the Republican party made him slow to believe in the possibility of such an universal revolt,—till it was too late.

The Restoration being accomplished, Fauconberg was at once installed into the offices of Lieutenant of the Bishoprick of Durham, Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and Ambassador-extraordinary to Venice Tuscany and Savoy. He enjoyed the favour of the three succeeding monarchs, diverse as were their principles; and dying in 1700 was buried at Cockswold in Yorkshire, where a lengthy epitaph, recited in Le Neve's *Monumenta Anglicana*, records his virtues and his prosperous career. In the construction of this epitaph it had been Lady Mary's original intention to exhibit more definitely his alliance with the Protectorate; to which end, says Lord Dartmouth, "she desired Sir Harry Sheers to write an inscription for the monu-

ment, and would have it inserted that in such a year Fauconberg married his Highness the then Lord Protector of England's daughter; which Sir Harry told her he feared might give offence. She answered, that nobody could dispute matters of fact, and therefore insisted on its being done." The wording eventually adopted shows that she yielded somewhat to her friend's objection, though of course it duly sets forth whose daughter she was. Her own death occurred in 1713 at the age of seventy six, shortly after that of her brother Richard, and she was buried at Chiswick on the 24th of March. Sutton Court, the house in which she lived and died at Chiswick, no longer exists. It stood very near the west end of the parish church. Neither is there any monument to her in the church. J. Mackay speaking of this spot in his *Journey through England*, says, "I saw here a great and curious piece of antiquity, the eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who was then fresh and gay"; date not given. Grainger, having stated that in the decline of life she was pale and sickly, adds,—“Since this note was printed I had the honour to be informed by the Earl of Ilchester who remembers her well and to whom she was godmother, that she must have been far gone in the decline of life when she was pale and sickly, as she was not naturally of such a complexion.” The testimonies as to her personal merit are uniformly eulogistic. Bishop Burnet styles her a wise and worthy woman, and one who was more likely to have maintained the post of Protector than either of her brothers. A footnote in *Hughes's Letters* describes her as a Lady of great beauty and of a very high spirit, who distinguished herself till her death by the quickness of her wit and the solidity of her judgment.” Mr. Hewling Lusson in the same volume writes as follows, “She was said to have been a Lady of a very great understanding. This was the ‘noble relation’ referred to in Mr. Say’s character [of Mrs. Bendysh] who left Mrs. Bendysh a handsome legacy; as she did also to the other descendants of her father Oliver to whom such an aid might be useful. She died wealthy, and never had a child.” She betrayed, some thought, in her last will an undue partiality for her own personal relatives, for she left every thing in her power away from her husband’s kindred, including Fauconberg House in Soho Square, the town residence of the family. Some interesting relics however descended to the last heir of the Fauconbergs, among which was the sword worn by Oliver at the battle of Naseby. There are extant two or three letters of Lady Mary’s to her brother Henry. The first, addressed in 1655 and warning him against th

influence of some intriguing lady who had made a lodgment in his Irish household ; the second, giving a long account of their sister Frances's marriage negotiations,—may be read in Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches*. A third, here following, relates to the last illness of their mother the Protectress. When that sorely stricken lady found an asylum at Norborough House, Lady Mary was her frequent visitor, and this brief letter seems to point to the latest of those interviews.

Lady Mary Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell of Spinney-Abbey.
(1665 ?)

DEAR BROTHER,—I have sent this bearer on purpose to see you and my sister, fearing I shall not see you before I go from hence. My poor mother is so affecting a spectacle as I scarce know how to write ; she continuing much the same as she was when you were here. The Lord knows best what is best for us to suffer, and therefore I desire we may willingly submit to his will ; but the condition she is in is very sad ; the Lord help her and us to bear it. I am now able to say no more, my heart being so oppressed, but that I am, your dear wife's and your affectionate sister,

M. FAUCONBERG.

FRANCES

THE PROTECTOR'S FOURTH DAUGHTER.

Born at Ely in 1638, was married in December 1657 to the Hon. Robert Rich, eldest son of Lord Rich and grandson of Robert Earl of Warwick the Admiral of the Fleet and the veteran peer who carried Oliver's sword of state at the proclamation of his protectorate. But this was by no means the first love affair which had engaged her notice. In the first place there seems no sufficient reason for discrediting the story of a projected alliance with the exiled King Charles, in which Lord Broghill acted as the medium of negotiation. It wears at least an air of greater probability than the reports [preserved in Thurloe's papers] which in 1654 were circulated

in France to the effect that the Duke d'Enghein, only son of the Prince of Condé, was her favoured suitor. The Duke of Buckingham is the third name on the list, but his chances must have been slender in the extreme. Her fourth gallant was the Rev. Jeremiah White, or "Jerry White" as he was commonly called, one of her father's chaplains and a fellow of Trinity College Cambridge. He is described as possessing a handsome person and an engaging address; though his extant portrait, photographed by the Arundel Society, can hardly be said to warrant the encomium. Another attribute with which he is credited, that of a ready wit, rests possibly on better authority. Oliver put it to the test on one occasion in a somewhat crucial form;—and thus it fell out. Having been given reason to suspect that his aspiring chaplain had carried his amatory professions too far, Cromwell managed to entrap the couple just at a moment when Jerry was on his knees, caressing the Lady Frances's hand. "What is the meaning of that posture before my daughter?" demanded he. Here Jerry's wit came to his aid,—“May it please your Highness, I have long unsuccessfully courted the young gentlewoman yonder, my Lady's waiting-maid, and I was now therefore humbly praying her Ladyship to say a word in my behalf.” Turning to the waiting-maid, Oliver went on,—“Well, hussey, and why should you refuse Mr. White's offers? You must know that he is my friend, and I expect that you will treat him as such.” Here the ready wit of the maiden proved smarter even than Jerry's. “If Mr. White,” says she, “intends me that honour, I shall not oppose him.”—“Sayest thou so, lass?” rejoined Cromwell, “call Goodwyn; this business shall be finished at once.” Mr. Chaplain Goodwyn arrived, the parties were married on the spot, and Cromwell by way of solatium made them a present of £500. [This scene was painted by Augustus Egg in 1842. See the Exhibition catalogue for that year, No. 548.] A union effected after this fashion was not likely to be productive of much mutual regard, nor was the result felicitous, though they contrived to live together as man and wife for half a century longer. “I knew them both,” says Oldmixon the historian, “and heard the story told when Mrs. White was present, who did not contradict it, and owned there was something in it.” But Jerry, though taken down in this abrupt style, always maintained a marvellous influence in the Cromwell family. Years after the Restoration, when the Protectress was living at Norborough, he was entrusted with the entire management of her pecuniary affairs. At that time he was occupying the position of chaplain in the family

of Sir John Russell of Chippenham the Lady Frances's second husband ; previous to which he had enjoyed the confidence of her father in law Sir Francis Russell, as evidenced by a long and curious letter, (in the possession of Mr. Field of Teddington,) which the knight sent him in 1663 touching his bodily ailments and the benefits which he had derived from the chaplain's curative measures. Master White's talent seems to have been multifarious, He wrote an Essay on Universal Restoration, and he gathered a List of many hundreds of the sufferers for Nonconformity.

Jerry White being checkmated, the Dutton affair next becomes prominent. Cromwell, it is assumed, had at some time entered into a verbal engagement with John Dutton a wealthy freeholder of Sherborne in Glostershire to bestow his daughter Frances in marriage on William Dutton the nephew or grandson (*nepos*) of that gentleman ; and in his will, dated 1655, Mr. Dutton expresses an "earnest desire that it might take effect." How Cromwell and his daughter looked upon this mode of courtship is not recorded ; all we know is that at the age of nineteen the young lady practically waived it by falling in love with the Hon. Robert Rich aforesaid.

This young man, losing his mother at an early age, was at her dying request placed under the care of Dr. Gauden, by whose recommendation he first went to College, and with whom he then made a foreign tour. On returning home, being deeply in love with Frances Cromwell, he sought her hand at once, though at the time he was in a very sickly state of health. The marriage came off in December 1657, it can hardly be supposed with the Protector's hearty concurrence. His disorder appears to have been of a scrofulous nature, carrying him off in the ensuing February, only two months after the wedding. His grandfather the old Earl of Warwick, when he heard of it, said that if they would keep the body above ground a little while, they might carry his own along with it ; and indeed he survived only two months longer. To complete the tragedy, Mr. Rich's father who succeeded to the Earldom, followed his father and his son in the course of the next year.

The collapse of this matrimonial affair was deeply felt by all parties concerned ; for the mutual friendship of the two houses was of long standing, dating back to associations connected with Felsted where the family of Rich was seated, and ratified by political sympathies during the recent war. Henry undertook to send a message of condolence to Christian, Countess of Devonshire, the grandmother of the deceased ; and Oliver performed the same office to the Earl of Warwick.

Would that the latter were recoverable ; for the old Sea-King's reply is so noble a tribute to the character of the Protector that something very thrilling must have inspired it. The Earl's letter which is very long may be seen entire in Dr. William Harris's *Life of Oliver*. It concludes,—“ Others goodness is their own. Yours is a whole country's—yea, three kingdoms' ; for which you justly possess interest and renown with wise and good men. Virtue is a thousand escutcheons. Go on my lord, go on happily, to love religion, to exemplify it. May your lordship long continue an instrument of use, a pattern of virtue, and a precedent of glory.” Recalling the enthusiasm which that age awoke, we no longer wonder at the exploits of seamen led by Captain Potter and fighting in the *Constant Warwick*.

Rich's funeral was conducted with great pomp on the 5th of March 1658, the corpse being carried to Felsted for interment in the family vault, and the funeral sermon delivered by Dr. Gauden. Of all the extant specimens of that dreary species of literature, the funeral sermon, this of Gauden's is one of the most nauseous. It occupies a hundred and fourteen pages of close printing ; but our pity for the auditors is somewhat relieved by the statement in the title-page that it was in part only delivered from the pulpit. Like many of his other performances it betrays throughout his strategetic habit of thought and his vitriolic contempt for puritanism. *Funerals made cordials*, such is its title ; and the Dedication is addressed to the young widow herself. Alas, poor lady Frances, did she ever encounter the crucifixion of reading it ? Dr. Gauden was very fond of anatomy. Natural, metaphorical, or ecclesiastical, it all served his turn. In the hands of your genuine philosopher, figures of speech may become valuable methods of descriptive thought : in Dr. Gauden's hands they provoke a very unwholesome feeling. “ Experience hath taught us,” says he, “ that a dead hand is an excellent means, by rubbing it on wens and humours of the body, to allay, disperse, and as it were, mortify, that irregular and deformed excrescency. The same receipt of a dead hand might serve, if duly applied to our souls, as a sovereign remedy against all that is of a puffy and exalting nature in the world.” The doctor is practical enough when he comes to describe in detail the internal pathology of struma or the King's evil ; but as this is not an attractive subject, we may pass on to notice his anxiety that the people should understand how instrumental he had himself been in directing the young man's studies through the orthodox channels, a step eminently needful in the age through which they had recently passed,—an age, says he, in which

ignorance and rusticity began very rudely to vie with both the famous Universities, decrying all good learning and useful studies, to make way for pitiful raptures and silly enthusiasms,—putting out the two great lights of Heaven [Oxford and Cambridge] in order that hedge-creeeping glowworms might shine the better,—that instead of a sage nobility, a prudent gentry, a learned clergy, judicious lawyers, and knowing physicians, the honour, civility, and piety,—the souls, the estates, the laws, and religion,—the bodies and lives of this so renowned church and populous nation, might be exposed to the wills and hands of John-a-Leidens and Jack-straws, to Cripplerdolins and Muncers; to Hackets and Naylers, to lack-Latin preachers, pettifogging barretors and impudent mountebanks,—all of them perfect imposters in their several professions:—a project so unchristian, so unhuman, so barbarous, so diabolical, as suited no interest but that of the kingdom of darkness, which the wise and merciful God hath hitherto defeated, and I hope ever will, if He have any favour toward England beyond Turkey, Tartary, or Barbary.”—All which was a slander indirectly levelled against the Cromwell party, though he knew very well that they had been the supporters and restorers of learning at the Universities. This Dr. Gauden was the renowned divine who deprived King Charles I of the reputed authorship of the *Eikon Basiliké* by claiming to have written it himself, and who eventually got a bishoprick—to keep him quiet. Should it be asked, how came such a person to officiate at the obsequies of a son-in-law of Cromwell? the answer is, his mother who made the choice was a Cavendish.

Some two or three years after her husband's death, the young widow the Lady Frances became the wife of Sir John Russell third baronet of Chippenham, Co. Cambridge, and the eventual ancestress of numerous and wide-spreading groups of Cromwellian descendants. She survived her second husband fifty-one years, spending a considerable portion of her later life with her sister Lady Fauconberg. Finally she outlived all those of her own generation, and died in 1721 at the age of eighty-four.

The Family of Russell.

First became conspicuous in the person of Thomas Russell of the Isle of Wight in Henry VI.'s time. The baronet of the Civil War period, viz., Sir Francis, was an ardent supporter of the Parliament's cause, a man of high morality and

humanity, and a personal friend of Oliver. Of his fourteen children, besides his eldest son John who married Frances Cromwell, Elizabeth married Henry Cromwell the Protector's fourth son, and Sarah married Sir John Reynolds, of whom larger notice will have to be taken. The issue of the Lady Frances Cromwell by Sir John Russell consisted of five children, viz.

I. SIR WILLIAM, the fourth baronet, of whom presently.

II. RICH, so named in commemoration of his mother's first marriage;—became a General in the army,—married his cousin Mabel, daughter of Gerard Russell of Fordham, and after her death, Miss Katharine Barton; leaving one daughter, Mary, by which wife uncertain, who married Richard Mills, vicar of Hillingdon, Midx., but left no issue.

III. CHRISTIAN, a daughter so named in memory of Christian, Countess of Devonshire aforesaid. She died in childhood in 1669.

IV. ELIZABETH, born 1664, became the wife of Sir Thomas Frankland, of whom presently.

V. JOHN, third and posthumous son, Governor of Fort William in Bengal;—died at Bath, 1735, having married, first, Rebecca sister of Sir Charles Eyre of Kew, by whom he had one son and three daughters. He married secondly Joanna sole daughter and heiress of Mr. Thurlbone of the Chequers, Bucks, sergeant at law. The children of the first marriage were

1. Frances, born 1700, died 1775, bedchamber-woman to the Princess Amelia. Mar. John, son of Colonel Rivett of the Guards, but leaving no issue, his estate of the Chequers passed to his sister Mary, who, as will be seen presently, married Charles Russell.

2. Charles, born 1701, died 1754, was a Colonel in the army, fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy;—married 1737 Mary Joanna Cutts, d. of Col. Rivett aforesaid, who became the heiress of Chequers, and by whom he had, besides Mary, [bedchamber-woman to the Princess Amelia after her aunt Fanny (?)] one son, John, eventually the eighth baronet.

3. Mary, married to Mr. Holmes of the East Indies. No issue.

4. Elizabeth, born 1704, mar. Samuel Greenhill of Swincombe, Oxford, and had issue, John Russell Greenhill, LL.D. of Cottesford Ho. Oxf. who took the Russell estates under the will of the ninth baro-

net. He mar. Elizabeth only child of M. Noble of Sunderland, Esq. and had a son, Robert, created a baronet by Lord Grey in 1831, at whose death, s.p. in 1836, the property passed by his will to Sir. Rob. Frankland, who thereupon assumed the surname of Russell in addition to and after that of Frankland.

Sir John Russell the third baronet was succeeded by his son,

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL, the fourth baronet, born about 1660; whose lavish expenditure in furtherance of the Revolution of 1688 is supposed to have been the occasion of his selling the Chippenham manor to the Earl of Orford. He died in 1725, leaving two sons,

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL, the fifth baronet, dying unmarried in 1738 at Passage near Waterford, was succeeded by his brother,

SIR FRANCIS RUSSELL, the sixth baronet, Governor of Fort-William in Bengal;—married 1725, Anne Gee, and left one son,

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL, the seventh baronet; Lieutenant in the Guards;—died a bachelor in 1757, when the title descended to his second cousin mentioned above, viz.,

SIR JOHN RUSSELL, the eighth baronet,—barrister at law, of Lincoln's Inn. He died prematurely, 1783, at the age of forty-two, at the seat of Sir Henry Oxenden in Kent, from inflammation of the bowels occasioned by eating melons, and was much lamented as a kind and generous man. His wife was Katharine, daughter of General the Hon. Henry Carey, brother to Lord Falkland, by whom he had two sons, the elder of whom,

SIR JOHN RUSSELL, the ninth baronet, born 1779, died unmarried and was succeeded by his brother,

SIR GEORGE RUSSELL, the tenth baronet, who dying unmarried in 1804, the title expired, and the estates devolved under his brother's will upon their aunt Mary (mentioned under the third baronetcy). This lady died unmarried, and was succeeded in her possessions by her cousin Dr. John Russell Greenhill of Cottesford Ho. aforesaid.

Family of Frankland.

ELIZABETH, second daughter of the Lady Frances Cromwell and Sir John Russell of Chippenham, married Sir Thomas Frankland, of Thirkleby, Yorks, bart. eldest son and heir of Sir William Frankland by Arabella Bellasyse, sister

to Viscount Fauconberg (the husband of Mary Cromwell). Consequently Fauconberg was uncle both to the bride and to the bridegroom, and so much interest did he feel in this alliance that he settled divers estates on Frankland, to which was added by bequest the house at Chiswick. Sir Thomas Frankland, who represented Thirsk in Parliament and was Postmaster-General, is thus notified in 1713. "He is chief of a very good family in Yorkshire, with a very good estate. His being my lord Fauconberg's nephew and marrying a granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell first recommended him to King William, who at the Revolution made him Commissioner of the Excise and some years after Governor of the Post-Office. By abundance of application he understands that office better than any man in England, and is adapted for greater matters when the Government shall think fit to employ him. The Queen by reason of his great capacity and honesty hath continued him in the office of Postmaster. He is a gentleman of a very sweet, easy, affable disposition,—a handsome man, of middle stature, towards forty years old." By his lady, Elizabeth Russell, who died 1733, he had seven sons and three daughters,

I. THOMAS, the third baronet, of whom presently.

II. WILLIAM, F.R.S., page to Queen Mary II. His children died young.

III. JOHN, died at Hamburg.

IV. HENRY, of Mattersea, Notts.; acquired property in India, and died there 1728. By his wife, Mary, daughter of Alexander Cross, he had issue,

1. Charles-Henry, fourth baronet, of whom hereafter.—2. Thomas, fifth baronet, of whom hereafter.—3, 4, 5, 6. William, Richard, Robert, Harriet, died young or unmarried.—7. Frederick, a Major in the Blues; died at Lisbon, 1752 having mar. Melissa, d. of Rev. Mr. Laying, by whom he had a daughter mar. to Peniston Powney Esq. She d. 1774, leaving a daughter, Melissa.

V. RICHARD, D.C.L. of Jesus Col. Camb. d. 1761.

VI. FREDERICK-MEINHARDT, barrister at law, M.P. for Thirsk, died 1768, having married, first, Anne relict of Adam Cardonnel, whose children died young except Anne wife of Thomas Lord Pelham, of whom hereafter. He married, secondly, Anne Lumley daughter of Richard first Earl of Scarborough, the "Lady Anne Frankland," who together with her sisters Lady Barbara Leigh and Lady Henrietta Lumley were, by their mutual friend the Countess of Huntingdon, brought under the influence of George Whitefield's

preaching. But so highly did Mr. Frankland resent the affair that he compelled his wife to quit his house, and returned her fortune. She survived the heart-breaking ordeal only eight months.

VII. ROBERT, a trader at Calcutta, slain in the Persian Gulf.

VIII. ELIZABETH, married to Roger Talbot of Woodend, Yorks, of whom hereafter.

IX. FRANCES (OR MARY), married to Thomas Worsley, of whom hereafter.

X. ARABELLA, died unmarried.

Sir Thomas Frankland died in 1726 and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, the third baronet, M.P. for Thirsk in five Parliaments, and a lord of the Admiralty. By his wife Diana, daughter of Francis Topham of Agelthorpe, he had *inter alios*, a daughter, Diana, who became Countess to George-Henry Lee, Earl of Lichfield; and had this union proved prolific, the offspring would have combined the blood of Cromwell and of the King, for the Earl of Lichfield was the grandson of Charlotte Fitz-Roy, a daughter of Charles II. by Barbara Villiers. At Sir Thomas's death in 1747 the title passed to his nephew,

SIR CHARLES-HENRY FRANKLAND, the fourth baronet, born in Bengal in 1716, at the time of his father's residence there as Governor of the East India Company's factory. Although by that father's death he inherited a considerable fortune, yet the lucrative post of Collector in the port of Boston in New England, which he obtained through the Duke of Newcastle, had sufficient attractions to induce him to make that colony the place of his residence for the greater part of his after life. He went over there in 1741 at the age of twenty five; soon after which, while on a visit of inspection to the neighbouring sea-port of Marblehead where the home Government had resolved to erect a fortification, he met the young woman whose fascinations were destined to give that colouring to his history of which more than one writer of American romance has availed himself. This was the celebrated Agnes Surriage, then sixteen years of age,—of obscure birth, being the daughter of a fisherman, but gifted with the heritage of dazzling beauty. Her mother, it is true, had a nominal claim to one seventh part of a vast tract of land in Maine, which fell to her on the death of her father Richard Pierce of New-Harbour one of the sharers in what was long known and litigated as "the Brown right," (the title to which seventh part, Sir C. H. Frankland subsequently purchased

of the widow Surriage for £50,) and it must have been this circumstance which led Mark Noble and the other genealogists to give the name of Agnes Brown instead of Agnes Surriage as Frankland's wife. But whatever the prospects in Maine might be worth, the daughter had received no education, and she was accordingly placed for the present under the tutelage and protection of Edward Holyoake the Puritan minister of the place.

Frankland, whose tastes were those of a general dilettante, but found their best expression in architecture and horticulture, purchased an estate in the suburban village of Hopkinton, and erected a vast and classic mansion, which for some years became the scene of lawless revelry, greatly to the scandal of the old fashioned Puritanism of Boston, but receiving little check from the Episcopal Mission-house which had also located itself in Hopkinton, the class of men sent out in those days for the "Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts," seldom displaying zeal in any other direction than in the checking of the advance of Nonconformity in the colonies.

At Boston meanwhile distinguished visitors were ever coming and going, and Garden-Court-House reflected in some small measure the lustre of St. James. One day, his brother, Captain (afterwards Admiral,) Thomas Frankland sailed into port, in command of the *Rose* frigate. Perhaps he did so frequently, for he was guarding the coast from Spanish pirates, of which more hereafter. The *Rose* was an old ship. In 1686 she had brought out under Captain George, what the New Englanders deemed a very unwelcome freight, in the person of Robert Ratcliffe the first Episcopal minister of Boston. The Bostonians had yet to learn that the Anglican domino might cover one of their best friends, and that George Whitefield when he shook off the moral effeminacies of priestism and stood in his essential manhood, was worthy to be a leader of other men. This brings us in face of the most stirring event which occurred in Boston during the Frankland residency; when, meagerly sustained by land forces from the mother-country, 3000 New Englanders undertook to snatch from the French Louisburgh the capital of Cape Breton, a position so strong that it had acquired the title of the Dunkirk of America. They chose as their captain William Pepperel a private gentleman of Cornish descent, one in whom, says Lord Mahon, courage and sagacity supplied the place of military skill. He was moreover a great friend of George Whitefield. The march of warriors from a New England prayer-meeting to storm the French lines is not the

aspect under which this expedition is ordinarily represented, either by Lord Mahon or other fashionable historians. A narrative from the evangelist himself may therefore form a suggestive variety, and not unaptly be termed "the secret history of the Cape Breton affair." Writing to a lady-friend at home, 29 July 1745, he says—

"You have now heard of the Cape Breton expedition, which was carried on and finished with the greatest secrecy and expedition here, before it could be scarcely known to you at home. Worthy Colonel Pepperel was fixed upon to command. The day before he accepted the commission he purposed to dine with me to ask my advice. I told him I hoped if he did undertake it he would beg of the Lord God of armies to give him a single eye;—that the means proposed to take Louisburgh were, in the eye of human reason, no more adequate to the end than the sounding of rams' horns to blow down Jericho;—that the eyes of all would be upon him; and if he should not succeed in the enterprise, the widows and orphans of the slain soldiers would be like lions robbed of their whelps; but if it pleased God to give him success, envy would not suffer him to take the glory; and therefore he should take great care that his views were disinterested; and then I doubted not, if Providence really called him, he would find his strength proportioned to his day and would return more than conqueror. He thanked me; and his lady having given her free consent, he commenced General. The sound now was, To arms, To arms. New recruits were eagerly sought after; and my worthy friend Mr. S—— was appointed one of the Commissaries. He told me he was preparing the flag, and that I must give him a motto; and that the people must know it too. I absolutely refused, urging that it would be acting out of character. He replied that the expedition he believed was of God; and that if I did not encourage it, many of the serious people would not enlist. As I still refused, he desired me to consider and sleep upon it, and to give him my answer in the morning. I retired, I prayed, I slept; and upon his renewing his request in the morning I told him that since he was so urgent and as I did not know but Divine Providence might intend to give us Louisburgh, therefore he might take this motto, "NIL DESPERANDUM CHRISTO DUCE." Upon this great numbers enlisted, and before their embarkation the Officers desired me to give them a sermon."

Pepperel indeed was anxious to carry Whitefield with them as Chaplain, but he elected to remain behind in Boston and stir up the people to pray for his success.

"Through Divine grace I was enabled to persist in this practice for some weeks; but at last news arrived that the case was desperate. Letter upon letter came from one Officer and another, to those who planned the expedition but did not know the strength of the fortress. I smiled, and told my friends that I believed now we should have Louisburgh,—that all having confessed their helplessness, God would now reveal His arm, and make our extremity His opportunity. I was not disappointed of my hope; for one day, having taken a weeping leave of dear Boston, and being about to preach a few miles out of the town, news was brought that Louisburgh was taken. Numbers flocked with great joy from all quarters; and I immediately preached to them a thanksgiving sermon from these words. 'By this I know that thou favourest me since thou hast not permitted mine enemies to triumph over me.'"

Here then we have a narrative cast in the true Cromwellian type; here we see still operating an element of power against which, a few years later, the battalions of the Mother-Country dashed in vain and broke into ruin. Pepperel was rewarded with a baronetcy for his valour, but his followers had little for which to thank the Home authorities. The ignominious war which was brought to a close by the Peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1748 can hardly be said to have had more than one redeeming feature, and that one feature was the capture of Cape Breton by the colonists. But as the provisions of that peace stipulated for the mutual surrender of all conquests made during the war, the Bostonians had the mortification of witnessing the re-delivery of Cape Breton into the hands of the French. If not designed to irritate them, it was at least holding their patriotic allegiance very cheap. But Mr. Frankland's personal history must be now resumed.

Soon after the baronetcy fell to him by the death of his uncle Sir Thomas, he was called home to carry on a suit at law, in which the will of this uncle bequeathing the entire estate at Thirkleby to his lady was contested. The *Gentleman's Magazine* thus reports the facts.—"4 June, 1754. A cause between Sir Henry Frankland, plaintiff, and the lady of the late Sir Thomas, defendant, was tried in the Court of King's Bench by a special jury. The subject of litigation was a will of Sir Thomas, suspected to be made when he was not of sound mind; and it appeared that he had made three,—one in 1741, another in 1744, and a third in 1746. In the first only a slender provision was made for his lady, by the second this family estate in Yorkshire of £2,000 per annum was given her for her life, and by the third the whole estate real and

personal was left to be disposed of at her discretion without any provision for the heir at law. The jury after having withdrawn for about an hour and a half, set aside the last and confirmed the second. In a hearing before the Lord Chancellor some time afterwards in relation to the costs, it was decreed that the lady should pay them all, both at common law and in Chancery."

On this occasion he was accompanied to England by Agnes Surriage; and on the conclusion of the law affair, they made the tour of Europe together and took up a temporary abode in Lisbon, furnishing a house there, and joining in the dissipations of that doomed city. This brings us to what Frankland's biographer justly terms the catastrophe and turning point of his life. Hitherto he had led the life of a voluptuary and a sceptic. Henceforward his career will be that of one stunned and stricken down into modesty and repentance.

The first of November 1755 will ever be a memorable crisis in the kosmocal annals of Europe and especially of Lisbon. In that city which then contained nearly a quarter of a million of inhabitants, a brilliant morning sun was shining on the papal festivities of All Saints Day. At eleven o'clock the manipulation of high mass at thirty churches was quenched in universal collapse. The earthquake was sensibly felt all over western Europe, northern Africa, and even in the West Indies; but the catastrophe wrought its climax in Lisbon, where the convulsed bed of the Tagus lifted for some minutes all its shipping high and dry, to be overwhelmed immediately after by a reflux rush of waters which fairly turned the harbour-quay bottom upwards and then swallowed it out of sight. Of the thousands of fugitives who had sought safety at that spot and who thus went down quick into Hades, not a corpse ever rose to the surface. The loss of human life in the city was estimated at nearly 30,000, and the loss of property at £95,000,000. Sir Henry Frankland, attired in Court dress and in company with a lady, was on his way to one of the church spectacles, in a carriage and pair, when his vehicle was crushed by falling ruins and the horses instantly killed. While thus entombed, his companion in her frantic despair seized his arm with her teeth and tore away a portion of the flesh. What became of her is not stated. As for Frankland himself, the dark horrors of the hour brought the delinquencies of his past life into startling review, and wrung from him vows of total reformation of life and ample retribution to all whom he had ever injured, if deliverance were now vouchsafed to him,—vows which there is good reason to believe he never forgot. Meanwhile his de-

voted Agnes was traversing the ruined streets in search of him; and recognizing at last the plaintive voice which issued from his living tomb, she accomplished his deliverance in no long time by lavish rewards distributed to her assistants. His wounds being dressed, he was conveyed to Belem a suburb of Lisbon, where his first action on recovery was to formalize his marriage with his deliverer, by the hands of a Romish priest. As his own house in Lisbon was wrecked, it was resolved at once to embark for England; and on board ship the union was again ratified by the services of an Anglican clergyman. On landing, the now sobered and chastened couple proceeded to the family seat, where Agnes was affectionately welcomed by her mother in law.

Although Sir Henry two years later was formally appointed to the office of Consul-general at Lisbon, the attractions of Hopkinton again and again induced him and his lady to be backwards and forwards across the Atlantic; till his health breaking down prematurely compelled him to retire to Bath, where he died in 1768, aged fifty one years. He was buried in the church of the neighbouring village of Weston, where his epitaph may be seen against the wall of the nave. The above history of his life has been mainly derived from a modern American work entitled "*Sir Charles Henry Frankland, bart. or Boston in the Colonial Times*," by Elias Nason, M.A. Albany N.Y. 1865. The writer, though a moralist of genuine New England texture, makes no concealment of his admiration for the courtly refinement of Boston society under the old regime; while the portrait he draws of his heroine not unsuccessfully challenges a large measure of sympathy for what his own enthusiasm would fain elevate into a romance. In the construction of his book he was greatly assisted by Miss Isabella Jane Whinyates of Cheltenham, who moreover sent him a portrait of her great-uncle; and in reference to his burial at Weston made the following communication in July 1859.—"It is a very singular circumstance that the tomb of Sir Henry Frankland has been discovered by a mere accident by our cousin Captain Frankland, R.N. who a few weeks since went to visit the tomb of a sister who lies buried at Weston Church in the vicinity of Bath. While there, he stumbled against the tomb of Sir Henry, not knowing in the least that his great-uncle was buried there. He found that the monumental inscription was placed so very high against the wall in the nave of the church that it could not be well decyphered; and therefore requested that a copy might be made for him, which is the same I now send you."

"To the memory of Sir Charles-Henry Frankland of Thirkleby, Co. York, bart. Consul-general for many years at Lisbon, from whence he came in hopes of recovery from a bad state of health to Bath, where after a tedious and painful illness sustained with the patience and resignation becoming a Christian, he died, 11 January 1768 in the fifty second year of his life, without issue ; and at his own desire he lies buried in this church. This monument is erected by his affectionate widow Agnes Lady Frankland."

On the death of her husband, Lady Frankland, in company with Henry Cromwell, returned to the Hopkinton estate, and there she cherished her relatives and maintained a magnificent style of housekeeping till the breaking out of the war of Independence in 1775. As the rich widow of a prominent officer of the Crown her solitary position was felt to be no longer tenable, and accordingly she and Henry took refuge in Boston then occupied by British troops. From the windows of her house in Garden Court Street she witnessed with many others the storming of Bunkers Hill, and afterwards busied herself in succouring the wounded men as they were brought in from the bloody field. The last of her many voyages was then carried into effect, the succeeding seven years of her life being spent in old England among the members of the Frankland family till her removal to Chichester on becoming the wife of John Drew a banker of that city,—the same place where Henry Cromwell also appears to have settled. She died in the course of the next year from inflammation of the lungs, at the age of fifty seven, in 1783, and was buried at Chichester. Her American biographer, *and more* catalogues her qualifications thus.

"Raised from obscurity to affluence and high position in society, Lady Frankland's native good sense enabled her to fulfil the duties of her station with superior ability. Her majestic gait, her dark and lustrous eye commanded the admiration of the beholder ; her clear and melodious voice, her endearing smile, entranced his heart. Her weight at the age of thirty five was about 138 lbs. Her chief amusements were reading, riding on horseback, music, and the culture of flowers. She was a communicant of the Church of England ; and in later life was highly respected and esteemed by the noble family into which she had married."

Captain Henry Cromwell, whose name has occasionally cropped up in the above narrative, was born in 1741 the first year of his father Sir Charles Henry Frankland's residence in New England. At the age of fifteen he commenced his naval career by joining his Majesty's ship *Success*, Cap :

Rouse, then lying in Casco Bay, yet found or made frequent occasions for visiting and travelling about with his father;—Lady Frankland on her part ever cherishing a fond regard for him, though she was not his mother. He was also held in high esteem in the Navy, where, holding the rank of Captain, he was present with Admiral Kempenfelt in the gallant action off the French coast 14 Nov. 1781. But though he had no objection to fight the French, he resolved never to draw his sword against his native country, and accordingly retired into private life, and was living with his family in Chichester in England in 1796. Another motive probably operating in the same direction may have been gratitude for the forbearance which the United States exercised in respect of his estate of Hopkinton devised to him by his father. The Confiscation Commissioners finding that various encumbrances rested on it in favour of Lady Frankland's New England relations, besides sundry slaves, reported in favour of its liberation, and Mr. Cromwell therefore was allowed to retain possession, till he sold the place in 1793 to Dr. Timothy Shepherd of Sherburne for £950. Such is the American account; and Mr. Cromwell's objection to bear arms against that country may have been well understood in England; yet it is also true that in the promotion list for 1801 Henry Cromwell Esq. becomes Rear Admiral of the Blue, and in 1805 he is Rear Admiral of the Red. A few words on the subsequent history of the Hopkinton mansion, and we shall have done.

On Sir Charles Henry Frankland's first return thither after the Lisbon tragedy, he had carried with him the scarlet court-dress which retained the marks of the agony of the young woman buried with himself in the ruins, together with some other relics of the catastrophe. These he hung along the tapestried walls of one of the chambers; and it was his practice on every anniversary of the event to shut himself up in this room, to close the shutters, and in darkness and silence to spend the hours in fasting and prayer. The scenes of the Earthquake were recalled to mind, thanksgiving rendered for bodily and spiritual deliverance, and vows of faithfulness to Agnes and to God renewed.

“ There hung the rapier blade he wore,
Bent in its flatten'd sheath,
The coat the shrieking woman tore,
Caught in her clenching teeth.”

Ballad of Agnes.

In addition to traditions of this nature founded more or

less on facts, sundry ghost stories came to be associated with the spot. Consequently on the appearance in 1843 of William Lincoln's "*Legend of New England*" and more recently of the "*Ballad of Agnes*" by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, it was natural that a desire should be awakened to know the real history of the parties concerned. This desire Mr. Elias Nason, the biographer whom we have followed, had a strong motive for resolving to satisfy. The Hopkinton estate, reduced however to the dimension of 100 acres, was now in fact his own property. Unluckily the mansion was burnt down the first year after his obtaining possession, but he built another as closely resembling the original as possible, and then set about re-kindling the historic life of the old inhabitants. And hence arose the handsomely printed octavo of "*Sir Charles Henry Frankland, bart. or Boston in the Colonial Times.*" Conjuring anew the romance which to his boyish imagination had flooded the spot, our author in the following concluding passage snatches a final glance at a drama which had lost none of its charms.

"When I revisited that venerable mansion, from which the sacred remains of its long last occupant had just been carried to the grave, [the widow of Dr. Shepherd aforesaid, who died here at the age of 87], as I walked through the lonely and silent rooms, observed the tapestry loosely hanging from the deserted walls, the columns of the capacious but now empty hall; as I passed through '*the haunted chamber,*' where the spoils of the Lisbon earthquake used to hang, and stood upon the very floor on which the English baronet had so often knelt in penitence and prayer; as I recalled to memory the fair maid of Marblehead and her romantic story; as with busy fancy I re-peopled the whole scene with forms of beauty and intelligence, listened to the sounds of the merry viol, of song, of feasting, and of revelry; saw Frankland, Agnes, Harry Cromwell, Isaac Surriage, Dupee, Villiers, the Prices, Wilsons, Valentines, Irvings,—groom, footman, waiter, valet, page,—Robert, Hannah, and Dinah, [three blacks] all alive before me;—and as I then paused and looked again, and saw the rooms deserted and the shades of evening falling, and heard no sound save the echoes of my own solitary footsteps, I confess that it required but little effort of the imagination to believe that invisible spirits were still hovering around me, and that the weird fancies of the boy had become realities to the man." At this point the Professor's reverie is checked by the whistle of the locomotive screaming through the valley of Magunco; and the moral exhales in a salutation directed to America's exalted destiny.

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, who on the death in 1768 of his brother Sir Charles-Henry Frankland, succeeded as fifth baronet, was already known as a naval Officer of distinction. He was now holding the rank of Admiral of the Red, and he eventually attained to the White. The two principal actions which brought him into notice were performed when he was a very young man. He was only twenty two when he obtained the command of the *Rose* frigate, appointed to carry out to the Bahamas Mr. Tinker the new Governor of those islands. Remaining on that station as a check to the Spanish marauders termed "guarda-costas," he had the good fortune to fall in with one of them soon after it had made three prizes; this was in June 1742. The guarda-costa, supported by two of her prizes, fought the English frigate for nearly three hours; till the prizes thinking it more prudent to stand off, the two principal combatants had a running fight all to themselves. In the course of another hour the Spanish colours were hauled down, in opposition to their captain's orders; and Frankland, having shifted his prisoners with all possible speed, went in pursuit of the three flying prizes. In the end they were all gathered and carried into Carolina, when it became apparent why the Spanish Captain had maintained so obstinate a fight. He turned out to be the notorious Fandino who some years previously had cut off the ear of Captain Jenkins. Frankland sharing in the general indignation which that action had aroused throughout England, and regarding his prisoner as one who merited nothing short of a pirate's doom, refused to release him on parole or to exchange him, and accordingly shipped him off to be judged in England.

This story of Jenkins's mutilation, or as Edmund Burke used to style it "the fable of Jenkins's ear," it may be as well to state, had been got up after lying dormant for seven years, and was paraded in the House of Commons at a time when the Opposition were endeavoring to force Walpole's Government into a war with Spain. Robert Jenkins a Scottish skipper had been boarded near Jamaica, his cargo ransacked, and himself maltreated as aforesaid; the Spaniard adding the further indignity of throwing the ear in his face and telling him to carry it to his King. It was true enough that Jenkins had lost an ear, no one knew on what account, and he always carried it about with him wrapped in cotton ready for exhibition. It was equally true that Spanish colonists had been credited time out of mind with far worse barbarities towards their English rivals. But Jenkins's narrative being just the article then in demand, effectually served the cause of the war advocates, and a scrambling contest with Spain ensued of

several years duration, which was principally signalized by the mutual capture of merchant ships. What is more to our purpose, the fable of Jenkins's ear indirectly served to advance the fortunes of Captain Frankland.

He continued some years longer on the same station guarding the newly formed settlements of Georgia and Carolina; and it was at this period. viz. in 1743, that he married Sarah Rhett, daughter of the Chief Justice and Governor of South Carolina, by whom he had five sons and eight daughters. Miss Rhett was a highly gifted woman; and it was the opinion of the late Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis that from her were derived those powers of understanding which distinguished the next generation of Franklands. At the same time it was observed that her children as they grew up were endowed with natures more gentle and easy than would ordinarily be regarded as characteristic of the Cromwellian type. Immediately after his marriage Captain Frankland sailed into Boston harbour to pay a visit to his brother Sir Charles Henry Frankland. See above at page 110. The poet of the Boston *Evening Post* thereupon saluted his arrival in the following ode, in which the uprising spirit of New England may be plainly detected, while inviting their distinguished visitor to justify his Cromwellian descent.

*To Captain Frankland Commander of his Majesty's Ship
Rose.*

From peaceful solitude and calm retreat,
I now and then look out upon the great;
Praise where 'tis due I'll give,—no servile tool
Of honourable knave or reverend fool;
Surplice or red coat both alike to me;
Let him that wears them great and worthy be.
Whether a coward in the camp or port
Traitor in want, or traitor in the Court,
A like reward their cowardice deserves,
Alike their treachery, he who eats or starves;
Or brave by land, or hero on the main,
A like respect their courage should sustain.
Then let me lisp thy name, thy praise rehearse,
Though in weak numbers and in feeble verse;
Though faint the whisper when the thunder roars;
And speak thee great through all Hispania's shores.
Still safe in port, the red-coat chief may scare,
Dread of the boys, and favourite of the fair
Still shudder at the dangers of the deep,
To arms an enemy, but a friend to sleep,
We see thee FRANKLAND dreadful o'er the Main
Not terrible to children, but to Spain.

With thee thy dawning beams of glory play,
 And triumph in the prospect of the day.
 Oh, let the kindling spark, the glowing fire
 Your generous soul inflame as once your SIRE.
 With him the schemes of tyranny oppose,
 And love your country as you hate her foes.

In the following year while cruising off the north side of Cuba, Captain Frankland found himself one dark December morning under the shadow of a large Spanish ship, the *Conception*, crowded with soldiers for Havannah. He kept his wind till daybreak, and at seven began an engagement which lasted five hours, with a fresh gale and a heavy sea. Three or four times did he put himself alongside the enemy before she would strike, and when the combat ceased at half past twelve, it was found that she had nearly a hundred men killed outright. The *Rose* on the other hand, which went into action with only a hundred and seventy seven men and boys, had five killed, besides the wounded. The prize was carried into South Carolina, and found to contain 310,000 pieces of eight and 5,000 oz. gold in passengers' money.

On the termination of the war in 1748, our sea-rover came home and took his place in Parliament for the family borough of Thirsk. After six years of inaction, on being appointed Commodore on the Antigua station, he again sailed for the West; but this portion of his career was principally signalised by an ignominious altercation with his predecessor Commodore Pye who neglected to strike his broad pendant at the moment of Frankland's arrival, into the merits of which we need not enter. His active work in fact was well nigh completed. He was now the recipient of the fast gathering honours which his early valour had won, and naturally enough increasingly sensitive to anything like professional irregularity or personal neglect. In the following year 1756, he was advanced to be Rear Admiral of the Blue, progressively rising, as already stated. In his capacity of Admiral of the Red he acted as one of the supporters of the canopy at the funeral of the Duke of York, brother to George III, who died at Monaco in 1767. He succeeded to his brother's baronetcy soon afterwards; but, beyond occasional attendance in the House as member for Thirsk, he took no further part in public affairs; and died at Bath in 1784 in his sixty seventh year.

Admiral Frankland always nursed with pardonable pride the fact of his descent from the Protector Oliver; and he seems to have entertained the further belief that he resembled him in person. It is certain that he was pleased when

visitors recognized, as he grew old. his possession of what was termed "Oliver's lock." Such was the statement made by his daughter Anne to her son the late Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis. The portrait of the Protector preserved by the Lewis family at Harpton Court has this peculiarity distinctly defined, and is in all probability the very same wherein the old gentleman was in the habit of discovering his own features. The forehead is bald, and on the top of the head is a circle of baldness with a lock of grey hair in the middle, farther back on the head and not so thick as the tuft usually painted on the front of the heads representing Time. Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis while penning the above in 1848 stated moreover that a very good likeness of the Admiral might be seen in Miss Whinyates' house at Cheltenham, and that possibly there was another at Thirkleby. [Dorset Villa the seat of the Whinyates at Cheltenham now contains the Admiral's picture.] Grainger in his Biographical Dictionary states that at Sir Thomas Frankland's house in Old Bond Street there was a picture of Oliver, with a crown painted over the coat of arms. Dessau, he tells us, had carried this picture to Portugal, where it was purchased by Sir Thomas Frankland. This explains how the Admiral got possession of it. The Admiral's surviving children were as follows.

I. THOMAS, the sixth baronet, of whom presently.

II. WILLIAM, who died unmarried in 1816. He was a barrister at law, attending the northern circuit,—became Attorney-general of the Isle of Man,—Lieutenant-colonel of the North York Militia,—M.P. for Thirsk,—and a lord of the Admiralty under Lord Grenville's administration in 1806. He is often named in the memoirs of Romilly and Macintosh; and it was thought by the late Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis that of all Oliver's descendants with whom he had come in contact, William Frankland was the ablest and best informed, always excepting the late Earl of Clarendon. But for some original traits of fancy, which certain of his friends deemed eccentric, it was generally felt that he might have been one of the leading thinkers of his day. During the Short Peace, he accompanied his friend Sir James Macintosh to Paris, when an introduction to the First Consul was arranged, Buonaparte being desirous of offering his personal compliments to Sir James as the author of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. But some mistake in names occurring, Buonaparte advanced towards the wrong man and began pouring into Mr. Frankland's ear those praises for philanthropy and philosophical acumen which were intended for his friend. What completed Mr. Frankland's embarrassment was that his defective French disabled him from

correcting the error. When it came to Macintosh's turn to hold colloquy with the great man, the conversation dropped down to the conventional topics current at Courts,—unless we except the sarcastic question which Napoleon is said to have proposed not only to Macintosh but to Erskine, whether either of them had ever been Lord Mayor of London.

III. ROGER, Canon-residentiary of Wells, rector of Yarlinton and vicar of Dulvington, both in Somerset; died in 1826. Like his brother William he was a man of considerable mental ability. By his wife Katharine daughter of John seventh Lord Colville of Culross and sister to Vice Admiral Lord Colville, he had twelve children.

1. Frederick-William, the eighth baronet, of whom hereafter.

2. Rear Admiral Edward-Augustus, born 1794, entered the sea-service as midshipman on board the *Repulse*; for some time he was secretary to his cousin Commander Bowles on the South American station;—died unmarried at Florence in 1862.

3. Emma, mar. W. Chaplin Esq. of the Madras civil service;—died at Ramsgate, 1825.

4. Admiral Charles Colville,—began as midshipman in the *Aquilon* commanded by his cousin Capt. William Bowles, who made him lieutenant into the *Andromache*. After attaining the rank of Commander he became an extensive traveller in Europe and Asia Minor, the narratives of which, illustrated by sketches, were published in 1827 and 1832. He died unmarried at Bath in 1876 aged seventy nine.

5. Matilda, died at Bath in 1819, having in the previous year mar. Lieut. Col. W. Robison 24th foot.

6. George, Lieut. 65th foot,—died in Van Dieman's land, 1838. In 1822 he had mar. Anne, d. of Tho. Mason Esq. and had issue,—1, Sophia Katharine, twice married,—2, Georgina-Anne, mar. J. T. Francis Esq.—3, Augustus Charles, killed in 1857 at the battle of Kooshab. His wife was Clara, d. of H. Williams, Esq.

7. Katharine-Henrietta, mar. to Mr. Carey, still living 1878.

8. Octavia, mar. to Mr. Montgomery, died 1868 aged sixty two.

9. Louisa, died in childhood, 1814.

10. Arthur, bore the title of Colonial Aid de camp at the Mauritius. He was a Captain in the Army, and died unmarried, 1843.

11. Sophia, died unm. at Nice in 1837.

12. Albert-Henry, d. infant.

IV. MARY, eldest daughter of Admiral Frankland, married in 1778 Sir Boyle Roche, bart. of Fermoy in Ireland, grandson of Dominick Roche a partizan of James II. who made him Viscount Cahervahalla, a dignity which the Government of William III. of course ignored. At the age of nineteen young Mr. Roche was serving in America as a Lieutenant in the 27th Foot during the Seven Years' war with France. While on duty with a detachment scouring a woody part of Canada, he was overpowered by a party of Indians in the pay of France, and, together with Captain (afterwards General) Pringle of the same regiment, condemned to die by torture. The two young men owed their deliverance to the intercession of some of the women of the tribe, and remained amongst them as adopted children of their community till handed over to the French who retained them as prisoners of war till the Peace. Mr. Roche returned to Ireland; but the military element being now less in demand, he became, through the influence of the Earl of Buckinghamshire then Viceroy, gentleman-usher or master of the ceremonies to the castle of Dublin: he also obtained a knighthood and a seat in the Irish Parliament. In 1778 he repaired to the Yorkshire residence of the Franklands to solicit the hand of the eldest daughter of that house whom he had met at Bath during the previous year. He was now forty one years of age, a man of graceful and commanding carriage, known and recognized in Dublin as an important representative of the Protestant Government, the trusted confidant of half a dozen Lord-Lieutenants in succession, and one who by a natural outflow of humour and downright good nature contrived to be popular both at the Castle and among the Catholic population. He had, it is true, accumulated no fortune, but he carried with him his knightly spurs, and a character for hospitality, unblemished integrity, and exuberant courage. The game nevertheless was not to be run down at the first brush, and it was not till Lady Frankland made common cause with the lovers that the old Admiral yielded the point. But then he did so, says the biographer, "with the most fatherly and generous consideration," settling £4000 on his dear daughter before giving her away in the parish church of Spayforth. Sir Boyle Roche carried her off in triumph to Dublin, nor was he ever weary of recalling and parading the successful issue of the campaign. Soon after this, his public services were rewarded by a permanent pension of £200 a year (eventually transferred to his lady;) and the Duke of Portland on

becoming Viceroy procured him the further honour of a baronetcy. The protracted sittings of the Irish Parliament while the Union Act was debating, seriously damaged his health; that event moreover unseated him at the Castle; but an increased retiring pension furnished a sufficient solatium, and left him and his wife leisure to pay more frequent visits to England.

With dauntless personal courage Sir Boyle Roche combined the character of a peace-maker, preventing in the course of his Parliamentary career many a duel, and ever ready, in defence of law and order, to place his person at the mercy of a howling mob. His obituary in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says that "after obtaining a seat in Parliament he was always in his place, and could at any moment change the temper of the House by a speech fraught with good humour and delivered with so much drollery that the most angry debate has often been concluded with peals of laughter." A more modern writer observes that "Sir Boyle seems to have been in his day a prototype of Sir Joseph Yorke or Mr. Bernal Osborne. By his being made the mouthpiece of all the absurdities that have ever been invented in the way of Irish bulls or blunders, his true merits are degraded. This charge of unparalleled blundering was the way by which perhaps his contemporaries were accustomed to revenge themselves for the jokes he passed upon them; but its unfairness and want of truth were expressly noticed at the time of his death, when it was mentioned that "it has not been more common to attribute other men's jests to Joe Miller than every Irish blunder to the worthy baronet." *Notes and Queries*, 4 May, 1872. Under these circumstances it would be folly to catalogue the various jokes recorded against him; though indeed they are generally of a good-natured complexion;—as when for example he told his brethren of the House, that "if, during the recess, any of the honourable Members should come within a mile of his residence, he trusted they would have the goodness to stop there." Likely enough, this also is second-hand. He figures occasionally in that humorous work, the *Autobiography of Sir Jonah Barrington*, who describes him as "a fine bluff soldier-like gentleman, perfectly well-bred in all his habits. He had a claim to the title of Fermoy, which however he never pursued; and was brother to the famous Tiger Roche, who fought some desperate duel abroad, and was near being hanged for it. Sir Boyle's lady, who was a *bas bleu*, prematurely injured his capacity it was said by forcing him to read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, whereat he was cruelly puzzled without being in the least degree amused."

The death of "this most benevolent of human beings" as that wife styles him, took place 4 June 1807 the birthday of King George III. Sir Boyle being then seventy years of age; soon after which his widow went to London to pay a final visit to her aged mother the dowager Lady Frankland, who died six weeks after her arrival. Lady Roche then went back to Ireland and kept a hospitable house in Eccles Street for the remainder of her life, which was protracted far into the present century. Referring to the reduction of her income through the assimilation of the English and Irish currency, she closes her manuscript thus. [always speaking of herself in the third person] "Should the hand of reform still further reduce her pension she will not only be impoverished herself, but her numerous dependants will be turned adrift. Should she escape this spoliation, she is not likely to be a burden to the country long, for she is eighty five years old, and by a rheumatic complaint has totally lost the use of her limbs and cannot rise from her chair without help, and is under constant medical attendance. In her helpless condition she returns thanks to Divine Providence for the happiness she has enjoyed and for having escaped many evils which threatened her at different times, especially in the earlier part of her life. She prays for forgiveness of her sins through the merits of her Redeemer, and hopes for salvation through the same merits and when it shall please God to call her away. In the mean time, knowing she ought to be patient under her sufferings, kind hearted, and as little troublesome as possible to those about her who endeavour to relieve them; and particularly to her attendant friend and companion Mrs. Eliza Kenna who has lived with her forty six years, and attended Sir Boyle during his last illness, being with him at the moment of his death." [From a manuscript in the possession of Colonel Frederick T. Whinyates of the Royal Horse Artillery.]

V. SARAH, second daughter of Admiral Frankland died young.

VI. HARRIET, third daughter died unmarried.

VII. ANNE, fourth daughter became in 1778 second wife to John Lewis of Harpton Court, Radnor; and surviving him, married secondly 1811, Rev. Robert Hare of Hurstmonceaux in Sussex, and died 1842.

The family of Lewis.

By her first marriage the children of Anne Frankland were, one son, Thomas Frankland, and two daughters Anne

and Louisa who both died unmarried. Mr. Lewis died in 1797 and was succeeded by his son,

THE RT. HON. SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND LEWIS, born 1780, educated at Eton and Christ Church Oxon; Privy Councillor and M.P. He had filled a variety of offices before he consented, under Lord Grey's administration, to be placed on the Poor-law Commission, the chairmanship of which he fulfilled with great efficiency from 1834 to 1839. The Rev. Sidney Smith writing to Sir William Horton in 1835 says,—“Frankland Lewis is filling his station of King of the Paupers extremely well. They have already worked wonders; but of all occupations it must be the most disagreeable.” And again to the same person,—“Our friend Frankland Lewis is gaining great and deserved reputation by his administration of the Poor-laws, one of the best and boldest measures which ever emanated from any Government.” Sir Thomas died in January 1855 after only two days illness, having taken a chill whilst shooting in very severe weather. His memory is cherished as that of a man of straightforward good sense, gifted with executive talents in public, and with a fine temper and generous disposition at home. The present writer has good reason to recall with gratitude the free-handed manner in which he furnished divers copious materials of family history; his long letters respecting Oliver's descendants betraying a genuine interest in the subject, though he thought it but proper to record his opinion that among them all there were but few that claimed a biography except the late Earl Clarendon. He was not unaware that the career of his own son presented another illustrious exception, and he was ready enough to accept as the true sons of a hero, Major William Nicholas and others who had adorned the two Services. The patent of Sir Thomas's baronetcy is dated 27 June 1846. He married, first, in 1805, Harriet fourth daughter of Sir George Cornwall of Moccas Court, Hereford, by whom he had two sons, George Cornwall and Gilbert Frankland. He married, secondly, in 1839 the daughter of the late John Ashton Esq., a Captain in the Horse Guards Blue.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, second baronet, born 1806, educated at Eton and at Christchurch Oxon. where he was first class in classics and second in mathematics in the same year. From the obscurity of his Middle Temple chambers he emerged in 1835 into the professional distinction of a Government Commissioner, though he did not enter Parliament till the general election of 1847; and Lord John Russell being then in power, Mr. Cornwall Lewis found himself forthwith installed into the office of Secretary to the

Board of Control. That Whig Government fell in 1851, and Mr. Lewis lost his seat till the death of his father gave him the family honour of representing the Radnor boroughs. His return to Parliament was signalized by his appointment to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and that too at a very critical period, during the War with Russia, when Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the Palmerston Ministry created a void which no one seemed capable of filling. That Sir George Lewis should be selected as the fit and proper substitute seems to have entered into the calculation neither of friend nor foe. During his absence from the House, that post had been filled successively by Sir Charles Wood, Benjamin Disraeli, and W. E. Gladstone. Creditably to succeed to either of the two first was within his easy reach. To follow Mr. Gladstone in such a department has been described as "an act of heroic daring." When Mr. Gladstone had opened his first budget in 1853, the pressure for members' seats was enormous. Strangers had been waiting for admission from noon; and though he spoke for more than four hours, no one moved. The next year there was a still greater push, people gathering in the Lobby as early as nine in the morning, and Lord Brougham being observed under the Gallery for the first time since his retreat into the Upper House. But now, under Sir George Lewis, though the Crimean War was not yet brought to an end, the public interest even in matters of finance seemed to be entirely crushed out; nor could any reason be assigned but the unattractive manner of the speaker. No party evinced any curiosity as to what he would propose; and all felt that the weariness of listening to his expositions was an ordeal which only his thorough honesty could condone. It was Sir George's infirmity of embarrassed and feeble utterance which constituted the principal obstacle in his official career, and it was one which he never overcame. He found it far easier to vindicate his own independence, and to dissipate the impression which at first prevailed among outsiders that he was the mere exponent of Lord Palmerston's schemes. With equanimity and fortitude he wrought out for himself a palpable individuality, and for his measures a fair proportion of popular approval; to which must be added the element of power which rests on the personal attachment and esteem of contemporaries. Nothing short of these qualities would have enabled him to encounter the varied responsibilities of his closing days; for he was yet destined to perform the duties of Home-Secretary, and eventually those of the War-Office to which he succeeded on the resignation of Lord Herbert of Lea in 1861. His death took place two years later, at his

country-seat of Harpton Court, whither he had retired during the Parliamentary vacation to obtain a brief rest from official duties. In the hour of his seizure and death no one was present but Lady Theresa Lewis.

Astonishment has sometimes been expressed that Sir George Lewis should have sought the distinction of a statesman in combination with so many opposing tastes and in face of so many personal disqualifications. Fitted rather for the recluse life of a scholar and a philosopher, and destitute of those superficial qualities which go so far in the make-up of a parliamentary paladin, he yet contrived to engraft on his peaceful nature the character of a resolute public man. His father's example was no doubt a stimulating influence, but his own perseverance and native simplicity of heart were the principal weapons of his warfare. Thus he mastered every topic that came before him, and made opposing strategists aware of the fact without the slightest attempt at parade. He was, in fine, very much such a public servant as Oliver Cromwell would have delighted to honour; while at the same time the profound character of his classic studies would have taxed John Milton's talent for panegyric. His knowledge of history was so exhaustive as frequently to issue in scepticism; and he contributed not a little to the disillusion of the popular beliefs which rest on chronicles of the imaginative order. His earliest productions are to be found in the *Classical Journal*, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and in translations from the German, from and after which period he revelled in a perfect miscellany of subjects, political economy, jurisprudence, astronomy, ethics, philology, and the origin of races. He was acting as editor of the *Edinburgh Review* when summoned to become a Cabinet Minister, and did not even then relinquish his favourite pursuits. Sir George married in 1844 Lady Theresa Villiers, sister of George William fourth Earl of Clarendon, and widow of Thomas Henry Lister, Esq., herself a clever and vivacious author, and one to whose domestic companionship has been attributed a large share in the literary successes of her husband. By his will, executed in 1861, he bequeathed to her (beyond her marriage-settlement) all his property in British, foreign or colonial securities for her own absolute use; also Kent-House the Town-residence with the furniture and effects; but as respected jewellery, he directed that the diamonds presented to her ladyship by his father the late Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis should upon her decease become the property of the testator's brother, the successor to the title and estates, whom he had appointed his sole executor

THE HOUSE OF CROMWELL.

... extraordinary legatee. At his death in 1863 Sir George was succeeded by this only brother,

SIR GILBERT FRANKLAND LEWIS, the third baronet, M.A. prebendary of Worcester, rural dean, rector of Mornington on the Wye, Hereford. Born 1808, married 1843 Jane eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Antrobus, bart. and had issue,—1, Edward Frankland, died 1848.—2, Herbert-Edmund Frankland, born 1846.—3, Lindsay-Frankland, died young.—4, Mary-Anna.—5, Eleanor.

VIII. DINAH, fifth daughter of Admiral Frankland, born 1757, became in 1779 the wife of William Bowles of Heale House near Stonehenge in Wiltshire, by whom she had ten children.

Family of Bowles.

Mr. Bowles being a member of Earl Shelburne's Wilts Reform Association, his name is constantly found in conjunction with those of Lord Radnor, Lord Abingdon, Charles James Fox, Awdry, Wyndham, and others of that country party, who, in the County-meetings held in Devizes from time to time, denounced the extravagance of the public expenditure, the American war, and the ever augmenting pension-list. Yet, in spite of his Whiggism, Mr. Bowles included Dr. Samuel Johnson among his personal friends; and a visit which was paid to Heale House by the Doctor in 1783 constitutes an episode in his family history linking it with still older historical associations. Johnson, we are told, valued the companionship of his Wiltshire friend "for the exemplary religious order maintained in his family," but there is reason to think that the legendary halo which surrounded Heale House and its possessors added a further attraction. Here it was that Charles II had lain concealed for several days after his defeat at Worcester; and it was from the transactions and conversation which took place at the supper-table at Heale House when the fugitive Prince arrived there, that Sir Walter Scott borrowed the scenery which he has transferred to Woodstock. Then, in connexion with that affair was the remarkable chain of events by which the estate of Heale had descended from the hands of a rampant royalist to a representative of the opposite party. It was but natural then, nay it was inevitable, that when Dr. Johnson visited the spot, the Civil Wars should occasionally become the topic of conversation. It is just at this point in his nar-

rative that Boswell says, "I shall here insert a few particulars with which I have been favoured by one of his friends;"—and then he goes on to state that Johnson had once conceived the design of writing the life of Oliver Cromwell; and he adds, *inter alia*, the account of a ride taken by Johnson to Salisbury to attend a scientific lecture. So that there can be little doubt, though he does not say so, that this friend was William Bowles, and that the formerly projected scheme of writing the Protector's Life was one of the subjects in review while sojourning in Wiltshire. May not the further suggestion be admitted that in such a project the Doctor would be vehemently stimulated by the gifted lady now in the ascendant at Heale,—were it not for the fact that his working days were over?

Sir Robert Hyde of Dinton, Sergeant at law, and M.P. for Salisbury in the Long Parliament, came by the demise of his brother Lawrence, (without male issue, though there were daughters) into possession of the Heale estates; and by the elevation of his kinsman the Earl of Clarendon, was himself created Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He held moreover a variety of interesting heir-looms specified as "the pearl necklace and the chain belonging to the watch, and the diamonds in that chain, and the picture of James I and his four children, and a small picture of Charles II," the memorials of the well-known royalism of the house of Hyde and of their relationship to the Crown through Lord Clarendon's daughter; and he appears to have been very desirous that the landed estates comprizing so interesting a member as the old house at Heale, should, together with the aforesaid heir-looms, always belong to a Hyde, and finally revert to an Earl of Clarendon. In pursuance of which design, in a settlement of his property executed by deed and enrolled in the Common Pleas two years before his death, Sergeant Hyde passed over the daughters of his brother Lawrence who had lived on the estate before himself, in favour of the sons of his next brother Alexander Hyde the Bishop of Salisbury; and in default of issue, then to the sons of other brothers. But now, mark the result. In a very few years after Sir Robert's death, one of these nephews, Dr. Robert Hyde, being the very first person who had the power to cut off the entail, did so; and left Heale to a person bearing another name, his sister, the widow of Dr. Levinz, bishop of Sodor and Man; thus frustrating the first portion of his uncle's cherished scheme. But this was not all. We have next to see how the estate came to be possessed by persons of an exactly opposite way of thinking, namely, the descendants of Oliver Cromwell. The

widow Levinz left the Heale estates, worth more than £2,000 a year, together with all the heir-looms aforesaid, to Matthew Frampton, M.D. of Oxford, who had married her only daughter, (which daughter was now dead;) and from Dr. Frampton, who died in 1742, the land passed in succession to three nephews, Thomas Bull, Edward Polhill, and Simon Polhill; and these all dying without male issue, then to a cousin, William Bowles a canon of Salisbury Cathedral, who thereby came into possession in 1759, only seventeen years after Dr. Frampton's death. This canon Bowles was father to the William Bowles whose acquaintance we have already made as the husband of Dinah Frankland; who thus brought home his bride to a spot consecrated in an eminent degree to Royalism; and in the very parlour probably where the fugitive Charles had supped in disguise, Dr. Johnson and his youthful friends sat chatting about the Rev. Mark Noble's forthcoming History of the Protectoral House. That Johnson would have entirely approved of that History, had he lived to peruse it, may well be doubted; though, supposing the task to have fallen to his own hands, his nobler sympathies may surely be credited with a faculty for analysis somewhat beyond the sphere of the clergyman's heraldic "illuminations."

So much for the fortunes of Heale. But what became of the descendants of the Salisbury bishop in whose favour the will was made? The following passage in the *Annual Register* for Feb. 1768, will inform us respecting at least one of them.

"There is now living in Lady Dacre's Alms-houses, Westminster, one Mrs. Windimore, whose maiden name was Hyde. She was granddaughter of Dr. Hyde, bishop of Salisbury, brother of the great Lord Chancellor Hyde, Earl of Clarendon; and she lost her fortune in the South Sea year 1720. She is also a distant cousin of their late Majesties Queen Mary and Queen Anne whose mother was Lady Anne Hyde Duchess of York, whose royal consort was afterwards King James II. A lively instance of the mutability of all worldly things, that a person related to two crowned heads should by a strange caprice of fortune be reduced to live in an Alms-house. She retains her senses in a tolerable degree; and her principal complaint is that she has outlived all her friends, being now upwards of an hundred years of age." A subsequent notice dated 6 January 1772 records Mrs. Windimore's death in Emanuel Hospital near Tothill Fields at the age of a hundred and eight years. She was, says the chronicler, "second cousin to Queen Anne, and had lived in that hospital upwards of fifty years." If further comment on the

above be admissible, it might take the following form. While the venerable lady, impoverished by the South Sea bubble, and sitting alone in the Dacre Almshouse, is no more an object of pity than Mrs. Bowles surrounded with affluence and brewing a dish of tea for Dr. Johnson; yet the short-sighted provisions of the will-maker who would gladly have averted such a result, may surely be permitted to remind us that our own stewardship ceases with our own life.

Now we go back to Dr. Johnson, respecting whose holiday on Salisbury Plain, it is to be regretted that there is little on record beyond a letter written from Heale to his friend and medical adviser Dr. Brocklesby. He remained there nearly three weeks; and as he informs us in his Diary that his employment principally consisted in "palliating his malady" we may be sure he was conveyed by his friends to visit Stonehenge and the other pre-historic relics scattered about that neighbourhood. One of these drives in Mr. Bowles's "high-hung coach" was into the city of Salisbury to witness some experiments on atmospheric air, when the Doctor could not restrain his propensity to growl audibly at the complimentary acknowledgments which the lecturer made to the recent scientific discoveries of Dr. Joseph Priestley the Unitarian divine. "Why do we hear so much of Dr. Priestley?" he muttered,—"Because," replied another of the auditors, "it is to Dr. Priestley that we owe these important discoveries."—"Well, well," he good-naturedly rejoined,—“I believe we do. Let every man have the honour he has merited.”

Several years ago, namely in 1849, the present writer communicated with Admiral William Bowles, with a view to recover if possible some additional memoranda of this visit of Dr. Johnson to his father's house; but it was the Admiral's impression that nothing had been preserved beyond what was to be found in Boswell; and as for his own recollections, they were completely at fault in the matter, as he was but three years old at the time. A like result followed application to Mr. Bowles' old friend Edward Duke, a neighbouring clergyman living at Lake House near Stonehenge. Mr. Duke had indeed often heard the visit referred to, and he remembered that a portrait of Dr. Johnson hung over the parlour fireplace; but this was nearly all.

We pass on to the year 1811, a period of commercial and military disaster, which threw its shadows, among others, over the inhabitants of Heale House. In South Wilts it was signalized by the failure of the Salisbury Bank of "Bowles, Ogden, and Wyndham;" and proved the occasion of immense distress among the middle classes of that district, inducing

William Cobbett to issue his famous essay entitled "*Paper versus Gold*, addressed to the farmers and tradesmen in and near Salisbury; being an examination of the report of the bullion committee; with an exposure of the entire system of stock-jobbing, the sinking fund, and the national debt." The stoppage of this country-bank was attributed to the failure of their agents in London. Mr. Bowles who was at the head of the firm was a man of good landed property, but under a fiat it was decreed to be all disposed of; whereupon he retired to Southampton, and eventually to some remote part of the New Forest, where he died at an advanced age, about 1839. This spot was probably Bolderwood Lodge; and the following obituary notice, occurring in a local paper, would seem further to indicate that it was a family estate, and the place where his wife had died many years previously.—"In October 1798, Mrs. Bowles of Bolderwood Lodge in the New Forest, aged forty one years, was buried at Plaitford, followed by her husband and nine children." To the history of these children we must now advance.

I. SIR WILLIAM BOWLES, K.C.B. and Admiral of the Fleet, was born at Heale House in 1780. He entered the Navy at the age of sixteen, and was present in the expedition to Copenhagen, and afterwards in that against the Spanish ports. In 1812, while commanding the *Aquilon*, Captain Bowles, assisted by Capt. David Latimer St. Clair of the *Sheldrake*, had to execute the disastrous office of destroying seven large English merchant ships laden with hemp, which had run ashore in a fog near Stralsund. As 1500 French soldiers were posted on a neighbouring cliff, from which they could sweep the decks of the merchantmen, it was manifestly impracticable to bring them off. Their destruction therefore was accomplished by approaching each ship in succession on the off-side, scuttling her on that side, and then setting her on fire. In 1813, and again in 1820, Captain Bowles controlled the South American station, and twice received complimentary addresses from the British merchants of Buenos Ayres; the latter memorial being accompanied with a present of plate. In 1822 he was appointed Controller-general of the coast-guard of England and Ireland, which office he held till advanced to the rank of Rear Admiral in 1841. He became Admiral of the Fleet in 1869. In 1820 he had married the Hon. Frances Temple, sister of the late Lord Palmerston. His death occurred on the 2nd of July 1869, at his residence, 21 Hill Street, Berkeley Square, in the ninetieth year of his age, just when he had reached his highest grade.

II. SIR GEORGE, born 1787, a General in the Army, and

G.C.B.;—served in Germany, the Peninsula, Flanders, and France,—Military Secretary to the Duke of Richmond in Canada and Jamaica,—Commander of Lower Canada during the rebellion of 1838,—Master of the Queen's household in 1845,—M.P. for Launceston, 1844;—Lieutenant of the Tower of London, 1851;—Colonel of the First West India Regiment, 1855; died unmarried, 1876.

III. THOMAS-HENRY, barrister at law; died unmarried at the Cape of Good Hope in 1868.

IV. ANNE, married in 1805 to Dr. Fowler of Salisbury, and died 1878, aged ninety six, when this branch of the Bowles family became extinct, and the great wealth that she inherited from her brothers went to the Salisbury Infirmary.

V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X. Lucy, Charlotte, Harriet, Katharine, Amelia, and Augusta, died young or unmarried.

Family of Whinyates.

X. KATHARINE, sixth daughter of Admiral Frankland, married in 1777 Major Thomas Whinyates of Abbotsleigh, Devon, of the second Dragoon Guards and afterwards of the East India service, and had six sons and nine daughters.

The house of Whinyates traces from the manor and estate of Chellaston, five miles from Derby, purchased during the middle ages from an Earl of Huntingdon. Robert Whinyates of Queen Elizabeth's time married in 1587 Katharine Osborne, and had a son Richard buried at Chellaston in 1660. Richard's wife was Elizabeth daughter of Gilbert Wakelyn of Hilton, Derby. Charles Whinyates of Peterborough and of Chellaston, born 1691, was an Officer in Temple's Dragoons, and afterwards in the Coldstream Guards. He held the post of Richmond Herald, and was grandfather to Major Thomas Whinyates with whom we began as the husband of Katharine Frankland. Their children were,

I. THOMAS, a most intrepid sea-captain,—born in 1778,—entered the Navy at the age of fifteen,—was present at the storming of Fort-Royal, Martinique, March 1794,—in Bridport's action off Port L'Orient with the Brest fleet, 23 June 1795,—in Warren's action in Donegal Bay, 12 Oct. 1798 with the French squadron for the invasion of Ireland, on which occasion he fought in the *Robust* 74 which captured the *La Hoche* of 80 guns. He commanded the *Frolic* at the capture of Guadaloupe, Martinique, and St. Martins, 1809—10; but at this point in his career, a check awaited him. Misfortune it could hardly be termed as respected himself,

~~since~~ his conduct throughout the affair rather gilded than tarnished the laurels already gathered. During the second war with America in 1812, Captain Whinyates, still in command of his brig *Frolic* of only 384 tons, was convoying the homeward bound trade from the Bay of Honduras, when on the 18 Sep. he was captured by the United States sloop *Wasp*, Capt. Jacob Jones, after an engagement which lasted fifty minutes. Captain Whinyates entered into action under great disadvantages. His vessel, besides being smaller than the American, had both her top-masts badly sprung and the main-yard carried away by a recent gale. He was in the act of repairing this damage when the enemy approached. His men too were fewer in number and in a low condition; yet the fight was maintained till fifteen of the crew were slain, and himself with all his officers and forty three men wounded. In the course of the same day the *Wasp* was captured and the *Frolic* recovered by the *Poitiers* of 74 guns, Capt. John P. Beresford; to whom Whinyates' conduct appeared to have been so decidedly gallant that he re-instated him in the command of his brig until her arrival at Bermuda. A Court-martial afterwards declared that he had done all that was possible, and as a matter of course he was honourably acquitted. Meanwhile his post-commission had borne date from 12 August 1812, of which he remained unacquainted till his return to England. He became Rear Admiral in 1846. The five clasps of Admiral Whinyate's war-medal record his valour at,—1, Guadaloupe,—2, Martinique,—3, in Warren's action,—4, in Bridport's,—5, for boat service at the storming of Fort Royal Martinique. He died unmarried in 1857, aged seventy nine.

2. RUSSELL-MANNERS-MERTOLU, so named in memory of his birth in 1780 at Mertolu a Portuguese town in the Alentejo, at a time when his parents were prisoners of war. He died at Brighton in 1788.

3. SIR EDWARD-CHARLES WHINYATES, K.C.B. and K.H. This distinguished soldier, born in 1782, was educated at Dr. Newcome's school, Hackney, and at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He entered the army in 1798 as second lieutenant in the Artillery, and was with Sir Ralph Abercrombie at the landing of the Helder, and under the Duke of York in the campaign of North Holland. In 1807 he was at the siege and capture of Copenhagen under Lord Cathcart. From 1810 to 1813 he fought in the Peninsula, sharing in many an arduous action, and being generally found in the advance or rear guards; for which services he received the Peninsula medal with two clasps for Busaco and Albuera.

At Waterloo, where he was severely wounded in the left arm, he commanded the second Rocket Troop, R.H.A. and during the three following years remained with the army of occupation in France. A brevet majority and a medal were the rewards of his conduct at Waterloo. And here his active services ceased, with the exception, twenty five years later, of commanding the Artillery during some domestic disturbances in the northern counties; but his nominal honours had yet to advance till they culminated in the rank of General in December 1864, being then eighty two years of age. General Whinyates married in 1827 Elizabeth only daughter of Samuel Crompton of Woodend, Yorks, Esq. which lady died in childbirth in the following year. His own decease took place in 1865 at his residence, Dorset Villa, Cheltenham.

4. GEORGE BURRINGTON WHINYATES, Captain in the royal navy,—born in 1783, and educated at Dr. Newcome's school,—commenced service at the age of fourteen; and in 1806 was at the fight of San Domingo when Admiral Duckworth took or destroyed four sail of the line. In the Hon. Robert Stopford's ship the *Spencer*, 74, Mr. Whinyates was serving as Lieutenant, ignorant of the fact that he had already been promoted to a Captaincy. The *Spencer* captured the *Alexandre*, 80,—medal granted. The last ship he commanded was the *Bergère* sloop of war of 18 guns. He died of consumption, unmarried, at the age of twenty five.

5. MAJOR GENERAL FREDERICK-WILLIAM WHINYATES of the Royal Engineers,—married at Harpton Court in 1830 Sarah-Marianne Whalley, and had eight children. Husband and wife still living (1879) at the family seat, Dorset Villa, Cheltenham.

1. Harriet, died in infancy, 1830.
2. Emily-Marianne died at the age of four.
3. Frederick-Thomas, Lieut. Col. Royal Horse Artillery,—mar. 1872 Constance fifth d. of Matthew Bell of Bourne-Park, Canterbury, Esq.
4. Edward-Henry, of Trin. Col. Oxon, curate at East Hampstead, Berks.
5. Francis-Arthur, Major, commanding the C. Battery, A. Bde Royal Horse Artillery
6. Albert-William-Orme, Captain H.P. Royal Artillery. Mar. 1868 Margaret-Williams, only d. of Major General William Dunn, R.A. died 1878, aged thirty seven.
7. Amy-Octavia.
8. Charles-Elidon, Captain in 52nd Light Infantry. Died at Mentone in 1872, aged twenty six.

6. GENERAL FRANCIS-FRANKLAND WHINYATES, of the Madras Artillery, married, 1826 Elizabeth Campbell of Ormsdale, Co. Argyle.

7. SARAH-ANNE-CATHERINA, died in 1860, having married, first, in 1803, Lieut. James Robertson of the Bengal Engineers; and secondly, in 1811, Captain Robert Youngusband of her Majesty's 53rd Regiment. Her children by the first marriage were,—James-Alexander, who died in 1828,—and Sarah-Mary-Emily, mar. 1833, to Major Chalmer of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and had nine children. Mrs. Chalmer died in 1850, her husband in 1868. The issue were,

1. Anna.
2. Emily-Eliza, mar. 1870 to Capt. P. Carr, and has a son.
3. Catharine-Frances.
4. Charlotte-Amy-Rachel, mar. 1875 to Mr. Percy P. Lysaght.
5. Georgina-Isabella, infant.
6. Gilbert-Stirling, Capt. in the Blues,—mar. 1873 to the Hon. Norah Westenra,—has a son, Henry-Francis.
7. Reginald, Capt. 60th Rifles.
8. George, Capt. 92nd Highlanders.
9. Francis, Lieut. R.N. retired.
8. AMY, died unmarried, 1875, aged ninety.
9. RACHEL, died unmarried, 1858.
10. ELLEN-MARGARET, died in infancy, 1788.
11. ISABELLA-JANE, died unmarried, 1868.
12. MERCY, died in infancy, in 1790.
13. CAROLINE-CHARLOTTE, died in infancy in 1796.
14. OCTAVIA, married William Christmas of Whitfield, Co. Waterford, who died 1867.
15. LETITIA, died unmarried in 1862.

This brings down to present times the history of the pre-eminently fighting race of the Whinyates; who since their union with Admiral Frankland's daughter have furnished fourteen conspicuous male names to the two Services, besides brothers in law.

The family of Nicholas.

XI. CHARLOTTE, seventh daughter of Admiral Frankland, married in 1778 Robert, elder son of Dr. Edward Richmond Nicholas, of Roundway Park, Devizes, described in an obituary notice in the *Salisbury Journal* of 1770 as "an eminent

physician of Devizes," where and in the neighbourhood the family had long flourished. Nicholas memorials are found in the parishes of St. John and St. Mary, Devizes, Southbroom St. James Devizes, Bishops Cannings, All Cannings, Winterbourn-Earls, and Manningford-Bruce. Possibly they all derive from an eminent individual connected at some remote period with the county of Wilts and bearing the title of "Chamberlain Nicholas;" whose history has been sought in vain, but whose memorial seems to survive in the name of the village "Compton Chamberlain Nicholas," long the seat of the Penruddockes. The family of Nicholas, thus widely spread in Wiltshire, has furnished many distinguished characters,—four for instance in the Civil War period,—John and Matthew two royalist divines, Sir Edward the well known Secretary to Charles I and II, and Robert Nicholas the barrister, who was Recorder and M.P. for Devizes, one of the prosecuting counsel at Archbishop Laud's trial, and afterwards one of Oliver's Judges. The central home of the clan appears to have been Roundway Park and village aforesaid. Evidence at least that they had a mansion here four hundred years back survives in a tradition inserted in their pedigree (*Harleian MSS.* 1443) that "William Nicholas was slain without the gate-house at Roundway" an event associated apparently with the Wars of the Roses, and corresponding in date with the Battle of Tewkesbury. Moreover, the Antiquaries seem pretty well satisfied that the inheritance of Roundway constitutes a material part of the evidence which traces the direct descent of this branch from the Lords De la Roche of Haverfordwest through the Lady Dionysia the only child of the last lord. See note in *Cole of Devon's genealogy*, by J. E. Cole of the Inner Temple. This barony therefore, which has long been in abeyance, found a diligent suitor in the late Mr. Nicholas, nor have his descendants relinquished the claim. That gentleman, to whom we now revert as the husband of Miss Charlotte Frankland, was educated at Winchester School and Christ Church, Oxon, and was styled "of Roundway and afterwards of Ashton-Keynes," both in North Wilts, Esq. F.S.A. a barrister at law and county magistrate, M.P. for Cricklade 1784—1790, in the Tory interest, and chairman of the board of excise for 32 years. The children by his two marriages were eighteen in number; those descending from Miss Frankland being as follows.

1. EDWARD, Chargé d'affaires at Hamburg, latterly Governor of Heligoland, and a Dutch merchant,—born 1779,—died 1828.

2. ROBERT, a daring naval officer, who lost his life at sea,

Board of Control. That Whig Government fell in 1851, and Mr. Lewis lost his seat till the death of his father gave him the family honour of representing the Radnor boroughs. His return to Parliament was signalized by his appointment to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and that too at a very critical period, during the War with Russia, when Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the Palmerston Ministry created a void which no one seemed capable of filling. That Sir George Lewis should be selected as the fit and proper substitute seems to have entered into the calculation neither of friend nor foe. During his absence from the House, that post had been filled successively by Sir Charles Wood, Benjamin Disraeli, and W. E. Gladstone. Creditably to succeed to either of the two first was within his easy reach. To follow Mr. Gladstone in such a department has been described as "an act of heroic daring." When Mr. Gladstone had opened his first budget in 1853, the pressure for members' seats was enormous. Strangers had been waiting for admission from noon; and though he spoke for more than four hours, no one moved. The next year there was a still greater push, people gathering in the Lobby as early as nine in the morning, and Lord Brougham being observed under the Gallery for the first time since his retreat into the Upper House. But now, under Sir George Lewis, though the Crimean War was not yet brought to an end, the public interest even in matters of finance seemed to be entirely crushed out; nor could any reason be assigned but the unattractive manner of the speaker. No party evinced any curiosity as to what he would propose; and all felt that the weariness of listening to his expositions was an ordeal which only his thorough honesty could condone. It was Sir George's infirmity of embarrassed and feeble utterance which constituted the principal obstacle in his official career, and it was one which he never overcame. He found it far easier to vindicate his own independence, and to dissipate the impression which at first prevailed among outsiders that he was the mere exponent of Lord Palmerston's schemes. With equanimity and fortitude he wrought out for himself a palpable individuality, and for his measures a fair proportion of popular approval; to which must be added the element of power which rests on the personal attachment and esteem of contemporaries. Nothing short of these qualities would have enabled him to encounter the varied responsibilities of his closing days; for he was yet destined to perform the duties of Home-Secretary, and eventually those of the War-Office to which he succeeded on the resignation of Lord Herbert of Lea in 1861. His death took place two years later, at his

country-seat of Harpton Court, whither he had retired during the Parliamentary vacation to obtain a brief rest from official duties. In the hour of his seizure and death no one was present but Lady Theresa Lewis.

Astonishment has sometimes been expressed that Sir George Lewis should have sought the distinction of a statesman in combination with so many opposing tastes and in face of so many personal disqualifications. Fitted rather for the reclusive life of a scholar and a philosopher, and destitute of those superficial qualities which go so far in the make-up of a parliamentary paladin, he yet contrived to engraft on his peaceful nature the character of a resolute public man. His father's example was no doubt a stimulating influence, but his own perseverance and native simplicity of heart were the principal weapons of his warfare. Thus he mastered every topic that came before him, and made opposing strategists aware of the fact without the slightest attempt at parade. He was, in fine, very much such a public servant as Oliver Cromwell would have delighted to honour; while at the same time the profound character of his classic studies would have taxed John Milton's talent for panegyric. His knowledge of history was so exhaustive as frequently to issue in scepticism; and he contributed not a little to the disillusion of the popular beliefs which rest on chroniclers of the imaginative order. His earliest productions are to be found in the *Classical Journal*, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and in translations from the German, from and after which period he revelled in a perfect miscellany of subjects, political economy, jurisprudence, astronomy, ethics, philology, and the origin of races. He was acting as editor of the *Edinburgh Review* when summoned to become a Cabinet Minister, and did not even then relinquish his favourite pursuits. Sir George married in 1844 Lady Theresa Villiers, sister of George William fourth Earl of Clarendon, and widow of Thomas Henry Lister, Esq., herself a clever and vivacious author, and one to whose domestic companionship has been attributed a large share in the literary successes of her husband. By his will, executed in 1861, he bequeathed to her (beyond her marriage-settlement) all his property in British, foreign or colonial securities for her own absolute use; also Kent-House the Town-residence with the furniture and effects; but as respected jewellery, he directed that the diamonds presented to her ladyship by his father the late Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis should upon her decease become the property of the testator's brother, the successor to the title and estates, whom he had appointed his sole executor

feared for awhile that his lungs were fatally injured ; and though the voyage from Egypt to Messina partially restored him, a return to England was advised and eventually put in practice. But before this check to his professional career should occur, he had contrived to see service of a novel kind in South Italy, where his duties in reconnoitring the movements of the French brought him into fellowship with the Banditti of Calabria, to whom his frank and happy nature at once endeared him. He describes them, it is true, as "savages who never shaved or cut their hair, and in appearance the most horrid ruffians imaginable," yet he was evidently fascinated by their skill and intrepidity in harassing the foe ; and one of their chieftains in return flattered him by the presentation of a rifle. After the affair of Scylla in Feb. 1808, we find him entrusted with diplomatic messages to the Spanish authorities, a plain indication that his reputation for enlarged action was on the rise. But the ardour of his nature would not allow him to be absent from the battle of Alcanitz in May 1809, where the Spaniards as usual left all the fighting to their English allies, who nevertheless achieved a dashing success. He now paid the long delayed visit to England, in order to consult Dr. Baillie, who after due examination, pronounced his lungs sound and unhurt. This cheering announcement, combined with the solatium of his Wiltshire home which he enjoyed till the ensuing spring, lifted his spirits and confirmed his health ; and he went back in March as second Engineer nominated for the defence of Cadiz. How he again threw his energies into the weary struggle,—how he organized and worked a new telegraphic system of his own contrivance,—how efficiently he drew the lines round Cadiz and La Isla, and while reconnoitring the marshy stations there, how often he was obliged to swim from bank to bank through the dykes,—how his intelligence and prowess were conspicuous throughout the fight at Barossa,—and how it was all felt to be in large measure recompensed by the approval and friendship of Sir Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) ; all indeed amply ratifies his own assertion that he was born to be a soldier, but they further testify that at the early age of twenty five he had already reached the standard of a veteran. In after years Sir Thomas Graham habitually spoke of his conduct at Barossa as beyond all praise. But let the young soldier here tell his own story, as recorded in his letters home

"It was the most glorious day England ever saw. I wish the eyes of the world had been upon us. I have not had time to indulge in melancholy reflections since I received

your letter; but as I galloped through the fire, I thought of the pleasure of meeting my mother and brothers, and never saw death with more indifference. The men fell too fast to be counted. In short, never was there greater slaughter or a more distinguished battle and victory. It exceeds Maida and Alcanitz. I assure you they were nothing in comparison. Captain Birch and myself were publickly thanked on the field of battle for the assistance we rendered General Graham, in these words,—‘There are no two officers in the army to whom I am more indebted than to you two,’—stretching out his hands to us,—‘You have shewn yourselves as fine fellows in the field as at your redoubts.’ I hope he will not forget me in his public letter. In every action I have been in before, I have not been perfectly satisfied with myself, always thinking that I might have done more. At Barossa I inwardly feel and am satisfied that I did honour to our name”

“But alas, as in all our victories, honour will be the only reward that falls to us. We have retired again into La Isla, disgusted with our allies; and have left them to pursue their objects as they can. Our men and the soldiers’ wives abuse the Spanish Officers and men as they pass them in the streets; so that it is probable some disturbance will happen. The Portuguese infantry, who fought admirably, publickly abuse them in the streets.”

The above compliment from the General was felt to be high praise when pronounced upon a field where every Briton had proved himself a hero. Well has Sir Walter Scott indicated the difficulty of selection among the illustrious names of that hour.

“Yes, hard the task when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame.
Hark, Albuera thunders Beresford!
And red Barossa shouts for dauntless Græme.
Oh for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the World re-echo to their fame.
For never upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest’s well-bought wreath were braver victors crown’d.”

About this time Mr. Nicholas reported home the fall of his cousin, Captain Whinyates of the Royal Artillery, which happily proved incorrect. He had more certain intelligence respecting the death of his own brother, Lieut. Thomas Nicholas, who perished at sea, of whom hereafter. We now pass to the tragedy of Badajos, where William Nicholas alone must fill our vision.

It was just, as it was naturally to be expected, that he should

volunteer to direct the action of the storming column which ascended the great breach; and it was in accordance with his habits of thoroughness that in the dead of the night, preceding the night of the attack, he determined on making a personal reconnoitre of the position. For this purpose he stripped, and disregarding the perils of sentinels or of cold water, forded the inundation of the Ravellas in order to determine the safest passage across,—an action, of which due note was taken by Sir Thomas Graham.

The next night witnessed the assault. After twice assaying to reach the summit of the breach, Nicholas fell, wounded by a musket-ball grazing his knee, a bayonet-thrust in the right leg, his left arm broken, and his wrist bleeding from a third shot. Thus shattered, he rolled among the horrid debris; but on hearing the soldiers demand who should lead them on to the third attack, he rallied his energies sufficiently to order two of his men to hold him up in their arms and carry his wounded body to the front. Again were they at the top of the breach, when one of his bearers fell dead, and himself received a fourth shot which broke two ribs and passed out near the spine. This shock precipitated him the whole length of the slope down to the bottom of the breach. By his side were falling his friends Colonel McLeod, Captain James, and Major General Colville. The last mentioned Officer swooned from the agony of a wound in the thigh, but he afterwards recovered; and when writing home to his brother in law Canon Frankland (an uncle to William Nicholas) he says, “the last sound which I heard was the voice of that valuable young man and excellent Officer, Captain Nicholas, emphatically exhorting his men in the ditch.”

After a first and imperfect dressing of his wounds, William Nicholas summoned strength to write home, and thus began,—“My dear Sir”;—but wishing apparently once more to realize the more endearing relationship, he passes his pen through the word “Sir,” and writes,—“My dear Father. The breaches were stormed last night, and Badajos taken. I had the honour of showing and leading the troops of the advance to the great breach. I am wounded in the following manner;—one musket ball through the left arm, breaking it about the middle below the elbow,—another through my left side, breaking I believe one or two ribs,—two very slight wounds, one on the knee-pan, and one in the calf of my left leg,—ditto, wrist of the left arm. Adieu, my dear Father. Your most affectionate son—

WILLIAM NICHOLAS.

Camp before Badajos.
7 April. 1812.

He also sent a letter through Sir Thomas Graham to Lord Wellington, who made answer, that there was no Officer who need be under less anxiety than Captain Nicholas as to his country's being properly sensible of his services or of the certainty of honourable notice and promotion. The rank of Major by brevet was promptly bestowed, but it is doubtful whether he lived to be aware of it. On the fourth day he said to Captain Gardiner of the Artillery,—“It is worth while getting wounded, to feel the delight of recovering one's strength and of overcoming pain.” But in truth there were no more victories of that or any other kind in store for the languishing sufferer. The drain of so much blood had sapped his youthful energies, and the gorged and collapsed lungs refused to perform their normal function. We close the scene with the testimony of an attached friend, Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was also his medical attendant . . . “It was often,” says he, “a melancholy pleasure, when the sudden accession of violent pain from incautious exertion brought forth the unwilling shriek, to see him immediately smile, and beg us to forgive that unavoidable expression of his sufferings. He at times seemed as if he would communicate something to me; but until the moment previous to his death did not say anything particular; when, as I stood by his bedside, convulsively laying hold of my hand, he said, Fitzpatrick, you see I am near my end. When you return to England, tell my beloved father how I terminated my life. Console him and the family in the best manner you may be able. I know my death will be a severe blow to him my brothers and sisters.” And with these expressions he calmly expired. This happened in the afternoon of 14 April 1812, being the eighth day after his wounds.

Sir Richard Fletcher the Commanding Engineer erected, before quitting the captured city, an altar-tomb over the grave of his comrade, and announced the fact to the elder Mr. Nicholas, who had now in the brief space of two years lost three sons in the service. The biographer of William Nicholas in the *Military Chronicle* adopts as a motto suitable to his friend, the Greek epigram which declares that the favourite of the Gods dies young.

4. THOMAS, born 1790, a naval Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Satellite*. He was supposed to have been blown up with his boats' crew, while setting fire to the French frigate *Elise* off Tatatho on the coast of France, 19 Dec. 1810. At any rate, neither the boat nor her freight were ever again seen.

5. CHARLES, born 1794, died 1822; at first a Woolwich cadet; but on the death of his brother William, it was de-

cided to send him to Oxford. He eventually became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, but shortly after died of consumption at Madeira, his remains being brought to England for interment in the family vault at Ashton-Keynes.

6. CHARLOTTE, born 1784, died unmarried.

7. SOPHIA, born 1787, died unmarried in 1866.

8. FRANCES, died unmarried in 1860, aged seventy two, and was buried in Kensal Green cemetery.

9. HARRIET, married in 1816 Captain (afterwards, Admiral) Henry-Theodosius-Browne Collier, brother to Admiral Sir Francis Collier; and died in 1850 the mother of seven children.

I. George-Baring-Browne, Capt. R.N.—mar. Justina-Maria-Stepney, youngest d. of Joseph Gulston of Derwydd, Carmarthen.

II. Clarence-Augustus, Lieut. Col. Bombay Staff corps,—retired on full pay with rank of Colonel. He mar. Anne, d. of Peter Rolt Esq. M.P.

III. Herbert-Cromwell, Capt. 21 Hussars,—mar. Blanche-Frances, only child of Major General Bonner.

IV. Gertrude-Barbara-Rich., mar. Charles Tennant of Cadoxton Lodge, Glamorgan, Esq.

V. Harriette-Augusta-Royer, mar. Sir Alexander Campbell, bart. of Barcaldine.

VI. Adeline-Letitia,—mar. Robert Gordon, Adjutant General of the Madras Army.

VII. Clementina-Frances,—mar. Frederick-Erskine Johnston, Capt. R.N. son of the late Rt. Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston of Carnsalloch, co. Dumfries.

10. ELLENOR, born 1796, married Mr. Sutton, and died, s.p. in 1862.

11. MARIA, died unmarried in 1821.

Mrs. [Charlotte Frankland] Nicholas having died in 1800, her surviving husband married, secondly, in 1805, Anne, daughter of John Shepherd Clark Esq. and by her had, with many other children, Major Griffin Nicholas of the 62nd or Wiltshire regiment, the present head of the family and claimant of the barony of De la Roche aforesaid,—born in 1813, and now, 1879, resident at Hounslow. Mrs. Nicholas died at her son's house in 1873, having outlived her husband forty seven years. But as this second family do not inherit the blood of Cromwell, their history will not be further pursued. Mr. Nicholas had died in 1826, at Clifton, from whence the body was brought to Ashton-Keynes. As all the sons of his first marriage died childless, he is now represented by

Major Griffin Nicholas aforesaid, who has drawn up and printed a history of his ancestral house, entitled "*Genealogical Memoranda relating to the family of Nicholas.*" 4to. 1874.

Family of Gosset.

XII. GRACE, eighth daughter of Admiral Frankland, married in 1793 Matthew Gosset Esq. Viscount of Jersey; and died in 1801. This is a family of French descent, originally located either at St. Lo or at St. Sauveur in Normandy. They left France at the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Matthew Gosset's children by Grace Frankland were as follows.

I. William-Matthew, Lieut. Col. Royal Engineers;—served during the last war with America of 1812-14, and was engaged at the capture of Oswego. Married Louisa Walter in 1830, and died in 1856.

II. Admiral Henry Gosset; served like his brother in the last war with the States, and assisted at the capture of Genoa;—escorted Napoleon I. to St. Helena. Born in 1798,—died unmarried in 1877.

III. Captain Charles Gosset, of the Royal Navy;—served in the Mediterranean and Adriatic during the war with France;—died unmarried, 1868.

IV. Grace-Elizabeth,—married in 1819 to John Callaghan of Cork, Esq. and by him, who died 1844, had three children, of whom two sons are dead, and a daughter was married in 1876 to C. R. Palmer of Carrig, Queen's Co. Esq.

V. Arthur, of Eltham in Kent and of West Park, Mortlake; is a retired Major of Artillery, a Magistrate for Kent, and a Deputy-Lieutenant. In 1834 he married Augusta daughter of Thomas Morgan Esq. and had twelve children.

1. Augusta-Louisa.—2. Emma.

3. Arthur-Wellesley, late Capt. 2nd. Queen's Royals.—Sold out in 1868. Served throughout the China war of 1860 and in the advance on Peking. Medal and two clasps.

4. Matthew-William-Edward, Capt. 54th Foot;—received a medal for service during the Indian mutiny, —Aide de camp in 1878 to General Lord Chelmsford at the Cape of Good Hope, and in 1879. A.-Q.-M.-G. to General Newdigate.

5. Mary-Harriet.—6. Philip-Henry.

7. Laura-Henrietta.—8. Octavia-Georgina-Emily.

9. Gertrude-Maria; mar. 1873, to F. B. Shadwell of Barnes, Esq. has one son, born 1875.

10. Grace-Amelia.—11. Adelaide-Louisa-Julia.

12. Edward-Frankland, Lieut. first battalion of 15th Foot.

This completes the genealogies of the younger children of Admiral Frankland. The baronetcy has now to be carried on in the person of his eldest son and heir,

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, sixth baronet,—born 1750, died 1831, having, in 1775, married his cousin, Dorothy, daughter of William Smelt and niece of Leo Smelt Esq. Sub-governor to the Prince of Wales, [George IV.] and by her, who died 1820, had six children, the youngest of whom was his successor.

SIR ROBERT FRANKLAND, the seventh baronet, who having inherited the Chequers estate by the will of Sir Robert Greenhill Russell in 1836 [see page 108] assumed by sign manual the surname of Russell in addition to and after that of Frankland. He was born 1784, and in 1815 married the hon. Louisa-Anne, third daughter of Lord George Murray, bishop of St. David's. He sat in several Parliaments, but took no prominent part, nor held office. His five daughters were,

I. Augusta-Louisa, mar. 1842, to Thomas De Grey, fifth baron Walsingham, and d. 1844, leaving a son, Thomas, who in 1870 succeeded his father as sixth baron, and mar. 1877, Augusta-Selina-Elizabeth, widow of Ernest-Fitzroy Neville, Lord Burghersh.

II. Caroline-Agnes, d. unm. 1846.

III. Emily-Anne, mar. Sir William Payne Gallwey, of Thirkleby park, bart; M.P. for Thirsk, and was the mother of—1, Ralph-William, in the army, who mar. Edith-Alice, d. of Tho. M. Osborne of Blackrock, co. Cork.—2, Edwin.—3, Lionel.—4, Wyndham-Harry.—5, Leonora-Anne.—6, Bertha-Louisa.—7, Isabel-Julia, d. 1873.

IV. Julia-Roberta, mar. 1845, Ralph Neville Grenville, eldest s. of George Neville, and grandson of the second Baron Braybroke,—and had issue,—1. Robert, 1846,—2. George, 1850,—3. Hugh, 1851,—4. Louisa,—5. Agnes-Magdalen,—6. Beatrice,—7. Etheldreda.

V. Rosalind-Alicia, became in 1854 the second wife of Lieut. Col. Francis L'Estrange Astley, third son of Sir Jacob-Henry Astley; and is now [1878] Mrs. Frankland Russell Astley of Chequers Court, Bucks. Their issue were,—Bertram Frankland, 1857.—Hugh Delaval, 1860,—and Reginald Basil, 1862.

Sir Robert died in 1849, and was succeeded by his cousin.

SIR FREDERICK-WILLIAM FRANKLAND RUSSELL the eighth baronet, lately residing at Cheltenham. He was the eldest son of Roger Frankland the Canon of Wells. See page 123. Born in 1793, he received his military education at Marlow and Woolwich,—joined the Duke of Wellington in Portugal in 1812,—was present at Pampeluna, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Bidasoa, Bayonne, Toulouse, and Waterloo; also at the storming of Cambray,—held office in the Ordnance department at Gibraltar, served in the East and West Indies, and sold out in 1825. For fifteen years he was a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of Sussex, in which County his estate of Montham lay. In the evening of his days he drew up, at the request of his children, a relation of his military life, more particularly of the part which he had borne in the Peninsular War, and under the title of "*Reminiscences of a Veteran*" it was printed for private circulation in 1872, adorned with a portrait of the old soldier. It makes no pretensions to systematic history, but abounds with personal incidents like the following. His health, it appears, was far from good when he left England as a youth, yet he had no disposition to retreat before that or any other obstacle. It was therefore rather humbling to his pride when, one day, while the Army was ploughing its way by the torrent of Bidasoa, driving the French before them, a message came from the Adjutant directing the young Officer to go to the rear, and taking command of the sick men there gathered, to march them to the nearest hospital-station. The order was peremptory and had to be put in immediate execution. So the march began; but after the first quarter of a mile, its ignominy could be endured no longer, and the word was given to "Halt." "Well, my lads," he went on, "I never expected to have such a duty as this to perform. I ought at this moment to be leading the Grenadiers into action; instead of which I am sent to the rear with a pack of skulking fellows who are shamming sickness because they are tired of fighting. You may hear the guns firing now, and the French are in full retreat. Come now, just change your minds. You may be unwell, but there is not one of you so ill as myself. I declare it drives me mad to think of it." After a short pause, one of their number stepped forward.—"Mr. Frankland, we are all knocked up, but we have nevertheless determined to go back with you." So the word was given "right about face;" the fighting battalion was soon overtaken, and every invalid rejoined his company.

Sir Frederick married in 1821 Katharine-Margaret, only

daughter of Isaac Scarth of Stakesby, Yorks, Esq. by whom, who died 1871, he had,

I. Frederick-Roger, midshipman in the *Winchester*, died at Sierra Leone, 1845.

II. Thomas, of the 48th Madras native infantry, killed in 1857 at the storming of a tower in the Secundur-Bagh at Lucknow.

III. Harry-Albert, midshipman in the *Alarm*, died of fever at Vera Cruz, 1847.

IV. William-Adolphus, Major in the Royal Engineers, married in 1864 Lucy Ducarel, daughter of Francis Adams of Clifton and the Cotswold, Gloster, Esq.

V. Colville, Captain 103rd Fusileers, married in 1870 Mary Jay, daughter of William Dawson of New York, and has a son, born 1872.

VI. Frederica, died in infancy at Poonah E.I.

VII. Eliza-Henrietta-Augusta, married at Frankfort on the Maine, 1861, to Major F. S. Vacher, of the 22nd Regiment.

VIII. Maria-Margaret-Isabella, died 1860.

Sir Frederick-William Frankland died 1878, aged eighty five, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son—

SIR WILLIAM-ADOLPHUS FRANKLAND the ninth baronet.

In Henry Stooks Smith's *Parliaments of England* the representatives of Thirsk, being members of the allied families of Greenhill, Greenhill-Russell, Frankland, and Crompton, are invariably marked as Whigs from 1806 downwards. Previous to that date, their politics are not specified in Mr. Smith's work.

Earldoms of Chichester and Darnley, and Viscounty of Middleton.

ANNE FRANKLAND, only daughter and heiress of Frederick Meinhardt Frankland Esq. [see page 109] married in 1754 Thomas Pelham Esq. who succeeded his cousin as second Baron Pelham of Stanmer in Sussex, and in 1801 was created Earl of Chichester; dying four years afterwards. The Pelhams of Sussex were an eminently Whig family. There were four of the name in the Long Parliament. Peregrine Pelham M.P. for Hull was a regicide; but whether or not related to the Sussex family, unknown. Sir Thomas Pelham, the member for Sussex and the direct ancestor of the present Earl of Chichester, served on the Committee acting in the

Parliament's behalf for that county. *Lords' Journals*, vii.

208. Thomas Pelham's children by Anne Frankland were—

I. THOMAS, second Earl.

II. Henrietta-Anne, married to George-William Leslie, tenth Earl of Rothes, of whom presently.

III. Henry, born 1759, died 1797, having married Katharine daughter of Thomas Cobb, Esq. Issue—two daughters.—1. Katharine-Elizabeth-Anne, and—2. Fanny, married to Capt. James Hamilton Murray, R.N.

IV. Frances, born 1760, married to George fourth Viscount Midleton of Ireland; and died 1783, leaving a daughter, Frances-Anne, who became the wife of Inigo Freeman Thomas of Ratten in Sussex Esq. and died, s.p. in 1858.

V. Lucy, Countess to John first Earl of Sheffield, d. s.p. 1797.

VI. Emily, born 1764.

VII. George, D.D. Bishop successively of Bristol, Exeter, and Lincoln. He married Mary daughter of Sir Richard Rycroft, and d. s.p. 1827.

THOMAS, 2ND EARL OF CHICHESTER, born 1756. Throughout the period of the French Revolution he was Chief Secretary for Ireland under Lord Camden. As Lord Pelham in the House of Commons he distinguished himself by maintaining, in alliance with Mr. (afterwards, Earl) Grey, the right of the House to be made acquainted with the merits of every case of foreign negotiation, as the only means of escaping constant warlike complications. On the ground of humanity, he was one of those who urged the prosecution of Warren Hastings. He married in 1801 Henrietta-Juliana, daughter of Francis Godolphin, fifth Duke of Leeds, and left issue,

I. Mary, born 1803, died 1860.

II. HENRY-THOMAS, third Earl.

III. Amelia-Rose, married to Major-General Sir Joshua Jebb of the Royal Engineers.

IV. Frederick-Thomas, Rear Admiral R.N. married 1841 to Ellen-Kate d. of Rowland Mitchell Esq. and had,—1. Frederick-John.—2. Frederick-Sidney, Lieut. R.N.—3. Constance-Mary-Kate.—4. Emily-Blanche. 5. Beatrice-Emily-Julia.—6. Kathleen-Mary-Maud.

V. John-Thomas, D.D. Bishop of Norwich;—mar. Henrietta d. of Thomas William Tatton Esq. of Wythenshaw, and had issue,—1. Henry-Francis, of Ex. Col. Oxon. mar. 1873, Laura-Priscilla, d. of S

Edw. Buxton, bart.—2. John Barrington, in orders.—
3. Sidney, B.A.—4. Herbert.—5. Fanny.

VI. Henrietta-Juliana, b. 1813.

VII. Katharine-Georgiana,—mar. 1837 to Lowther-
John Barrington, rector of Watton.

VIII. Lucy-Anne, second wife to Sir David Dundas
of Beechwood, bart.

The Earl died in 1826, and was succeeded by his son,

HENRY-THOMAS PELHAM, THIRD EARL OF CHICHESTER,
born 1804, married 1828 Mary daughter of Robert sixth
Earl of Cardigan, and had issue,

I. WALTER-JOHN, Lord Pelham, mar. 1861, Eliza-
Mary, only d. of the hon. Sir John Duncan-Bligh.

II. Francis-Godolphin, M.A. vicar of St. Mary's
Beverley, Yorks, mar. Alice Carr, d. of Lord Wol-
verton, and has,—Joselyn-Brudenel.—Ruth Mary.—
Henry-George-Godolphin.

III. Thomas-Henry-William, barrister at law.

IV. Arthur-Lowther.

V. Harriet-Mary, mar. 1850 to John Stuart Bligh,
Earl of Darnley in the peerage of Ireland, and Baron
Clifton in that of England; descended from John
Bligh one of Cromwell's agents for the settlement of
forfeited estates in Ireland. Issue, Edward-Henry-
Stuart, Kathleen-Susan-Emma, and other children.

VI. Susan-Emma, mar. 1853 to Abel Smith of
Woodhall park, Herts.

VII. Isabella-Charlotte, mar. 1855 to Samuel
Whitbread, M.P. for Bedford.

Earldom of Rothes.

HENRIETTA-ANNE PELHAM, eldest daughter of Thomas
first Earl of Chichester, married 1789 George-William tenth
Earl of Rothes of the kingdom of Fife, and had, with Amelia
and Mary who died unmarried,

HENRIETTA-ANNE, Countess, who in 1806 married George
Gwyther, on his assumption of the surname and arms of
Leslie, and had issue :

I. GEORGE-WILLIAM EVELYN, eleventh Earl.

II. Thomas-Jenkins, in the Army.

III. Henrietta-Anne, wife of Charles-Knight Mur-
ray, barrister at law.

IV. Mary-Elizabeth, mar. Martin E. Haworth of
the 60th Rifles.

V. Anna-Maria, mar. Henry-Hugh Courtenay, rector of Mamhead, son of the eleventh Earl of Devon, and had,—Henry-Reginald, and Hugh-Leslie.

VI. Katharine-Caroline, mar. John Parker, Capt. 66th Foot.

The Countess died in 1819 and was succeeded by her son.

GEORGE-WILLIAM EVELYN, eleventh Earl of Rothes, born 1809, married Louisa third daughter of Henry Anderson Morshead of Widey Court, Devon, and left at his death in 1841, a daughter, Henrietta Anderson Morshead, who eventually became Countess, and an only son, namely,

GEORGE-WILLIAM EVELYN, twelfth Earl, who died unmarried in 1859, when the family honours devolved upon his sister,

HENRIETTA-ANDERSON MORSHEAD-LESLIE, COUNTESS OF ROTHES, and Baroness Leslie and Ballenbreich in the peerage of Scotland;—married, 1861, to the hon. George Waldegrave Leslie third son of William eighth Earl of Waldegrave.

A full history of the Leslies of Rothes would embrace the annals of Scotland from the eleventh century downwards. It must suffice to state that John the fifth Earl, who was at first an ardent promoter of *The Solemn League and Covenant*, died an equally ardent partizan of King Charles,—that his youthful son and successor, John the sixth Earl, marched with Charles II. to Worcester fight, when he was taken prisoner and shut up in the Tower,—that at Cromwell's death he rejoined the exiled Prince; and returning in triumph to his native country, armed with extraordinary powers, became a terrible scourge to the Scottish Covenanters. The marriage of a modern Earl of Rothes with a descendant of Frances Cromwell furnishes a curious instance, among many others, of the Protector's house being eventually represented by names and titles which during his own life-time were conspicuous in the hostile camp.

Family of Gee.

ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Frankland the second baronet (see page 110) married Roger Talbot of Woodend in Yorkshire; whose only daughter, Arabella, or Elizabeth?, became the second wife of Colonel William Gee, who fell at Fontenoy in 1743. They had one son, viz.

ROGER GEE, Esq. of Bishop-Burton, who by his wife Caroline, eighth daughter and co-heir of Sir Warton Penyman Warton, had two daughters,—I. Sarah-Elizabeth, mar-

ried to Henry Boldero Barnard of Cave Castle; and II. Caroline, married to George Hotham of the Guards. Mr. Gee died in 1778 and was buried in Bath Abbey—His daughters, who were his co-heirs, sold the Woodend estate to the Crompton family.

Family of Barnard.

SARAH-ELIZABETH GEE married Mr. Barnard aforesaid in 1788 and had surviving issue, as follows,

I. HENRY-GEE, born 1789, a Captain in the Scots Greys.

II. CHARLES-LEWYNS, born 1790; entered the army in his fifteenth year, as Ensign in his uncle General Hotham's regiment, and finally became a Captain of the Scots Greys, in the troop previously commanded by his elder brother. After distinguishing himself in no less than twelve engagements under the Duke of Wellington, he fell at Waterloo in 1815.

III. EDWARD-WILLIAM, held the family living of South Cave, and died at Chester in 1827, leaving, by his wife, Philadelphia - Frances - Esther, daughter of Archdeacon Wrangham, three children, namely, — 1. Edward-Charles-Gee, born 1822.—2. Rosamund.—3. Caroline.

IV. SARAH-ELEANOR, married in 1832 to Joseph, only surviving son of Samuel Delpratt of Jamaica, and had issue one daughter, Eleanor-Josephine.

Mr. Boldero Barnard died in 1815,—his widow in 1832,—and was succeeded by his eldest son Henry Gee Barnard.

Family of Hotham and baronetcy of Lubbock.

CAROLINE, the second daughter of Roger Gee aforesaid, became in 1792 the first wife of Lieut-Col. George Hotham, eldest son of General George Hotham, and brother to Admiral Lord Hotham. She died in 1811.

The fate of the two Hothams, father and son, of the Civil War period, has for ever given to the family a prominence in English history. In more modern days they have furnished a considerable number of combatants both on land and sea, and the name is associated with some of the Nation's proudest military traditions. The children of Colonel Hotham and Miss Gee were as follows.

I. William, Rear Admiral, R.N. born 1794,—went to sea at the age of ten in the *Raisonnable* 64, commanded by his

uncle Vice Admiral Sir William Hotham ;—distinguished himself at Antwerp, Cadiz, Matagorda, the capture of *La Persanne*, French store ship,—destroying batteries at Omago on the coast of Istria,—storming the fort of Farisina,—capturing the batteries of Rovigno,—commanding a flotilla on the Po, in co-operation with the Austrian army,—sailing in the squadron which escorted Louis XVIII to his restored dominions in 1814, &c.

II. George, a Captain of Engineers, born 1796, died 1860. He married Caroline daughter of Richard Watt of Bishop-Burton Esq., and had two children, Richard, an officer in the army ; and Harriet. By his second wife, Amelia, daughter of Francis Ramsden Hawkesworth, he had Arthur, Francis, Alice, and Laura.

III. Charles, Prebendary of York, married Lucy-Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Christopher Sykes.

IV. John, in the Artillery, E. I. Co.—His first wife was Maria daughter of Henry Thompson of Burton, Esq. By his second, Mary, daughter of Rev. D. R. Roundell, he had,—Charles, John, Caroline, Fanny, and Gertrude.

V. Sarah, married in 1823 to Stephen Creyke, archdeacon of York, and had issue,—Walter-Pennington,—Alexander-Stephen.—Alfred-Richard.—Caroline-Julia.—Diana-Jane.—Gertrude-Hotham.

VI. Charlotte, married to Robert Denison Esq.

VII. Gertrude, married to Rev. Christopher Neville, and had issue, a daughter Charlotte, 1831, and a son, George, 1833. See below, under "Constable of Wassand," page 157.

VIII. Diana-Caroline, married in 1841 to Henry-Alexander Brown, of Kingston Grove, Oxford.

IX. Harriet, married in 1833 to Sir John William Lubbock, of Lamas, Co. Norfolk, bart. and had issue,

1. John, who succeeded to the baronetcy,—M.P. for Maidstone,—F.R.S.—D.C.L.—Vice-Chancellor of London University,—Hon. Secy. of the London bankers, married Ellen-Frances, d. of Rev. Peter Hordern ; her children are,—John-Birkbeck, 1858.—Norman, 1861.—Rolfe-Arthur, 1865.—Amy-Harriet.—Constance-Mary. — Gertrude. — Florence, who d. 1868.

2. Henry-James, 1838.—3. Neville, 1839.

4. Beaumont-William, 1840.

5. Montague, 1842.—6. Frederick, 1844.

7. Alfred, 1845.—8. Edgar, 1847.

9. Mary-Harriet, mar. 1857, to Robert Birkbeck Esq.

10. Diana-Hotham, mar. 1856 to William P. Rodney, cousin of Lord Rodney.
11. Henrietta-Harriet.

Family of Worsley.

FRANCES, second surviving daughter of Thomas Frankland the second baronet, (see page 110) married in 1710 Thomas Worsley of Hovingham in Yorkshire Esq. Worsley or Workesley is a name of remote antiquity, deriving from Sir Elias, lord of Worsley near Manchester at the time of the Conquest, who accompanied Robert Duke of Normandy to the Holy Land, and was buried at Rhodes.

[The Isle of Wight branch of the Worsleys derives from Sir James Worsley who in the reign of Henry VIII. married the heiress of Apuldurcombe, and was the ancestor of Miss Bridget Simpson the wife of the late Lord Yarborough.]

By Frances Frankland Mr. Worsley had two sons and four daughters, as follows.

I. THOMAS, his successor.

II. James, a clergyman, mar. Dorothy Pennyman, and left four children.—James,—Ralph,—Richard,—and Dorothy. A grandchild of Mr. James Worsley was James Whyte Pennyman, of Ormesby Hall, Yorks, and possibly other names might be successfully sought in that direction.

III. Mary, wife to Marmaduke Constable of Was-sand, of whom hereafter.

IV. Elizabeth, survived her husband, William Slaenforth, Esq.

V. Katharine, unmarried.

VI. Frances, married to Sir Thomas Robinson Lord Grantham, of whom hereafter.

Mr. Thomas Worsley was succeeded by his eldest son,

THOMAS, M.P.—Surveyor-general of the board of works, under George III, from whom he received many marks of favour. He rebuilt the family mansion, and enriched it with a library and a gallery of paintings. By his wife Elizabeth daughter of Rev. J. Lister he had, besides two daughters, two sons, viz.

EDWARD, his successor.

George, rector of Stonegrave and Scawton, Yorks—mar. Anne, d. of Sir Thomas Cayley of Brompton, bart. and had fifteen children.—1 and 2, George and Edward, died young.—3, William, succeeded his uncle.—4. Marcus, mar. Miss Harriet Hamer, and had

issue.—5, Thomas, rector of Scawton.—6, Frederick-Cayley.—7, Septimus-Launcelot, M A of Camb.—8, Henry-Francis, mar. Catharine, d. of B. Blackden Esq. and had issue.—9, Charles-Valentine, bar. at law.—10, Arthur, of the 51st Reg. of Native Infantry in India.—11, Digby-Edmund.—12, Isabella, mar. J. C. Blackden Esq. and had several children.—13, Philadelphia, mar. Will. J. Coltman, M.A. Oxon.—14, Anne.—15, Frances, mar G. H. Webber, prebendary of Ripon.

EDWARD WORSLEY was the next heir, but dying unmarried in 1830, was succeeded by his nephew,

WILLIAM WORSLEY, M.A. St. John's Col. Camb.—many years in the Hussar Yeomanry corps of his relation Lord de Grey; and a magistrate and deputy lieutenant in the North Riding. In 1827 he married Sarah-Philadelphia, daughter of Sir George Cayley of Brompton, Yorks. bart. and had issue,

I. Thomas Robinson.—II. William-Cayley.—III. Sophia-Harriet.—IV. Arthington.—V. Katharine-Louisa.—VI. Anna-Barbara.

Family of Constable of Wassand.

MARY, eldest daughter of Frances Frankland and Thomas Worsley (see page 155) married Marmaduke Constable of Wassand near Hull, Esq. The "Wass and Constable" race have always held high position in the northern counties. From Robert de Lacy Constable of Chester in 1206 down to Robert Constable of 1701, twenty eight members of the family have been high Sheriffs of York. During the Civil war of Charles I.'s time, the house of Constable, like many others, was a divided one. Sir William, the Flamborough baronet and the representative of the elder branch, sat for Knareborough in the Long Parliament; and having married a daughter of the house of Fairfax, became associated with them in war. His personal hostility to the King's measures, especially in the matter of Ship-money, had already resulted in imprisonment; and declared itself more fully when he joined in signing the warrant for Charles's execution. Judging by the large sums passing through his hands, he must have been much in the Parliament's confidence. In 1643 he was actually proposed for the command in chief under Fairfax;—in 1648 he was one of the Council of State. As a regicide he was excepted out of the Bill of Pardon; and

having died during the Protectorate, his estates fell under confiscation. On the other hand there are several of the Constables discernable among the Royalists, to wit, Sir Philip of Everingham, Sidney, William, Matthew, and John, besides "Ralph Constable" whose composition-fine was £70. 13. 4. Of the "Marmaduke Constable of Wassand" of that period, nothing distinctive (beyond his marriage) is recorded. The children of Mary Frankland by Mr. Constable were as follows—

I. MARMADUKE, his heir.

II. Thomas, a clergyman, married Sarah daughter of Charles Goulton Esq. and had

1. Charles, heir to his uncle Marmaduke.
2. Marmaduke, married 1807, Octavia, d. of General Hale ;—no issue.
3. Rachel-Marian, mar. 1808, James Salmond Esq. Their son Edward, d. s. p. 1821.
4. Frances-Elizabeth, mar. 1814, Will. Bentinck, preb. of Westminster, eldest son of Lord Edw. Charles Cavendish Bentinck.
5. Sarah, died young.

III. Mary, married to Jonathan Acklom of Wiseton, Notts, Esq., by whom she had one son and four daughters, viz.—1. Richard. — Anne-Elizabeth. — Mary. — Lucy,—who married her cousin Charles Constable, see below.—and Rosamund. The eldest daughter, Anne-Elizabeth, was the wife of Christopher Neville of Thorney, and the mother of two sons, Christopher and George, the elder of whom married Gertrude daughter of Lieut-Col. Hotham of York, and had a daughter Charlotte, 1831, and a son George, 1833.

IV. Rosamund, died unmarried, in 1801.

Mr. Constable dying in 1762, aged 58, was succeeded by his elder son.

MARMADUKE, who died unmarried in 1812, was succeeded by his nephew,

CHARLES, M.A. and a clergyman, also in the commission of the peace for the three Ridings of Yorks. On succeeding to the family estates, he built a new house in place of the mansion which had stood since 1530. He married his cousin Lucy daughter of Jonathan Acklom, and had an only child, Mary, who in 1818 married George, eldest son of Sir William Strickland of Boynton, bart.

The Family of Strickland

Profess to derive from the district or township of Strickland in Westmoreland, before the Norman conquest. Spanning the next five centuries, we hail William Strickland who accompanied Sebastian Cabot to America, and whose portrait is preserved at Boynton. The gallant adventurer's grandchildren, Sir William and Walter, sat in Cromwell's Upper House as Lord Strickland and Lord Walter Strickland. George Strickland, who married Mary Constable aforesaid, and who in 1834 succeeded his father as seventh baronet, had issue as follows.

I. CHARLES-WILLIAM, eighth baronet.

II. Frederick, born 1820, died 1849.

III. Henry-Strickland-Constable, of Wassand, who took by royal licence the additional surname of Constable, married Cornelia-Charlotte-Anne, daughter of Lieut. Col. Henry and Lady Sophia Dumaesq. [See "Lanesborough" in the Peerage] and had issue,

1. Frederick-Charles, 1860.—2. Marmaduke.

3. Ethel.—4. Mary-Sophia.

5. Rosamund.—6. Lucy-Winifred.

IV. Lucy-Henrietta, the wife of J. P. Marriott, afterwards Goulton-Constable of Cotesbach. They both died in 1871.

Sir George Strickland died in 1874, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR CHARLES-WILLIAM STRICKLAND, eighth baronet; barrister at law, born 1819, married first Georgina-Selina-Septimia, daughter of Sir William Milner of Nun-Appleton, bart. and by her, who d. 1864, has a son, Walter-William. He mar. secondly, Anne-Elizabeth, d. of Rev. Christopher Neville of Thorney, Notts, and has issue,—1. Frederick, 1868.—2. Eustace-Edward, 1870.—3. Henry, 1873.—4. Esther-Anne.

Family of Robinson, and titles of Grantham, De Grey, Courper, Goderich, and Ripon.

FRANCES, fourth daughter of Thomas Worsley (see page 155) married, about 1736, her cousin Sir Thomas Robinson, who after her decease became the first Baron Grantham in the county of Lincoln. [The Sir Tho. Robinson of Rokeby who figures in Boswell's Johnson was distinguished from this

knight as "Long Sir Thomas." He was second son to Sir Tancred Robinson, rear-admiral of the white, and twice Lord Mayor of York. He commenced his political career as Secretary to Sir Horace Walpole when ambassador in France, and attained his peerege in 1761. His lady had died in 1750. Their children were,

I. THOMAS, his successor.

II. Frederick, married Katharine-Gertrude Harris, sister to the first Earl of Malmesbury.

III. Theresa, married John Parker, first Lord Boringdon, of whom hereafter.

Lord Grantham died in 1770, and was succeeded by his elder son,

THOMAS, SECOND BARON GRANTHAM, married in 1780 Mary-Jemima, second daughter and co-heiress of Philip Yorke second Earl Hardwicke by Jemima Marchioness De Grey, and sister and heir presumptive of Amabel Countess De Grey, by whom he left two sons, namely,

THOMAS-PHILIP, Earl De Grey.

FREDERICK-JOHN, Viscount Goderich and Earl Ripon, who, with his lady, Sarah-Louisa-Albinia Hobart, only daughter of Rob. fourth Earl of Bucks, inherited the property of that nobleman. His children, besides a son who died in infancy, were, George-Frederick-Samuel, his successor,—and Eleanor-Henrietta-Victoria, who died young. His lordship's political life will be given at the end of this family history.

Thomas, second baron Grantham died in 1786, and was succeeded by his elder son,

THOMAS-PHILIP EARL DE GREY, Baron Lucas of Crudwell in Wilts, and Baron Grantham :—Commander of the Yorkshire Hussars; Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Bedfordshire, in which county he inherited the Wrest estate from his aunt Amabel Countess De Grey; and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under Sir Robert Peel's administration 1841-44. The Earl's political bias, whatever it was, had not prevented him on a previous occasion from advocating the cause of the oppressed. This was in the matter of the judicial enquiry into the conduct of George IV's Queen, Caroline of Brunswick; when, as Lord Grantham, together with other Peers, he openly recorded his disapproval of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, though put in execution by the Ministry of which his brother Frederick Robinson was a member. In private life, Earl De Grey was a liberal patron of the decorative sciences, and is said to have himself exhibited the skill of a painter. He certainly made an extensive and tasteful

collection of works of art. Of the various portraits taken of him from time to time, a resemblance to his ancestor the Protector seems traceable in the quarto engraving after John Wood's picture, executed when he must have been in the prime of life; though the same can hardly be said of that by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Earl De Grey married in 1805 Henrietta-Frances Cole, daughter of William first Earl of Enniskillen, and, besides a son who died in infancy, had two surviving daughters,

I. ANNE-FLORENCE, Baroness Lucas, married in 1833 to George-Augustus-Frederick, sixth Earl Cowper, of whom presently.

II. Mary-Gertrude, married in 1832 to Captain Henry Vyner, of whom presently.

Earl De Grey died in 1859, when he was succeeded in his barony of Lucas by his daughter Lady Cowper, and in his other titles by his nephew the Earl of Ripon, here following,

SIR GEORGE-FREDERICK-SAMUEL ROBINSON, born 1827, succeeded his father as Earl of Ripon and Viscount Goderich; and his uncle as Earl De Grey, Baron Grantham, and a baronet. Previous to this he had been M.P. in succession for Hull, Huddersfield, and the West Riding. In 1859 he was Under-Secretary for War. He married Henrietta-Anne-Theodosia, eldest daughter of Captain Henry Vyner and granddaughter of the late Earl De Grey, and had issue, Frederick-Oliver, Lord De Grey, born 1852,—and Mary-Sarah, who died in 1858.

Earldom of Cowper.

ANNE-FLORENCE, elder daughter of Earl De Grey, who married George-Augustus-Frederick, sixth Earl Cowper and Lord-Lieut. of Kent, had issue as follows,

I. FRANCIS-THOMAS DE GREY, who in 1856 succeeded his father as seventh Earl, and also as a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. He subsequently married Katrine-Cecilia, daughter of Lord William Compton.

II. Henry-Frederick, M.P. for Herts.

III. Henrietta-Emily-Mary, died 1853.

IV. Florence-Amabel, married in 1871 to the hon. Auberon Herbert.

V. Adine-Eliza-Anne, married to Julian Fane fourth son of John, eleventh Earl of Westmoreland, and died 1868.

VI. Amabel, married in 1873 to Lord Walter Kerr, R.N. son of the late Marquis of Lothian, and has issue.

Family of Vyner.

MARY-GERTRUDE, younger daughter of Earl De Grey, was married in 1832 to Captain Henry Vyner son of Robert Vyner of Gauthby and his wife the Lady Theodosia-Maria Ashburnham and had six children as follows,

I. Henry-Frederick-Clare, 1836.

II. Reginald-Arthur, M.P. for Ripon, died 1870.

III. Robert-Charles, married 1865 to Eleanor, daughter of Rev. Slingsby-Duncombe Shafto.

IV. Frederick-Grantham, murdered by brigands in Greece, 21 April 1870.

V. Henrietta-Anne-Theodosia, present Marchioness of Ripon, having married her cousin Sir George Robinson, afterwards Earl of Ripon and De Grey.

VI. Theodosia, Marchioness of Northampton, died 1864.

THE EARL OF RIPON.

Although several of Oliver Cromwell's descendants have proved themselves able statesmen, Frederick-John Robinson is the only one who has reached the position of Prime Minister. It is true he held that ambitious post but a very few weeks, nor can he be said to have shed much lustre on any of the numerous offices which from time to time he filled under at least half-a dozen different administrations. Still it must be admitted that the responsible nature of those offices argues the respect and confidence of his contemporaries; and if he proved himself incapable of leadership, he at least escaped the usual inheritance of malice. The people too felt kindly towards him, for they believed that his intentions were good; and when once accepted as an advanced Whig, he suffocated the public neither with the cant nor with the recant of his patriotism.

Born in London in 1782, and losing his father very soon after, he was educated at Harrow and at Cambridge where he obtained Sir William Browne's medal for the best Latin ode, and took his degree in the following year. He began public life as Secretary to his Tory relation Lord Hardwicke then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; till the death of Pitt made way for the coalition of "All the Talents." On the appointment of the next Ministry, that of the Duke of Portland in 1807, Mr. Robinson as Member for Ripon (which he continued to represent for twenty years) voted as a Tory; and

forthwith we find him Under Secretary for the Colonies in Mr. Perceval's administration; from and after which date he passed from one post of duty to another, always to a higher, giving evidence of versatile capacity and plodding industry, till his utmost powers were taxed as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and over-taxed as First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister. All this while he had been more and more associated with Canning and Huskisson, and thereby came to share the confidence and hopes which the country reposed in those two illustrious names as representing the Whig element in Lord Liverpool's long and dreary administration. When this state of things at last came to an end by Lord Liverpool's illness in 1827,—when George IV. responded to the popular voice by accepting George Canning as the succeeding Premier,—and when within forty-eight hours of that event, the new Minister was stunned by the resignation of seven of his old Tory colleagues,—then was it seen that Frederick Robinson had cast in his lot with the party whom the spell of their leader's genius had once and for ever divorced from the feudal tyrannies. Under that leader's ægis he took the office of Colonial Secretary, and was elevated to the peerage as Viscount Goderich, a title previously borne by his maternal ancestor the last Duke of Kent of the family of De Gray. At this period in his history it is evident that more was expected from him than his antecedents warranted; and when, four months later, on Mr. Canning's death, he was entrusted with the task of carrying on the same or a similar Ministry, he found the discordant elements of which it was composed beyond his powers of pacification. His Cabinet in fact was broken up before it had a single opportunity of facing the Parliament; having enjoyed a shorter term even than that of his predecessor. Three years later, the name of Viscount Goderich re-appears in Lord Grey's Reform Administration, but he had now ceased to be a star in the political firmament; and he gradually withdrew from public notice until, as Earl Ripon, he died at his seat on Putney Heath in 1859 in his seventy-seventh year.

The first great measure which Mr. Robinson as Vice-President of the Board of Trade submitted to Parliament, was the notorious Corn-bill of 1815, prohibiting the importation of wheat when the price was below 80 shillings a quarter. And almost his last public act was to move in the House of Lords the second reading of Sir Robert Peel's Bill of 1846, obliterating that measure, and stultifying the doctrines and prophecies of thirty years of protection. In

doing so, Lord Ripon took occasion to observe that his action in 1815 had been that of a subordinate of the Government, and that he executed his function with personal reluctance. And true it is that he was not what is termed a Member of the Cabinet in 1815, and may therefore be considered as having played an executive rather than a deliberative part. Are we to accept a similar explanation of his conduct in reference to the "Bill of Pains and Penalties" which the same Ministry six years later arrayed against Queen Caroline? Or must we lament that he had not the fortitude at that crisis to cast in his lot with Mr Canning?

Two years later, Mr. Robinson succeeded Nicholas Vansittart in the Ministry of Finance. He is said to have made a much pleasanter Chancellor of the Exchequer than his predecessor, and to have displayed a seeming dexterity in getting through a budget-speech, whereas Mr. Vansittart always bungled it. But we cannot forget that in this new capacity he had to encounter the constant sarcasms of Mr. Joseph Hume inside the House, and of William Cobbett outside; the first charging him with arithmetical absurdities, the latter fixing upon him the sobriquet of "Prosperity Robinson," for the roseate hues with which he seemed ever resolved to gild a wasted Treasury.

Family of Parker and titles of Boringdon and Morley.

THERESA, only daughter of Thomas first Lord Grantham, see page 159, became in 1769 the second wife of John Parker, M.P. for the county of Devon, afterwards created Baron Boringdon in that county. His children by Lady Theresa were John his successor, and a daughter, Theresa, married to hon. George Villiers, of whom presently. Lord Boringdon died 1788, and was succeeded by his son,

JOHN, born 1772, created Earl of Morley in 1815. He married, first, Augusta daughter of John Earl of Westmoreland, by whom he had one son [John?] who in 1816, at the age of eleven, met his death at St. Maud near Paris, through inadvertently swallowing a stalk of rye three inches in length. It caused the youthful sufferer much distress before terminating fatally, and at a post-mortem examination was found undigested in his intestines. There was thus no surviving issue from this first marriage, which marriage had moreover been previously dissolved by Act of Parliament, in 1809; the Countess being afterwards married to Sir Arthur Paget, while the Earl had for his second wife Frances daughter of Thomas

Talbot of Gonville in Norfolk, by whom he left at his decease in 1840 a son,

EDMUND PARKER, second Earl of Morley, and Viscount Boringdon of North Molton in Devon; married in 1842 Harriet-Sophia, only daughter of Montague-Edmund Parker Esq. of Whiteway, Devon; and had issue, Albert-Edmund and Emily-Katharine. His lordship died in 1864 and was succeeded by his son,

ALBERT-EDMUND PARKER third Earl of Morley, M.A. Oxon, Ex.-lieut. South Devon militia, married in 1876 Margaret eldest daughter of Robert-Stayner Holford of Weston Birt in Glostershire, and Dorchester House in Park lane, and has issue.

Family of Villiers, and titles of Hyde and Clarendon, Lytton and Skelmersdale.

THERESA, only daughter of John, first Lord Boringdon, see page 163, married in 1798 George third son of Thomas Villiers Earl of Clarendon, and died in 1855. Her children were,

I. George-William-Frederick, successor to his uncle the third Earl of Clarendon.

II. Thomas-Hyde, died 1832.

III. The right hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, born 1802, M.A. Cantab. barrister at law, late Judge Advocate general, and a Privy Councillor; President of the Poor law board, 1859, M.P. for Wolverhampton ever since 1835; Deputy lieutenant for Herts. Finally, and here his fame principally rests, he was Chairman of the ever-memorable Anti-Cornlaw-League. While Colonel Thompson, Dr. Bowring, George Wilson, Richard Cobden, and John Bright, worked the question out of doors, to Mr. Villiers was assigned the more trying task of fighting the battle of free trade against his own order,—against the entire aristocratic phalanx, whether Whig or Tory. While therefore we wonder not that, as the reward of his well sustained fortitude, he should ever enjoy a fixed and abiding place in the esteem of the mercantile classes and in the affections of the labouring classes, it were equally true to add that his merits have long received the like homage from eminent members of his own class. In the summer of 1879 a colossal statue of the veteran statesman was erected in the town which he had represented for forty four years. Earl Granville unveiled it, in the presence of a vast assembly, among whom were Lord Wrottesley the lord-

lieutenant of the County, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Charles Forster, Mr. Staveley Hill, Mr. F. Monckton, and Mr. Weguelin. The figure which is nine feet high, executed in Sicilian marble, and raised on a pedestal of Aberdeen granite, is the work of William Theed, and is one of the best performances of that able artist, the likeness being admirable, and the pose easy and characteristic.

IV. Edward-Ernest, born 1806, married in 1835 to Elizabeth-Charlotte Liddel, fifth daughter of Lord Ravensworth, and died 1843, leaving issue,—1. Ernest, b. 1838.—2. Maria-Theresa, mar. 1864 to Capt. Earl of the Rifle brigade.—3 and 4. Edith and Elizabeth, twins. Edith mar. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, of whom presently.

V. Henry-Montague, D.D. B.A. of Christchurch Oxon, born in 1813. Lord Chancellor Cottenham presented him to the vicarage of Kenilworth, and when Dr. T. Vowler Short was advanced to the bishoprick of Sodor and Man, Dr. Villiers succeeded Dr. Short at St. George's Bloomsbury. In 1847 he was nominated by Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, to a canon-residentiary in St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1856 Lord Palmerston advanced him to the bishoprick of Carlisle, worth £4500 a year; his promotion culminating at Durham, when Dr. Longley attained the archbishoprick of York. The money value of Durham was then estimated at £8000 a year, with a considerable patronage attached. He married in 1837 Amelia-Maria, eldest daughter of William Hulton of Hulton-park, Lancashire, and had issue,

1. Henry-Montague, M.A. rector of Adisham, mar. Victoria, second d. of Earl Russell, and has—Henry-Montague.—John Russell.—Thomas Lister.—another son.—Frances-Adelaide.—Gwendolen-Mary.—Rhoda-Victoria. — Margaret-Evelyn. — Dorothy. — Mabel-Agatha.—Katharine-Helen.

2. Frederick Ernest, born 1840.

3. Amy-Maria, mar. Rev. Edw. Cheese.

4. Gertrude-Fanny.—5. Mary-Agneta.

6. Evelyn-Theresa.

VI. Augustus-Algernon, of the Royal Navy, died 1834.

VII. Maria-Theresa, married in 1830 to Thomas-Henry Lister, Esq. of Armitage park, co. Stafford. This was a case of both husband and wife being alike eminent for authorship. Mr. Lister, whose poetic tastes were hereditary, and who was himself commonly cited as "the author of *Granby*" and other works of fancy, became conspicuous moreover as a statistician and as an historian, as specially shown in his *Life and correspondence of Edward Hyde first Earl of Clarendon*, in

THE HOUSE OF CROMWELL.

3 vols ;—Mrs. Lister at the same time exhibiting (*inter alia*) a graceful and artistic facility in illustrating the same period of English history. The 12mo edition of *Granby* contains an elaborate portrait of the author. Mr. Lister dying in 1842, his widow re-married Sir George Cornwall Lewis, see page 129. The children of her first marriage were,

1. The hon. Thomas Villiers Lister, of Armitage Hill, Sunninghill, and 61 Eaton Square,—born 1832,—mar. first Fanny-Harriet, d. of Will. Coryton, Esq. of Pentillie in Cornwall, and had,—George-Coryton, 1863, with three other sons and three daughters. He mar. secondly, 1877, Florence-Selina, d. of Will. John Hamilton, Esq. and has a daughter. Mr. Lister, who was educated at Harrow and Trin. Col. Camb. (M.A. 1853), is a Dep.-Lieut. for co. Radnor, and Assistant Under Sec. of State for foreign affairs.

2. Maria-Theresa, mar. Mr. (now Sir) William Vernon-Harcourt, M.P. and died 1863, leaving one son, Lewis-Reginald.

3. Alice-Beatrice, mar. Algernon Borthwick, Esq. of 60 Eaton Place, and has two children.

The Lister family is one of long standing and celebrity in the northern counties, whose senior branch, now represented by Lord Ribblesdale, is reputed to have been seated at Gisburn in the West Riding for five centuries or more. During the period of the great Civil War, their leading members were prominent as patriots. The name of Thomas Lister (of Westby) the direct ancestor of the present owner of Armytage park, appears on the committee acting in the Parliament's behalf for the county of Lincoln, *Lords' Journals* vii. 207, while Sir William Lister and Sir Martin Lister perform the like office for the West Riding, *Ibid.* vii. 444. [This latter is presumably the knight of Burwell in Lincolnshire who was father to Dr. Martin Lister, Queen Anne's physician, and ancestor to Matthew Henry Lister of Burwell park, the modern representative of that branch.] Of John Lister, ancestor of the present Listers of Shibden-hall, Yorks, we are informed that he had to suffer a penalty for not attending to receive knighthood at Charles I's coronation. Is this the same gentleman who afterwards bore the title of Sir John Lister as member for Hull in the Long Parliament? If so, how did he acquire his knighthood after all? [The signature in receipt of his fine is that of Wentworth Earl of Strafford.]

There were three Listers in the Long Parliament,—Sir John just mentioned, Sir William who sat for East Retford,

and Thomas Lister aforesaid who represented the city of Lincoln. This last mentioned gentleman was one of the Commissioners nominated to judge the King; but though he attended four of their sittings, he abstained from signing the death-warrant; and to this redeeming circumstance it is supposed that he owed his escape from the penalty of confiscation when Charles II. returned.

As the principal families engaged in that struggle were almost invariably divided, it were strange indeed if so prolific a house as that of the Listers had not furnished one member conspicuous in the royalist camp. Such a name therefore we have to chronicle in the person of John Lister of Kirkby-Malzeard, Yorks, gentleman, whose fine in Dring's *List of Compounders* stands at £122.

The memorial of another individual of that period, and presumably of the same race, has also come down to us,—well worth preservation as a picture of the life, manners, and reflections, of the common people, in presence of those unquiet scenes. The book was published by Thomas Wright the Antiquary in 1842, and entitled “The Autobiography of Joseph Lister, of Bradford in Yorkshire, to which is added a contemporary account of the defence of Bradford and capture of Leeds by the Parliamentarians in 1642.” A principal feature in the volume is the career of the writer's son, the nonconformist minister of Kipping, who bore the odd name of “Accepted Lister.” Father and son died simultaneously in 1709.* Mr. Wright is allied to the family by descent.

° “About this time,” says worthy Joseph Lister, “that is, about the years 1639-41, when many good ministers and christians among the puritans, as they were called at the time, reflected upon the times with many sad and foreboding thoughts, concluding that popery was like to be set up, and the light of the gospel be put out, many ministers were silenced and great numbers were posting away to New England; and sad apprehensions remained with those that stayed behind.

Oh what fasting and praying, publicly and privately, what wrestling with God was there day and night. Many of those weeping, praying, and wrestling seasons, were kept in my dear

mother's house; and the fasts were kept with great strictness and severity, not any of us, old or young, eating so much as a morsel of bread for twenty-four hours together; which was a great weariness to me, and went much against my carnal heart, fool and wretch that I was; with shame and grief would I think of it.

In the year 1641, the rebellion in Ireland broke out, and many thousand protestants of all ages, sexes, and degrees, were put to death with great inhumanity and cruelty; and great fear came upon the protestants in England, those villains giving it out that what they had done there was by the King's commission, and that in a little time the English protestants,

GEORGE-WILLIAM-FREDERICK, Earl of Clarendon and Baron Hyde of Hindon in Wilts, K.G.—G.C.B.—P.C.—D.C.L. born in 1800, succeeded as fourth Earl on the decease of his uncle in 1838. From an early period Mr. Villiers selected diplomacy as his special sphere, being only twenty years old when he was attached to the embassy at Constantinople. After the second Revolution in France of 1830, he went to that country to arrange a commercial treaty; and became still more conspicuous by his residence in Spain as Lord Grey's envoy during the period of the civil war between the Carlists and the Christinos. He never concealed his preference for the people's party; and when the success of the Christinos had confirmed his own popularity, he used the influence so acquired for the advancement of liberty in other forms than in the mere establishment of Queen Isabella's throne;—negociating among other schemes, a treaty for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade In George

or heretics as they called them, should drink of the same cup. Oh, what fears and tears, cries and prayers, was there then in many places. I remember one public fast-day (Mr. Wales kept many at Pudsey, it was two miles from Bradford, and thither my pious mother and all the family went constantly upon those days. I have known that holy Mr. Wales spend six or seven hours in praying and preaching, and rarely go out of the pulpit. Sometimes he would intermit for one quarter of an hour while a few verses of a psalm were sung, and then pray and preach again. And oh what confession of sin did he make! what tears and groans were to be seen and heard in that chapel. I am sure it was a place of weepers.) But that day, I say, which I am speaking of, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a man named John Sugden came and stood in the chapel-door and cried out in a lamentable voice, Friends we are all as good as dead men; the Irish rebels are coming, and are as far as Rochdale and Littlebrough and the Batings, and will be at Halifax

and Bradford shortly; and having given us this report, away he ran towards Bradford. Mr. Wales desired the congregation to compose themselves as well as they could, while he put himself and them into the hands of Almighty God by prayer, and so dismissed us.

Well, we got home, and found our friends and neighbours in the same case as ourselves, expecting the cut-throats coming. At last, some few horsemen were prevailed with to go to Halifax to know how the case stood. It proved to be only some protestants that were escaping out of Ireland for their lives into England; and this news we received with great joy, and spent the residue of that night in praises and thanksgivings to God." [*slightly abridged.*] Such was the aspect which those times bore to our honest forefathers in the provinces. Clarendon says it was the puritan ministers who misled the people of England. Who then, it may be asked, were the ministers who misled the Irish rebels?

Borrow's *Bible in Spain* an instance is recorded of his prompt solicitude to relieve individual suffering. Mr. Borrow had been thrown into prison by the Spanish authorities for opening a shop for the sale of Bibles. He appealed to the English ambassador, and Mr. Villiers immediately paid him a visit, heard his own explanation of the affair, and then hastening to the Spanish minister, at once procured his countryman's release. Succeeding to the Earldom, he came to England in 1839 to take his place in the House of Peers, and, as Lord Privy Seal, to strengthen the Melbourne administration; but the days of that Cabinet were already numbered, and the advent of Sir Robert Peel shut him out of office for another five years. But the interval was well improved. He executed, in conjunction with his brother Charles, the Chairman of the Anti-Cornlaw-League, a very important part in furthering Sir Robert Peel's Repeal Bill of 1846; and thus it happened that the dislocation of the Conservative party consequent on that measure made way for the return of the Whigs. And now Lord Clarendon, as Viceroy of Ireland, had to take part in another civil war, though on a much smaller scale than that of Spain. His policy throughout the affair was at once conciliatory and magnanimous, but the details of his government cannot here be displayed, and a recital of the following lines which appeared at the time must take the place of narrative:—

Cromwell, when Irish treason raised its head,
Struck but one blow, and laid the monster dead.
Cromwellian blood still flows in Villiers' veins,
Though milder councils yet his arm restrains.
Victorious still, let England seek to efface
The sense of antient wrongs by acts of grace.
The seeds of everlasting concord sow
By rendering justice to a prostrate foe.

From the Earl's peaceful triumphs in Ireland we pass on at once to his important agency in France during the Crimean War.

This was a post which brought into requisition all the experiences of his past life, to which the suavity of his manners and the goodness of his heart were, under the circumstances of the hour, added qualifications of the utmost value. If it were too much to say that no other Englishman could have supplied his place, it will probably be admitted that none could more ably have forwarded the views of Napoleon III. Whether or not he was constitutionally in love with the policy which united us to France and converted our antient alliance

with Russia into a deadly feud, he certainly had much to do in saving the novel treaty from collapse, and in meeting or mollifying the jealousies which could not fail to find utterance among our older rivals the French. It may suffice to say that the part which he fulfilled on that occasion was regarded by his friends as a triumph of diplomatic art; and with this tribute to his executive skill, the memory of that inglorious and unhappy war may be dismissed. Lord Clarendon's latest appointment to office was under Mr. Gladstone in 1868, and his death eighteen months after was felt to be a great blow to the stability of that Cabinet. All parties in fact were willing to leave foreign affairs in his hands, and the Tories had once and again courted his co-operation with that object in view. But he adhered to his old Whig traditions, though his personal friendships easily overleaped such artificial limits, and though a daughter of his house was allied to one of Lord Derby's sons. To this latter fact Lord Derby made graceful allusion when in the House of Lords, on the day of Lord Clarendon's death, he recorded with touching eloquence the virtues and shining qualities of a man from whom he had differed in politics, but whose character he amply appreciated.

The following anecdote, pointing to the period when Louis Napoleon was resident in England previous to his elevation to empire, was published by the French *Figaro*, probably without the expectation that it would be credited beyond the circle of Parisian gossip. In 1847 Lord Clarendon received the visit of an exiled Prince. "My lord," said his visitor, "I come straight to the point. I am in want of £20,000, which I will return to you, should the dream of my life become realized." His lordship, without wasting a word, gave the Prince a letter to his banker. Three years later, the dream was realized; and the borrower told the English lord that the sum was at his disposal; adding, with a smile,—"As to the interest"—"That," his friend answered, "we can talk of hereafter." In 1860 the adjustment of their mutual obligations took the form of a Treaty of Commerce between France and England. *Athenæum*.

Lord Clarendon married in 1839 Lady Katharine, daughter of Walter-James, first Earl of Verulam and widow of John Barham of Stockbridge, by whom, (who d. 1874) he had,

- I. Edward-Hyde, d. in infancy.
- II. Edward-Hyde, fifth Earl.
- III. George-Patrick-Hyde, b. 1847, Capt. Grenadier

Guards, military secretary to Lord Lytton in India, holding a staff appointment in the Afghan expedition of 1878.

IV. Francis-Hyde, mar. 1876 Virginia-Katharine, second daughter of Eric Carrington Smith Esq.

V. Constance, mar. 1864 to Frederick-Arthur, the younger son of Edward fourteenth Earl of Derby, and has issue, —Edward-George-Villiers. — Victor-Albert. — Geoffrey and Arthur, twins, Geoffrey dying in infancy. — Ferdinand-Charles. — Katharine-Mary. — and others.

VI. Alice, mar. 1860, to Edward Bootle Wilbraham, Baron Skelmersdale of Lancashire, and had issue. — Edward-George. — Villiers-Richard. — Randle-Arthur. — Reginald-Francis. — Alice-Maud. — Constance-Adela. — Florence-Mary. — Bertha-Mabel. — Edith-Cecil.

VII. Emily-Theresa, mar. 1868 to Lord Odo-William-Leopard Russell, brother to the Duke of Bedford, and had issue, —Arthur-Oliver-Villiers, b. at Rome 1870. — Victor-Alexander-Frederick and Alexander-Victor-Frederick, twins. — Constance-Evelyn-Villiers.

VIII. Florence-Margaret, died in infancy. His lordship died in 1870, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

EDWARD-HYDE-VILLIERS, fifth Earl of Clarendon and Baron Hyde, an officer in the South Herts Yeomanry Cavalry, M.P. for Brecon, 1869. Born 1846, married 1876 to the Lady Caroline-Elizabeth Agar-Ellis, eldest daughter of the Earl of Normanton, and has issue, George-Herbert-Hyde, born 1877. The Earldom of Clarendon is a branch of the Earldom of Jersey, but derived maternally from the Lord Chancellor Clarendon of the Civil War period.

Barony of Lytton.

EDITH, second daughter of Edward-Ernest Villiers, see page 165, married in 1864 Sir Edward-Robert Lytton Bulwer-Lytton (only son of the first Baron Lytton of Knebworth in Herts) late Minister at Lisbon, and Viceroy of India in 1876. In the following year the Queen conferred on him the grand cross of the civil division of the order of the Bath. His children are,

1. Rowland-Edward, died in infancy.
2. Henry-Meredith-Edward, d. young.
3. A son born at Simla in 1876.
4. Elizabeth-Edith. — 5. Constance-Georgina.
6. Emily.

His father the first Lord Lytton, distinguished as a novelist, a poet, and an orator, was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1873. The ancestral Sir William Lytton of Knebworth, M.P. for Herts in the Long Parliament, was one of the Commissioners to treat with King Charles at Uxbridge.

S U M M A R Y.

THE above which in many instances is little more than a skeleton-sketch of the families deriving from Oliver Cromwell, might no doubt have been amplified by anecdote. But it is hoped that a sufficient object has been attained when it is shewn how well the Protector, when he left his cause to the judgment of posterity, has been ever since represented in England, Scotland, and even in America. A dozen peerages, besides several baronetcies and a large phalanx of the worth and intelligence of the country, form a constituency which is not often traceable to a single head. A cursory examination moreover is sufficient to discover that several names might yet be added. At page 145, for instance, the account of the Collier family exhibits a mere catalogue of marriages, which it is reasonable to suppose must long e'er this have expanded into families. Still—the number approaches a thousand of those who have possessed the right, *quantum valeat*, to style him ancestor; and it is a noticeable circumstance that persons so situated are rarely if ever found to ignore the fact. Let a family descend even into Jacobite depths,—yet, if Oliver's parentage may be lawfully claimed, his effigy in some form or other will assuredly adorn the domestic portrait gallery.

SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART,

AND THE

CAMPAIGN IN FLANDERS.

THE character and career of Sir William Lockhart enter so largely into the story of the Flanders campaign and of the treaty with France, that it will be best to commence with a brief sketch of his previous life. Industrious Mark Noble has already done this to our hand; and though he complains that the manuscript constituting his principal authority "makes strange mistakes in the names of persons and places, and is most extremely ill-written," yet he adds that "its authenticity compensates for its inelegancy." Some of its statements, principally those in reference to the capture of Dunkirk, Mr. Carlyle characterizes as "quite mythological"; but with the aid of Lockhart's own letters, to which justice has never yet been done, there will be no great difficulty in separating the authentic from the traditional. Viewed in its real colours, without the aid either of mythology or of romance, the Dunkirk affair was perhaps the most brilliant passage of arms ever achieved by Englishmen on the continent of Europe, besides that it bore promise of becoming the most practical in its issues. If those issues were lightly esteemed and basely surrendered by a wanton generation, the fault lay not with Oliver.

The Lockharts of Lee in Lanarkshire claim as their ancestor Sir Simon Locard who was deputed, conjointly with Lord James Douglas, to carry the heart of the Bruce to the Holy Land; from and after which event the family adopted the spelling of Lockheart, and added to their escutcheon a heart within the bow of a padlock, and the motto *Corda serrata pando*. They hold also that singular piece of antiquity called "the Lee penny," obtained in ransom from a Saracen chief, being a dark coloured stone set on a silver coin, the story of whose magical powers and healing proper-

ties may be read in Sir Walter Scott's preface to *The Talisman*. Sir James Lockhart Lord Lee of the Court of Session in James VI's time, by his second wife Martha Douglas, had issue, besides two daughters, four sons, viz.—1, Sir William, commonly known as Ambassador Lockhart.—2, Sir George, of whom hereafter.—3, Sir John of Castlehill.—4, Robert, killed in the civil wars,—all of them, so far as we can judge, decided royalists.

Sir William Lockhart, born in 1621, was sent for education to the neighbouring town of Lanark, where he gave early proof of his adventurous spirit. The Lanark pedagogue was a cruel tyrant, and young Lockhart dreading his vengeance on account of some trivial fault, ran into the woods surrounding his father's residence on the banks of the Clyde, and there lived for awhile on provisions furnished him by his father's tenants. Sir James meanwhile resolving to re-deliver his rebellious son into the pedagogue's hand, raised all the country-side; and in the pursuit which followed, the lad was compelled to take a perilous leap from a precipice to which he was driven; but alighting in a small stream of water described as "the river Mouse," he sustained no permanent damage, and was able to continue his flight to Leith, where he actually embarked for Holland. At this time he was but thirteen years of age, but being tall in stature and of lusty proportions, he was welcomed into the military service of the States. In the course of another year, his uncle Sir George Douglas, ambassador to the courts of Sweden and Poland, dying, he attended his remains to Scotland, and embraced the opportunity of re-visiting the paternal home and seeking reconciliation with his father. But his father was not yet in a relenting mood, and he once more withdrew to some place on the Continent, apparently in Switzerland, where, sustained by secret remittances from his mother, he pursued a steady course of study and laid the foundation for his subsequent diplomatic skill. His next step was to enter the French army, where Scotsmen were always welcome, and the Queen-Mother was not long in discovering in the handsome volunteer the fitting recipient of a pair of colours and the captaincy of a troop of horse.

But now the troubles in his native country called him home, and induced him to take service for King Charles under his friend William Hamilton Earl of Lanark (brother to Duke Hamilton.) When the King, at the termination of the first civil war in 1646, surrendered himself to the Scots army at Newark, Lockhart was introduced to him; and the King, already well aware of his merits, knighted him at once,

and besought his influence in behalf of the Marquis of Montrose against whom the Scots nation was deeply exasperated. "Hamilton's Engagement," as it was called, was the next act in the drama, when the Duke joining his forces with a contingent of English royalists, in 1648, again broke the peace of England by that disastrous raid into the northern counties which issued in his total defeat at Preston. Sir William Lockhart ably covered the retreat of the Scots army; but being eventually taken prisoner, he suffered a year's confinement at Newcastle and a penalty of £1000 before he found himself again at liberty to take up arms in the royal cause—this time for the young King Charles II. Notwithstanding his misadventure Sir William still so far enjoyed the confidence of the Committee of Estates in Scotland that they nominated him General of all their horse; but the jealousy of the Duke of Argyle counteracting his sole command of so large a section of the army and proposing to distribute it among three officers, Sir William threw up his commission and retired to his father's house at Lee. By this event the Scots army lost his services at the battle of Dunbar; and not long afterwards the young King himself completed the alienation by a thoughtless exhibition of hauteur. It was when Charles formed the resolution of carrying the war into England, and in his march southward was passing over Lanark-Muir within a short distance of the Lockhart residence. The Duke of Hamilton deeming the moment auspicious for bringing about a reconciliation, rode round by Lee and prevailed upon Sir William to accompany him back to the army in order to renew his oath of fealty and make an unqualified offer of his services. On approaching the royal standard on the muir, they perceived the King on foot guarded by Lockhart's own regiment of horse; and these men at the same moment saluting their restored commander with a lusty cheer, Charles was weak enough to take offence, and turned his back on his gallant servant. It was in vain that Hamilton attempted to explain and apologise. Lockhart could brook it no longer. "After all that his father and himself had done and suffered in the royal cause, thus to be publicly insulted was more than he would endure from any King on Earth." And thus Sir William Lockhart was again saved from sharing the perils of a rash enterprise and from the final disaster of Worcester.

After remaining four years at home he resolved to break the tedium of inactivity by foreign travel, and took London in his way, partly for the purpose of visiting his father who lay in the Tower, and partly to obtain a pass for leaving the

country. His solitary condition may have formed an additional motive, for he had recently lost his wife Margaret daughter of Sir John Hamilton of Orbistown, bart. (by whom he had one son, James, who died unmarried at the age of twenty.) Now, Oliver knew all about him; and his arrival in London was speedily followed by an interview, which it would be very pleasant to describe, had we the means. But the issue was soon patent to the world. Lockhart was to be not only a Scotch Judge and one of the privy council for Scotland, but he was to become allied to the Protectoral house by a marriage with Miss Robina Sewster his Highness's niece. An unforeseen hitch, it is true, threatened for awhile to hamper this latter article in the treaty; for the young lady, when the scheme was laid before her, represented herself as already engaged. But the combined influence of her uncle and of a wooer so illustrious as Lockhart seem to have brought matters to a speedy adjustment. The family tradition is that Sir William waited on the young gentleman who stood in his way and suggested the alternative either of resigning the prize or of submitting their respective claims to the decision of the sword, a mode of arbitration which we can hardly suppose would receive the Protector's sanction. Anyhow, the opposition sank out of view; Sir William obtained Miss Sewster's hand in April 1654, and a most loving and prudent wife she made him. Her family history will be noticed hereafter.

But the points which principally recommended Sir William to the Protector were his pre-eminent qualifications for conducting an embassy at the Court of the youthful Monarch of France, then under the guidance of Cardinal Mazarin. Contemplating from an early period a wider action on the Continent in favour of religious liberty than could be compassed by mere Protestant manifestoes, Oliver's policy, as hostile to Spain, must have been fixed and determinate long before his Council were required to co-operate. We have it on Thurloe's authority that "he always much longed to get a footing on the other side of the water." So early as April 1654 while he was concluding the peace with the Dutch, that nation was assured by their ambassadors in England that Spain was urgently resisting the measure, and attempting to bribe him to prolong the contest by the offer of Dunkirk and Mardyke and a million worth of plate in hand, whatever this may mean; (perhaps the million refers to silver ounces or royals.) And Whitelock tells us in his *Memorials* 23 June 1658, that he had been employed on one occasion, in company with Mr. Bond, to report on proposals made by

the Spanish Governor of Dunkirk to betray the place to England for a sum of money, and that Oliver rejected the proposition as dishonourable. Whatever may be the value of these second-hand reports, the solid evidence remains furnished by a "Memorial" presented by the Marquis de Leyda and Don Alphonso de Cardenas, explicitly offering to besiege and recover Calais for the English nation on condition that Cromwell would assist the Prince de Condé with ships and soldiers to effect a landing at Bordeaux or some other available point. *Jenkinson's Collection of Treaties*. But everything points to the conclusion that Dunkirk rather than Calais or any other sea-port was the point to be struck at. Dunkirk and Ostend in those days were simply nests of sea-robbers, who spent the winter months in fitting out their piratical craft, and then issued out as soon as the season permitted to make common prey of the merchant ships of all other nations. Newspaper reports, keeping the London ship-owners in constant alarm, were ever and anon announcing that "Ostenders and Dunkirkers" were again watching the Straits; and during the brief war which preceded their city's capture, the Dunkirkers are admitted by Belidor to have stolen two-hundred-and-fifty of our vessels small and great. A lawless enemy of this kind, lying in wait in sight of the English shore, and protected when he thought fit to retreat behind his own unapproachable sands, was a nuisance perfectly intolerable, and independently of political considerations Oliver was not the sovereign to permit it. The possession of Dunkirk could be no wrong to France, for Flanders was not, and never had been, French territory. It was in the usurped possession of Spain. England's mission, so every patriot had long thought, was to attack Spain at any practicable point; and where had Spanish Popery wrought more desolating work than in the Low Countries? Up then and at them, East, West, North, or South.

A league with France, therefore, offensive and defensive, and one which should include the acquisition of Dunkirk, would be a master-stroke whose influence could not fail to vibrate in every Court of Europe. Nor would that choice of policy lose its desired effect nearer home. The royal English exiles were related by blood to the French Court, and unless an understanding existed between France and the English Republic, Scotland might again be in revolt. This was a formidable consideration and one which made Lockhart's co-operation doubly valuable. The Stuart princes might indeed consort with Spain, as in fact they did, but this would only increase their unpopularity in England. Furthermore, the

Protestants of France who had often looked to England for succour, alas, how vainly under the Stuarts, might fare better now that their country's ally was a sovereign of the right kind; while hostility with France, on the other hand, would endanger the amity with Sweden, which Oliver for various good reasons resolutely cherished. Those who desire to see a fuller vindication of the policy which preferred France to Spain may find it elaborately set forth in "*A Manifesto of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealthe of England Scotland and Ireland, published by consent and advice of his Council; wherein is shewn the reasonableness of the cause of this Republic against the depredations of the Spaniards.*" Written in Latin by John Milton, and published in 1655.

"If you make peace," said Oliver on a subsequent occasion, "with any State that is popish and subjected to the determination of Rome, you are bound but they are loose. We have now alliance with no popish State but France, and it is certain they do not think themselves under such a tie to the Pope but that they are at liberty to perform honesties with nations in agreement with them. Now, the papists of England have been accounted ever since I was born, Spaniolized. They never regarded France; Spain was their patron all along, in England, Ireland, and Scotland: no man can doubt of it. And now Spain hath espoused the cause of Charles Stuart, and hath raised seven or eight thousand men who are now quartered at Bruges."

Oliver's scheme was threefold,—to obtain a foot-hold in the Low Countries,—to seize Gibraltar,—and to effect a comprehensive capture of Spanish territory in the West Indies, either on the main land or among the islands. At Dunkirk he succeeded: he was unprepared to take more than a survey of Gibraltar; and of his vast designs in the West, the comparatively small result of the capture of Jamaica was accomplished by incapable deputies,—whose failure vexed him beyond measure. The concordat eventually signed with the King of France in 1657 stipulated that the English Government should transport into that country six thousand foot soldiers, who as soon as they were landed should come under the pay of France and, in concert with a French force of horse and foot, forthwith besiege Gravelines or Dunkirk; either of which being taken was to be delivered into English hands, Gravelines by way of caution, Dunkirk absolutely. This was the way in which the campaign was to open, and the treaty was only for one year. But inasmuch as the only sea-port which the combined forces captured before the winter was Mardyke, the treaty had to be renewed for another year;

in conformity wherewith Dunkirk was at last taken and surrendered to the English. How all this was achieved by "The immortal Six Thousand" as they were fondly and absurdly called, has now to be related.

Lockhart prepared to leave England in his new capacity in April 1656, armed with bills of exchange to be utilized at the rate of £120 a month. Landing at Dieppe where he was received with distinguished marks of cordiality, he passed on to St. Denis to be in readiness to hold audience with Cardinal Mazarin, and there took the preliminary measure of furnishing himself with a coach and putting his company into fitting trim; so that by the time the next News-letter was published, he was correctly described as being well attended with gentlemen pages and lackeys. Oliver had evidently resolved that his representative in France should out-shine those of all other countries; and it was soon found that the £120 a month was a very inadequate provision. A quaint but very adulatory reference to this appointment occurs in the narrative of Carrington (a contemporary biographer of the Cromwell family). The representative at the French court, he remarks, occupied a place which furnished more occasions than any of the other embassies for the display of heroic virtues; and then glancing at that renowned lady, his Highness's niece, to whom Sir William was espoused, he assures us that "in both of them we behold shining those two happy and glorious talents which render persons of their birth and quality commendable and famous." Friend Carrington does not state what the two talents were, but from the next sentence we gather his meaning to have been that the knight and his lady were as fair in mind as in body.—"His [Lockhart's] person seems to have been sent into France to charm the whole nation and to attract and accumulate graces."

But such was far from being the general sentiment. To begin with the Catholic clergy. To them, as a matter of course, the new Envoy's arrival was a source of undisguised annoyance. So also was it to the Scots in the French King's service, though from a different motive. That Lockhart of Lee should actually be coming out as Cromwell's agent, says a news-writer, "is so hardly taken by the Scots, that they will willingly find out some handsome way to cut him off, and I do believe you will hear more of it." The ex-Queen of England and her son the Duke of York gave directions that no affront should be offered him by their partisans, but the infatuated street rabble assaulted the coach of the Savoyard ambassador, supposing it to be Lockhart's, and used the foulest language.

For some months Lockhart found his position very arduous, and his reiterated requests to be allowed to withdraw from the service must have greatly harassed the Protector. At length in December 1656 he obtains leave to come to England to visit his wife who was about to lie in, and in January he returns to his post. It were long to recount all the doublings and turnings which his colloquies with the French court revealed, set forth at large as they are in his correspondence with Mr. Secretary Thurloe. His visit to England no doubt enabled him, when closeted with the Protector, to reduce them all to a very simple issue, and to go back to his work re-energized by communion with his noble friends in Council, and more ambitious to measure and confront the lofty work which he now felt to be within his grasp. "I am the servant to a master," he once wrote to Monsieur de Ize the pastor of Grenoble, "whose endeavours are always great, whose vigilancy and care are truly pious for the preservation of the reformed churches, and whose love and kindness is particularly interested in the relief of those distressed Protestants of Piedmont." *Thurloe*, v. 142.

Lockhart's own well pronounced Protestantism was a cause of offence to the Queen Mother and her Jesuit crew from first to last; but supported by the liberal counsels of Mazarin, who was hated at Rome equally with himself, he stood his ground like a good Scot, and was hardly ever foiled when he thought fit to take up the wager of battle. One of his earliest troubles on returning to Paris arose from the litigation with which the ex-Queen of England was pursuing Lady Inchiquin the Protestant wife of one of Charles Stuart's own officers, whom together with her son, Lockhart took under protection and was preparing to pass them into England, when the youth was stolen from the very gate of his house and persuaded to write a letter to the Cardinal denouncing his mother and the English ambassador. "Your Honour cannot imagine," he writes to Thurloe, "what a matter is made of it. I am to wait upon the Queen this afternoon, who is to make it her suit to me to leave any further prosecuting of that business. The Protestants are no less pressing on the other hand, and say that if I succumb in this, the insolency of the Papists will be insufferable. Indeed, Sir, my own wicked nature doth so engage me in this business, that except I receive your orders to the contrary, I shall put all the credit and all else I am worth in this world to hazard, before I bear the affront I have received,—to which there can be no reparation unless the young gentleman be put *in statu quo*; and when he is once again within my doors, he shall have leave

to do whatever he thinks good." Need we add that Monsieur the Ambassador succeeded according to his wont in bringing the turbulent party to his feet? The following letter from him in reference to his personal scruples in the matter of Sunday entertainments is also very characteristic.

Lockhart to Mr. Secretary Thurloe.

RIGHT HONOURABLE.—“As I was closing my packet, M. de Lions came to me from his Eminence and told me that upon Friday night M. Turenne, M. de Servient, M. de Strada, and himself, were to wait upon the Cardinal, who made it his desire to me that I would be there, which I have promised. He hath likewise prevailed with me to see the King's ball this night *incognito*. I have been twice invited before, and was so pressed, in it that I was forced to own my scruple of being there upon the Lord's day, upon which it hath always been danced hitherto. I have not the vanity to imagine that [the choice of] this night is in consideration of me, yet I know the King did interest himself in my seeing of it so as to cause to make me a place behind the theatre were nobody should see me. As I thought the exposing myself to be too great a libertine by seeing it upon the Lord's day would offend God and be against your service, so I hope the appearing not to be over nice and scrupulous will not be construed to be for your dis-service.” The date of the above is 7 Feb. new style, 1656—7. So that “this night” seems to have been not a Lord's day. Our Ambassador has evidently won his way, and appears at the King's ball in domino, which was certainly better than squinting from the secret place behind the theatre, on a Sunday. So much for the domain of morals. His political game has now to be pursued afresh.

A very few weeks of negotiation enabled him to announce that the Treaty had taken the following shape,—That Mardyke and Dunkirk should be besieged in April by a combined army of 20,000 French and 6,000 English, and the English fleet at sea.—That if it should be found necessary to seize Gravelines in the first place in order to keep up land communication with France, that then England should hold Gravelines till possessed of Dunkirk and Mardyke.—That the Protector of England might station the half of his men to garrison those two places, without making up the number of 6000 to serve in the field, and that contributions for their maintenance might be levied on the circumjacent province of Flanders; with other regulations about liberty of worship in

the captured towns.—That the pay of the English forces by France, after landing on the French coast, should be equal to that of the French and Swiss guards.—And finally that no peace should be concluded with Spain except by joint consent. The plan of the campaign the French drew out in their own language, but Lockhart wished them also to sign his English draft. After consulting with the Cardinal, both parties agreed to adopt a Latin form.

Cromwell on his part at once put the levy in execution, clad his infantry in new red coats, and nominated as Commander in chief Sir John Reynolds who was then serving in Ireland as Commissary-General of the Horse to his brother-in-law Henry Cromwell. The Protector's commission to him, dated 25 April 1657 may be seen in full in *Thurloe*, VI. 230. Captain Titus, narrating the facts to Chancellor Hyde, says, "It seems my old chamber-fellow Reynolds is their General, a man as fit to serve such a master as Cromwell as any; for he wants not wit, and hath no conscience." Such is the testimony of a royalist; the sequel will enable us better to estimate it.

Reynolds's pay as General, Colonel, and Captain was twenty crowns or £5 a day,—that of his Major-general, Thomas Morgan, £1 a day. to which twelve shillings seems to have been added.—Adjutant-general, Manwaring, five shillings, to which three shillings seems to have been added.—Judge-advocate, eight shillings, to which four shillings and sixpence seems to have been added.—Provost-marshal, five shillings, and his four men at one shilling and eightpence each.—Marshal-general, Bee, one crown, and his four archers at seventeen sols each.—Gunsmiths, seventeen sols.—Apothecary, Abel Clark, three shillings, and fourpence. The common soldiers' pay was seven sols a day. In old dictionaries a sol is said to be the twentieth part of a livre. Samuel Morland in accounting for the Piedmontese contribution constantly treats the French livre as worth one shilling and sixpence. At this estimate seven sols represented rather more than sixpence. Other names occurring in the Flanders army are Dr. French a physician, J. Robinson preacher to the General's regiment, Colonels Henry Lillingstone, Roger Allsop, Sir Brice Cochran, Salmon, Gibbons, Haynes, Barrington, Devaux, Fenwick. It may be said that, as a general rule, the Cardinal took care to pay the English troops promptly, which was rendered all the more necessary by emissaries from the Duke of York's camp, who crept into the English lines and offered better pay. On one occasion when the Cardinal's convoys lost their treasure, Marshal Turenne stopped the

English clamour by cutting up his own service of plate and giving it out to them by weight. *Lockhart, 7 Sep. 1657.*

Great was the consternation of the Pope when the news reached him that the Treaty was an accomplished fact. His efforts had long been directed to establish a peace between the two chief sons of the church, France and Spain, yet now one was in sworn alliance with the arch-heretic of Europe, and a Cardinal had lent his sanction to the deed. In vain did the French envoy assure his Holiness that his master the King of France was absolutely driven to this step in order to anticipate the action of the King of Spain who had striven hard to secure the same alliance for himself to the prejudice of France. The Pope for awhile made no reply, till at last, heaving a deep sigh, he observed, "Then I must summon a congregation to advise as to the church's well-being."

¶ While the Red-coats are landing at Boulogne in the merry month of May, Mr. Ambassador Lockhart finds his old military duties come crowding in upon him, rekindling the old ardour, and furnishing occasion for the exercise of his versatile talents. He first repairs to Marshal Turenne, then at Amiens, and learns *inter alia* that the English forces when on the march are to take precedence of all the French regiments, except the two old regiments of Guards; and when ranged in order of battle, all possible jealousies shall be evaded by preconcerted disposition of the wings. Thence he rode on to Boulogne to salute that portion of the army which had already arrived; and as soon as they could be all drawn out in review, they received half-a-month's pay in advance. The Officers had it seems been led to expect three month's pay in advance, but our prudent Ambassador urged that the men would only "debauch the money," and then find themselves in distress. He then passed by every company in succession, bade them most heartily welcome to France, and assured them of the solicitude entertained for their welfare by his Highness the Protector, who in fact had appointed him [Lockhart] "to wait upon the French Court for no other end than to serve them, in seeing all things punctually performed to them." This was a somewhat undue magnifying of means at the expense of the end, but it answered the purpose of a camp oration. The men responded with their favourite hoo-ray, threw up their caps and "prayed for his Highness." Now, says he to Thurloe, "I must back to Paris to settle my private affairs, which are in more confusion than I dare make known. I have been drawing bills on my brother [George?] for considerable sums, but am still so much in debt in Paris, that if my wife and children were not em-pawned there, I

should have no thought of returning." And debts were not his only trouble; for a few months later his much loved wife fell ill of a fever till her life was almost despaired of. One of the experimental remedies adopted by the physicians was to bleed her in the foot; but happily she survived this and all the other medical fallacies of the age, and lived to bless her husband and a numerous admiring posterity for nearly thirty years longer.

Nothing could exceed the apparent cordiality with which the English troops were at first entertained. Presents of wine and provisions came pouring in from the Cardinal in such profusion that Sir John Reynolds and his officers were virtually enjoying a free table. In brief, says Lockhart, "the Court expresses so extraordinary a kindness for them that when I reflect upon their carriage towards other troops from whom also they expect considerable services, I am tempted to be jealous that there may be something lurking at the bottom of so much caress, which I do not yet thoroughly understand." And good reason our Ambassador had for his suspicions; but here, before advancing farther, the military situation seems to crave a brief note of explanation.

Flanders, which has always been debateable ground, was at that time spotted by Spanish forts lying along an undefined frontier extending from Montmedy to Calais; see the accompanying map. A small Spanish army was also on the move, that is to say during the summer months, reinforced by the French Prince de Condé, then at war with his own country, and by the three English Princes, Charles, James, and Henry Stuart at the head of three or four thousand English and Irish. In opposition to this heterogeneous force, the army of the French King led by the renowned Turenne, a nominal Protestant but entirely devoted to Cardinal Mazarin, was dodging in and out, taking one town and losing another, wasting the poor country-folk, but furnishing pastime for the Court, and opportunities of distinction for aspiring gallants who were anxious to win their spurs without too wantonly throwing away their lives. An army of Cromwell's arriving to take part in this desultory warfare might, it was thought, bring it to a speedy crisis, as in fact it did; but then it was desirable that such crisis should be altogether in France's favour, not in that of England. Turenne's mode of handling the English contingent must therefore be adjusted accordingly.

If the Cromwellian army imagined that after landing at Boulogne, their course would straightway lie along the

Northern shore towards Calais, Gravelines, and Dunkirk, they were speedily undeceived. Turenne, as Commander in chief, had other work for them first; and it must have been a sore trial to their patience to receive their first marching orders in just the opposite direction, through Montreuil to Abbeville, as though Paris were the object of the campaign. Turenne's scheme was to draw the war, and the English forces along with it, away from the sea-coast; to which end, without consulting Lockhart, he at once laid siege to Cambray, full seventy miles inland. Lockhart, who soon discovered his drift, had the courage to open the battery of his expostulations with the Court as soon as they reached Abbeville, but found himself so suffocated with French politesse that he was compelled to drift along with events which for the present were clearly out of his hands. "Why,"—it was said to him, with affected astonishment by one apologist and another, "are you aware that the Court, which was sitting at Montreuil as your army approached, actually turned out to make room for you? And the King remarked that he could pass no greater compliment upon his Highness's subjects than to trust them with so important a place on their first arrival;—And was it not notorious that everything was done to make their quarters agreeable? To begin the operations of the combined army by assaulting Cambray was not perhaps, the Cardinal himself admitted, in strict accordance with the Treaty, but he hoped the English Protector would eventually recognize the wisdom of the scheme; and he ventured further to express his belief that when his Highness came to know him better, he would think more kindly of him. To this long chapter of excuses Lockhart roundly replied that the good usage of his troops was not all that the Protector expected; and that unless the more material part of the Treaty were respected and put in execution, his Highness's service would require his troops elsewhere. The colloquy closed by the Cardinal's begging Lockhart's acceptance of a handsome caleche and six horses, which the wary Ambassador prudently declined.

But whatever might be the studied courtesy of the Court, the townspeople of Abbeville displayed none whatever. On the approach of the English "they drew their chains" [of the city gates?] and assaulted with arms several officers and soldiers in the streets. Sir John Reynolds rode up at once to the head of the rioters, told them we had no arms against Frenchmen, and would bear none while in Abbeville, and that for himself he would rather die defenceless than break the Treaty; by which means he awed them into something

like civility, but left them "to guard their chains with their own fuseses." The explanation of all this was that Abbeville was "the most popish and Jesuited town in France."

From Abbeville they advanced through Amiens and Corbie towards St. Quentin in order to effect a junction with Turenne; and as if to make amends for the affront just received at Abbeville, they were met at a spot, apparently near Roye, by the entire French Court, accompanied by Lockhart whose own words will best describe the animated scene.—"Upon Saturday last the King, Queen, Monsieur [this was Mancini the Cardinal's nephew] and the Cardinal, with the whole Court, viewed the English forces at Ribblemont. They were much satisfied with the sight of so many brave men. When I told the King that his Highness had commanded both the officers and soldiers of these forces to have the same zeal for his Majesty's service as they had always expressed for his own, and hoped that the same success which God had blessed them with in his service would attend them in that of his Majesty, his answer was that he was ravished to see so great a testimony of the affection of a prince whom he had always considered the greatest and happiest in Europe; and that once before this campaign ended, he would endeavour to witness himself thankful; and so hinted something of his resolution concerning Dunkirk. I should consume too much of your time if I told you all the Cardinal said, his expressions of joy and of gratitude. His promises to perform all they are obliged to on their part did exceed anything I had reason to expect. If his actions do answer them, his Highness will be satisfied, and I shall be extremely happy."

It was nearly the middle of June before the English army reached Turenne's camp at Vervins. Vociferous shoutings arose from the ranks; the leaders probably saw very little reason for rejoicing. They had now left Dunkirk and the sea-coast more than a hundred miles behind them, and learnt moreover that Turenne having been beaten off from Cambray, the capture of Montmedy, considerably farther inland, was the next thing to be attempted. The French Court were cruising about to amuse themselves by watching the proceedings of the army, and disconsolate Lockhart could do no better than copy their example, and, to adopt his own expression, hover about their march, watching for an opportunity to speak with the Cardinal. In one of these intervals he occupied his time by executing a French translation of the narrative of the recent victory of the English fleet at Teneriffe, and causing it to be printed and distributed in the French



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camp. Another of his adopted pastimes was to make a survey and map of the fortifications and lines of approach about Montmedy, which he then sent to the Protector, with a request that after his Highness's inspection it might be forwarded "to my very good lord and master my Lord Richard," the only intimation we have, by the way, that Richard Cromwell ever interested himself much in military details. Perhaps also it was Lockhart who transmitted the following copy of lines which remain in manuscript in the Brit. Mus. Library to this day, being a note of defiance sent out of Montmedy by its Governor, addressed to Marshal La Ferté the General of the French infantry.

Pourquoy s'obstiner davantage
 A vouloir prendre Mommidy,
 Deffendu par un estourdy,
 Qui ne fait que sortir de page ?
 Qui pretend comme un jeune fou,
 Se faire enterrer dans son trou.
 C'est un obstiné personnage,
 Qui ne craint point votre baston.
 Monsieur, monstrez vous le plus sage.
 Retirez vous a Eireton.
 Vous avez fait assez d'ouvrage.

Lockhart also made a personal examination of the besiegers' mines previous to their being sprung. This was expected to afford a pleasant entertainment for the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, who, when the critical moment was drawing near, were all conveyed to the corner of a wood out of cannon reach, there to await the grand blow-up. Lockhart had assured the engineers that their work did not sufficiently penetrate the bastions, and the very partial destruction which followed the explosions confirmed his predictions. The surrender of the place however followed immediately, being precipitated by the Governor's death from a cannon-shot, and must have been an unspeakable relief to Lockhart and his brethren; for the English contingent was becoming greatly demoralized, as well as thinned in numbers. One reporter states that five-hundred of them fell at a sally made by the garrison (though this seems hardly credible,) and a further loss was occasioned by a party of them running away to join the Duke of York's standard. The deserters carried with them Sir John Reynolds's waggon; and though in the pursuit that followed they were compelled to relinquish the waggon, they made off with the contents of his treasure trunk. A captain and two lieutenants being convicted as agents in the practice of seducing the common soldiers, were thereupon publicly hung in camp.

The Duke of York's standard, referred to above, was floating at Mons, where he had recently arrived to co-operate with the Spanish army under Don John of Austria, and forthwith made proclamation that he intended to give no quarter to any of the Cromwellians, should it be his good fortune to light upon them. His secret emissaries wrought the cause more damage than his threats; for these men creeping into the French quarters and offering large pay, decoyed away many of Cromwell's men from time to time; and this practice continued throughout the campaign. One very scandalous action is recorded of the Duke personally, nor is there anything in his subsequent history as James II. to render it incredible. Sixty or seventy of Reynolds's invalided soldiers being on their way to the hospital of St. Quentin, were pursued by the Duke to a house where they defended themselves as long as their strength permitted; but on their resolute refusal when at last captured to take service under him, "he in despite killed one of them in cold blood." Reynolds thereupon sent a drum to let him know that the threat of "No quarter" was reciprocal.

And now at last the Cromwellians were cheered by the prospect of a change of scene. The Queen Mother and the Popish faction, could they have had their way, would have carried on the cheat to the end of the campaign; but Turenne and the Cardinal were beginning to feel that this protracted injustice towards the English Protector had gone far enough, and the order was therefore given to march northwards. One obstacle still lay in their way. St. Venant, a small fort on the river Lys, it was thought should be reduced first; and the English troops with all their discouragements were still resolved to show that they would never decline an occasion to fight. St. Venant therefore, which was on the road towards Dunkirk, was at once invested, and taken by the English who begged to have the honour of storming. From St. Venant they advanced to the relief of Ardres, which, being in French hands, was just then surrounded by a Spanish force. Here also the credit of the affair had to be accorded to the English, who, led on by Sir John Reynolds in person, promptly raised the siege and scattered the assailants; Turenne's immediate followers meanwhile suffering a cruel reverse, for a retreating Spanish force under Bouteville intercepted his baggage train and captured four hundred waggons and four thousand horses. He had long been vehemently urging Lockhart to induce the Protector to ship off additional supplies of biscuit, horse-provender, and war materiel, to meet them when they reached the coast, and this untoward

event quickened his determination to lay immediate siege to Mardyke and recover his credit with the English nation.

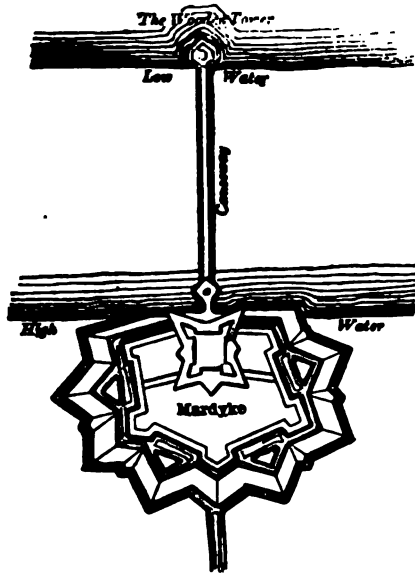
But the English army itself also stood in need of recruiting. They had now been marching up and down for three months, fighting battles for the French, and were considerably reduced both in numbers and in efficiency. Several were lying in hospitals; and Turenne with professional sang-froid was courteously suggesting that his Highness's invalids would recover much more rapidly if sent to their native country. "No, no," said Lockhart, "This were a very unwise course for my master to pursue. If the English people see only ship-loads of returned wounded men as the result of all this hard fighting in France, the whole affair will be branded with discouragement. His Highness is quite ready to furnish additional supplies if he thought that the good faith which he has himself kept would be reciprocated, but he must first see some fruit of his Treaty." Oliver, in fact, was by this time firing up with indignation. It looked as though the Flanders campaign was about to be a repetition of the West Indian expedition, and it was felt that a second failure against the Spaniard abroad might give fatal impetus to Spanish treason at home. "I am deeply sensible," he wrote to Lockhart on the 31st August, "that the French are very much short with us in ingenuousness and performance. And that which increaseth our sense of this is, the resolution which we for our part had, rather to overdo than to be behindhand in anything of our Treaty. And although we never were so foolish as to apprehend that the French and their interests were the same with ours in all things; yet as to the Spaniard, who hath been known in all ages to be the most implacable enemy that France hath, we never could doubt before we made our Treaty that, going upon such grounds, we should have been foiled as we are. To talk of giving us garrisons which are inland as caution for future action,—to talk of what will be done next campaign,—are but parcels of words for children. If they will give us garrisons, let them give us Calais, Dieppe, and Boulogne,—which I think they would as soon do as be honest in their words in giving any one Spanish garrison upon the coast into our hands. I positively think, (which I say to you) they are afraid we should have *any* footing on that side of the water,—though Spanish." The Protector then urges that if the English foot would at once operate with the French infantry against Dunkirk, aided by our Fleet at sea, and if Turenne's cavalry would at the same time sweep the country in the rear, the thing might be done before the winter. But

as to further delay, what did it all mean but just to keep our men another summer in their service without any reciprocal advantage? In a second letter, evidently an after-thought, written on the same day and sent by the same courier, he says,—“We desire, having written to you as we have, that the design be Dunkirk rather than Gravelines; and much more that it be,—but one of them rather than fail. We shall not be wanting to send over, at the French charge, two of our old regiments, and two thousand more if need be,—if Dunkirk be the design. . . . But if indeed the French be so false to us that they would not let us have any footing on that side the water, then I desire, as in our other letter to you, that all things may be done in order to the giving us satisfaction for our expences incurred, and to the drawing off of our men. And truly, Sir, I desire you to take boldness and freedom to yourself in your dealing with the French on these accounts. Your loving friend,

OLIVER, P.

“This letter,” here Mr. Carlyle is quoted, “naturally had its effect. Indeed there goes a witty sneer in France—The Cardinal is more afraid of Oliver than of the Devil. He ought indeed to fear the Devil much more, but Oliver is the palpabler entity of the two. Mardyke was besieged straightway, girt by sea and land, and the great guns opened on the 21st day of September. Mardyke was taken before September ended; and due delivery to our General was had of Mardyke.” *Letters and Speeches*, v. 94. Oliver has at last got a footing on the other side of the water.

MARDYKE.



OLIVER, as above said, and with him the English nation, have at last recovered a footing on the other side of the water, just a hundred years, within a few weeks, after they had lost it at Calais;—and though a very poor place this Mardyke, damp, narrow, and unwholesome, and hardly worth the name of a stronghold, still as it lay open to the sea and guarded the approaches to Dunkirk, it was resolved to make the best of it, and to hold it during the winter as an

instalment of something better in the spring. Sir John Reynolds was to be the commander; and palisades, deal-boards, and ammunition of every kind were promptly shipped from England to re-edify the fragile fortifications. An army correspondent, name unknown, writes, 10 October,—“We now only stay for some recruits, and then without all dispute we shall have Dunkirk if the season be not too far gone before they land. Some of our officers do doubt of the taking of it. I suppose you heard of the surrender of Mardyke. They held it out but twenty four hours and then gave themselves up prisoners of war. They marched out eight hundred and forty of as good men as ever I saw in these parts. Our English did gallantly. They took the wooden fort [an advanced work standing out in the sea at the end of a short pier or causeway] which struck the poor Spaniards into a panic fear, and made them surrender immediately, and we now keep it as our own until we have Dunkirk. On Sunday we encamped before Gravelines, to keep our army in a little exercise; but the same night the rogues in the town let out so much water among our men that we were forced to remove further off. The enemy’s army doth not lie far from us but are too fearful. They dare not make any attempt

upon us. But I wish we had gained Dunkirk. If we should not get it, I fear the enemy will get Mardyke-fort from us again this winter ; but I hope we shall be more vigilant and prevent them." *Thurloe.*

The attack soon came. Mardyke lying between Grave-lines and Dunkirk was in perilous proximity to the Spanish force, hardly in fact two leagues distant. Towards the close of October the enemy issued out of Dunkirk, headed by Generals Marseines and Caracena, and the chiefs of the English royalists, to wit, Charles II., the Dukes of York and Gloucester, Ormond and Bristol, (Rochester alone remaining behind through sickness.) Carrying vast loads of faggots, pioneer-materials, and hand-grenades, seven thousand of them made a dash at the outworks at ten o'clock at night, got over the first graff and came to close fighting at the second. But here their advance stopped short. It was an awful scrimmage during that long autumn night,—“Admiral Montague pouring death-fire on the Royalists from the English fleet ; four great flaming links at the corners of Mardyke-tower warning him not to aim thitherward.” Before sun-rise the enemy were all out of sight. They carried away their killed and wounded in carts, having buried fifty men on the strand, and abandoned all their war-materiel. Ezekiel Leblue the modern historian of Dunkirk says there were more than twelve hundred slain upon the place besides the wounded ; and that of the two English Dukes, York and Gloucester, one was wounded and the other had his horse shot under him. In the morning among the dead horses was found one with a very rich saddle, conjectured to be either Ormond's or one of the aforesaid Dukes'.

Strange to add—and yet not strange, there were at this moment other hearts besides those of the Stuart-Spanish faction who would have exulted to see the new occupants of Mardyke driven into the sea. These were their French allies. Various and doubtful are the allusions scattered over the correspondence of the hour associating the councils of Mazarin and Turenne with the dark scheme of blowing the citadel into the air. If Turenne had resolved on it, the English could hardly have prevented him. Of course it would have been equivalent to breaking the Treaty with Cromwell, but then it would save France the mortification of first winning and then delivering up Dunkirk to him. Lockhart evidently thought that the Cardinal's hand must be in it ; and at an interview with his Eminence narrated in a letter of 21 November, he roundly offered to bring proof that the Captain of Turenne's Guards had reached Calais bearing an order for

blowing up Mardyke. Now, whence could such a missive have emanated? Was it to be supposed that his Eminence would stoop to such an action? As for Turenne, he had too much sagacity thus to stultify his own tactics. And so between compliment and evasion the thing was shuffled out of the way, and Lockhart like a wise man did his best to unbelieve it.

With all its discomforts therefore Mardyke will continue to be held in the English grasp during the winter. Judging by the plan of the citadel published in London about this time on a folio sheet, the soldiers' quarters must have been very straitened, quite confirmatory of Sir John Reynolds's lamentable narrative of their sufferings and privations; but then we may conclude that the greater part of the men's time was passed in the open country, the houses in the fort just sufficing at night to cover their heads. The broad-sheet aforesaid, after giving a history of the fortress from its erection in 1623, concludes by a reference to the recent attempt of the Spaniards to recover it, which, the printer adds, "they have not nor could do. This is all we have to write of the aforesaid port. If there pass anything further, we will advise you."

DEATH OF SIR JOHN REYNOLDS.

Monsieur de Marseines above mentioned had been Lieutenant-general to the Prince de Condé; he was now filling the same position towards the Duke of York,—an able soldier and an astute adviser, in great favour also with Charles II. who had recently made him a Knight of the Garter. Soon after the affair at Mardyke a rumour prevailed that Marseines and the Duke had tempted Sir John Reynolds to enter into some kind of correspondence with them; whether amounting to a personal interview, seems uncertain. Sir Robert Honwood writing from the Hague to Sir Walter Vane when the news of Reynolds's shipwreck reached that place, says,—“The loss of Sir John Reynolds and Colonel White surprised us much here. Many think he has escaped a more ignominious death, not seeing how he could answer what he has done at Mardyke in the conference held with Marseines and the Duke of York; all men concluding him to have been either false, or more light-headed than was requisite for a man in such a charge.” This is evidence sufficient to show that a rumour of something like treachery was current, but the counter testimony of Lockhart, who had the best opportunity of knowing, goes far to vindicate his gallant friend.

given out," he writes to Thurloe, "by some of Charles Stuart's faction here that something passed at that meeting which I know he [Reynolds] could not be capable of, neither do I believe that any such meeting was." Reynolds however resolved to repair at once to London and seek an interview with the Protector. Contrary to advice he embarked in a Dutch pink of only one hundred tons burden, in threatening weather, and was cast away on the Goodwin sands; another officer named Colonel Francis White perishing at the same time, and all the crew. This was felt as a heavy blow by the Cromwell family, to whom Reynolds was allied. To Oliver especially, by whose side he had fought in years gone by, the news was every way distressing; but, prompt to avert from the widow the shock of so unlooked for a catastrophe, he dispatched a messenger to that lady who was just setting out for London, requesting that she would delay her journey till further communication should be sent her. This lady was Sarah fourth daughter of Sir Francis Russell of Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, and consequently sister to Henry Cromwell's wife. Her father Sir Francis was a very eminent person for humanity and unaffected Christianity, and the following letter which he had recently sent to his son in law at Mardyke is one of the choicest memorials of the age.

Sir Francis Russell to Sir John Reynolds, General of the English forces in Flanders.

Whitehall, 24 November 1657.

SON REYNOLDS.—According to my promise and your desire, I am now at Whitehall, and have solicited his Highness, my lord Fleetwood, and Mr. Secretary, for your return. His Highness told me that you should have leave granted you very suddenly, and Mr. Secretary likewise said that himself would write to you to let you know so much. But His Highness did say when I wrote to him about this business, that you must not expect to make any long tarrying here from your employment; however, I am glad that your friends have some hopes of seeing you. Your last letter I did receive, and I have two for your wife which I intend to send down to her by the post this night. Within these two or three days I shall return back for Chippenham; for my chiefest business here was to fulfil that love which I owe unto you. As for news, this place affords me but little. All our state affairs are very private, and to enquire or search them out is not my business. I hope all things will go well; yet

'tis possible all our state doctors are not of one opinion. 'Tis possible the wisest of them cannot guess at the event and issue of things, nor say what will be brought to pass in a short time. His Highness takes the present of your horse very kindly. I do believe his love and respect towards you is very real. Let therefore no dark thoughts overshadow your mind. Keep but all things clear and honest at home in your heart, and that sun will scatter all the mists that others can cast over your eyes. Expect bad report as well as good to be your portion here below. A wise good man is not much concerned at either. Above all things remember to make a wise stout war with all your enemies within you; for that warfare concerns you most, and the end of it will be a good happy peace. The Lord bless you and keep you safe inwardly and outwardly. I have in this sent you a letter from your wife. She will be glad to see you, and ready to go along with you to any place you shall desire her. I am, dear Sir, yours in all faithfulness.

FRANCIS RUSSELL.

Nothing more was ever seen of the Dutch pink and its freight of souls. A trunk of Colonel White's and a few other personal articles came ashore opposite the Goodwin sands, just to testify that all was lost. As for Sir John Reynolds's widow, who inherited large Irish estates from her husband, she eventually became the second wife of Henry O'Brien seventh Earl of Thomond, but her descendants are extinct. By Sir John Reynolds she had no family. The old knight her father had been nominated by Cromwell as one of the lords in his Upper House, a position which could have had but few charms for him. He survived the Restoration four years, and was buried at Chippenham.

MAJOR GENERAL MORGAN.

Sir John Reynolds was succeeded in his command at Mardyke by a fiery little Welshman known as Major-general Thomas Morgan, who, like his predecessor, had seen hard service in the home wars. His name has not been prominent hitherto in this Flanders history, but his valour had been a factor well apprehended by friend and foe. In the storming of St. Venant for example he makes it appear in his Journal that the capture of the place was wholly due to the impetuous attack of his division, on their being in a manner twitted by Count Schomberg for unskilful manœuvring in the trenches. But as we cannot afford to go back to St. Venant now that

we have got as far as Mardyke, and are in breathless haste to escalate Dunkirk, Morgan must be content with the memorial of laurels yet to be won. The French it seems thought him hardly equal for the post at Mardyke, but the enemy discovered that he was. During the four winter months "there was hardly a week," he tells us, "wherein Major-general Morgan had not two or three alarms by the Spanish army. He answered to them all; and never went out of his clothes all the winter, except to change his shirt." [He speaks, it will be observed, in the third person; the narrative being taken down from dictation in after years.]

Nor was Lockhart idle. Twice during the period of inaction in the field he passed over to England, namely in October and April, to organize the ensuing campaign. He has now in a great measure recovered his cheerfulness; and the Protector and his Council having come to a fixed resolution either that Dunkirk shall be immediately invested or the Treaty straightway collapse, all preliminary measures fall rapidly into place. Last year, Turenne wasted our forces in the interior of the country. Perhaps it was necessary, to clear the ground. This year, there shall be no mistake. The new levies to reinforce the stipulated Six Thousand will speedily embark; and then by his Eminency the Cardinal's favour and young Lewis's plighted faith, we hope soon to give a good account of (to adopt Lockhart's own audacious form of expression) "Charles Stuart and the rabble he hath with him." The breach between "Our Ambassador" and the King of Scots is now wide and yawning indeed.

In anticipation of the great event of the season, he was now unremittingly passing backwards and forwards between the French Court and the troops stationed at Mardyke and Bourbourg, strengthening the former place, laying his plans with Turenne, and making incessant demands on the home Government for coals, hay, and pallisades. Nor does he lose sight of the need of moral agencies to temper and control the spirits of the men fretting in their narrow quarters at Mardyke; though in this object there is reason to think he totally lacked the sympathy of his fiery Major-general Morgan, who, holding the active command of Mardyke, viewed Lockhart's supervision with impatience and jealousy. To Thurloe, Lockhart says, 17 May,—“I find not one minister here; and out of charity have sent for my chaplain from Calais. The soldiers need much to be both dehorted from evil and exhorted to good. If you will send over three ministers, they may very well serve the six regiments; and I engage myself to procure them £180 sterling per annum apiece, which I

think is encouragement enough to any honest man who hath zeal for his Master's service or the propagation of his gospel. The popish priests who go a-begging to vent their errors, will rise up in judgment against our ministers who cannot be yet persuaded, even upon reasonable terms, to preach the glad tidings of salvation to their poor countrymen who have some longings after the ordinances of God."

His letters from the Court during the spring would also be found full of racy gossip, where there space to enlarge. His esteem for the Cardinal is evidently on the increase, especially as he watches the backstair movements of the papal foe, who can hardly be kept from open war, and are foaming at the influence which his Eminence still maintains over the young King. The narrative of one of his interviews closes thus,— "His Eminence at parting gave me the enclosed libel, which, though a most wicked piece, contains nothing save the opinion of the generality of the clergy and other bigots here ;—and told me, his enemies had recompensed the injury they had done him by giving him the honour of putting him in the same category with his Highness. I beg that after your lordship's perusal of it, it may be sent to my Lord Fauconberg." Another present from his Eminence takes the form of four barbs, knowing the Protector's admiration of thoroughbreds. They are now landing at Marseilles ; and Lockhart hoping to sail in a few days, proposes to carry two of them to England with him. He relates his friend's matrimonial schemes thus,—Mademoiselle Mancini one of the Cardinal's nieces is to be married to Prince Eugene son to Prince Thomas of Savoy ; and another of his nieces is to marry the Duke de Bouillon's son, the heir-designate of Turenne, who also is to have new honours conferred. "These news," he adds, "are of no extraordinary importance, yet they declare how exactly this great and wise man observes times and seasons, and how careful he is to make hay while the sun shines." But the sun-shiny picture is reversed in a few days. One of the Mancini nephews, [so we learn from another source] being at play in the Jesuits' College, where they use to toss one another in a blanket, they let him fall and bruised his head, whereof he died on the 5th of January. The Cardinal is very sorry for his death." *D'Ormesson to Bordeaux*. The following is a noteworthy statement. In a conversation with Lockhart in February 1658 he begged him to assure the Protector that there was no doubt as to the reality of conspiracies both at home and abroad against his person and sovereignty. His own belief was that the strategists would fail ; but should it happen otherwise, "he offers," says Lockhart, "to assist your

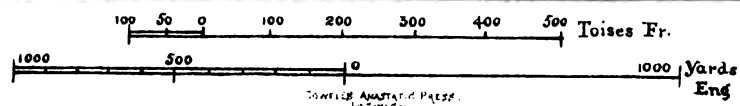
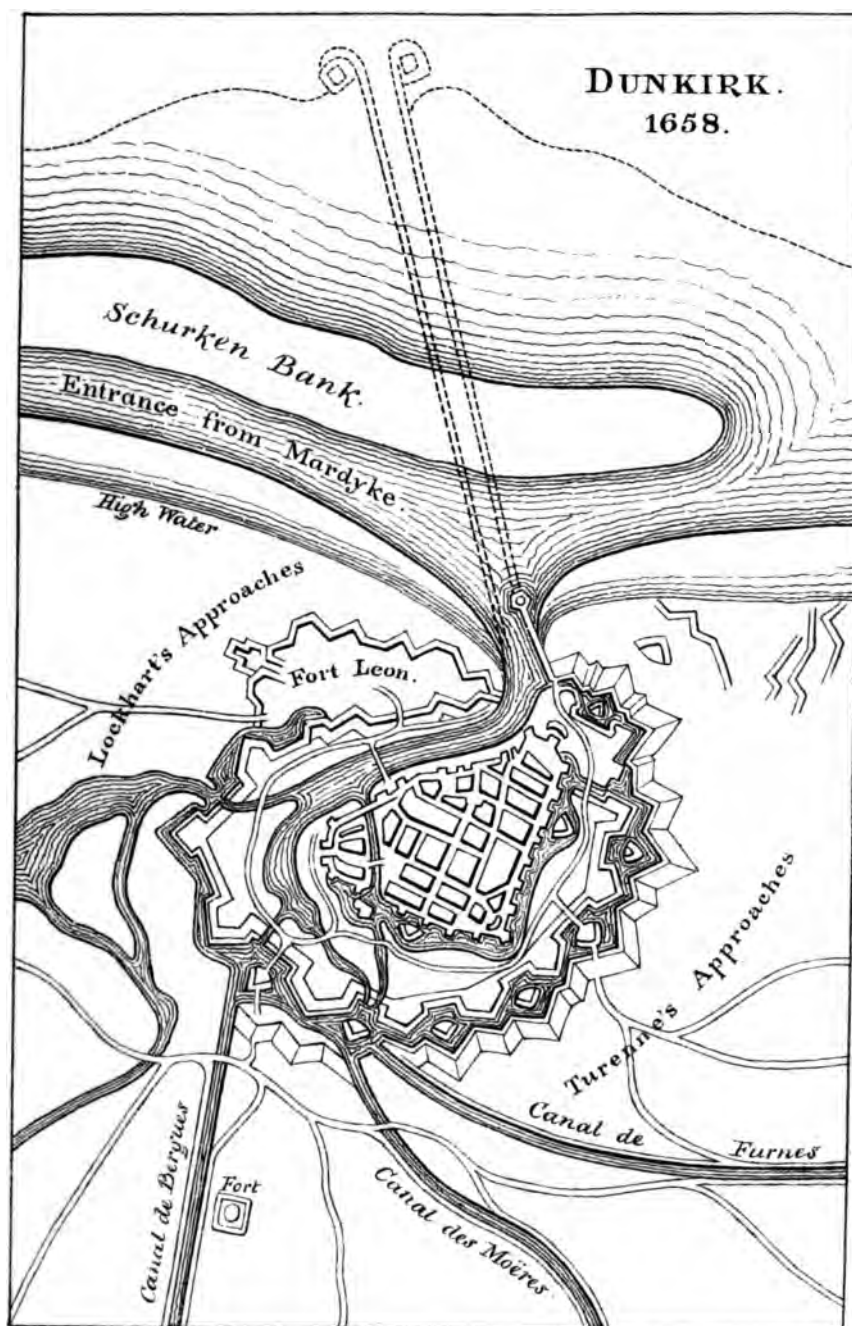
Highness at his own expence with a body of six or eight thousand men, for whose fidelity and zeal for your service he will answer." From which observation, which Lockhart evidently regarded as made in good faith, coupled with various other intimations too numerous to be grouped in this place, it may not unreasonably be gathered that the oft-repeated joke about Mazarin's fearing Cromwell more than the Devil is hardly a fair explanation of the case. Is it not more rational to suppose that the terms on which those two eminent men stood were based on a measure of sympathy and personal esteem beyond the mere freemasonry common to rulers? To be loaded with reproaches by the agents of Rome, as Mazarin was, never carried condemnation at any time; but rather serves to corroborate that more credible hypothesis respecting him that, Cardinal though he was, he shared the Protector's contempt for the effeminacies and treacheries which were still leagued to crush the rising manhood of France, and of Europe too. Might not this partly account for his alliance with Sweden, and his willingness, expressed to Lockhart, that the King of Sweden should supplant Austria in the monarchy of the Holy Empire? He was even threatened with excommunication from Rome; so at least Lockhart asserts when writing to Thurloe in January 1658; and adds,—“The Cardinal hath had a very hot bout of late with the Nuncio, and is not likely to be frightened with their paper engines.” The following scene is narrated in another of Lockhart's letters, (sent in December, though like many of his missives it never reached its destination, being intercepted by the Stuart emissaries.) He had been conveying to the Cardinal his Highness's deep sense of obligation for the friendly warnings sent him of personal danger, when, says he, “the Cardinal rose from his chair, and embracing me said, he perceived that I had mistaken him; protesting that none of these stories from England stuck with him; and prayed me to take no notice of what he had said in that [last letter?] to his Highness, for he now told me his regrets for the same as a particular friend and not as a public minister.” And then undertook to write to Flanders to make further inquisition. *Clarendon's Papers*.

Before active operations were commenced in the field, it now only remains to state, that our prudent Ambassador deemed it advisable that his family should remove to England. “The Lady Lockhart, wife to the Ambassador of the great ally of France,” writes Kingstonn, “took her leave on Thursday last of the Queen of France; and, as became her quality, had the honour of the tamboret given her.” Such is the report from Paris, 27 April, 1658.

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THE SIEGE OF DUNKIRK.

The first aggressive action in the Spring brings into notice Admiral Goodson, who, having got it into his head that Oliver was to possess the entire sea-board of Flanders, imprudently lent his boats to a small French force under Marshal D'Aumont in hopes of surprizing the well-defended port of Ostend. The invading force was precipitately driven off; for the failure of the enterprise was due to the treachery of a French ally within the walls who betrayed them to their ruin. Oliver alludes to it in a subsequent letter. The attempt was no doubt premature, though it is perfectly true that the Cardinal once and again threw out hints to Lockhart in favour of an English occupation of Ostend. See especially Lockhart's letter of July 17—27 1658. *Thurloc*, VII. 279.

Another partial action was a renewed assault on Gravelines by the forces under Morgan at Mardyke combined with those under Count Schomberg who commanded at Bourbourg; which also was without practical result.

Preparations for the investment of Dunkirk, then held for Spain by the Marquis of Leyda, were made in May. This was the point to which all eyes were now turned. The French Court advanced as near the scene of action as was deemed prudent; and Cromwell improved the auspicious moment by sending across the Channel his son in law Lord Fauconberg as the bearer of courteous salutations to the King and Cardinal. The documents which he carried were four in number, written in Latin, and are said to have been autograph; though this, considering the Protector's then state of health, is more than doubtful. Their final form, though of course not their substance, we know to have been the handiwork of John Milton. The first to be noticed is the official message addressed

*To the serene and potent prince Louis King of France, our
august friend and ally.*

No sooner was the news brought that your Majesty had reached your camp and sat down in such force before Dunkirk that stronghold and refuge of pirates, than I entertained the joyful hope that now at last by God's blessing the seas might be navigated without fear of sea-robbers. And may your Majesty's arms speedily take vengeance on Spanish frauds, through which one Captain has by gold been corrupted to the

betraying of Hesdin, and another perfidiously surprized at Ostend. I am therefore sending the most noble Viscount Fauconberg my son in law, to hail your Majesty's arrival in a camp so near to our shores, and to express personally that your Majesty's affairs engage not only our steadfast alliance but our constant prayers that the great God would preserve you from harm ; and that our mutual friendship, so long as it lasts, may serve the Christian cause. Your Majesty's most affectionate,

OLIVER P.

From our Court at
Whitehall, May, 1658.

Two letters, same date, are for the Cardinal's hand, both indicating that the salutation carried by Lord Fauconberg to the King was designed to embrace his Eminence at the same time. The following to the King on the same topic is of a more personal kind, and shews that Oliver is seeking to drop the diplomatic " We " in his correspondence with the French court.

To the King of France our august friend and confederate.

My son in law Thomas Viscount Fauconberg is about to pass into France, with the desire, out of his respect and veneration for your Majesty, to kiss the royal hand. And though his pleasant conversation makes me unwilling to part with him ; yet being sensible that his sojourn at a Court long celebrated as the resort of prudent and valiant persons cannot but render him more fully equipped for gallant service at home, I was the less disposed to resist his inclination. And though he is one who, unless I am deceived, can sufficiently commend himself wherever he goes, yet if he shall for my sake taste somewhat more of your Majesty's favour, the benefit will be adjudged as laying me under affectionate obligation. May God long preserve your Majesty and the peace between us as a lasting benefit to the Christian world.

OLIVER P.

Fauconberg took over with him a retinue of a hundred persons, including one of the Howard lords. They had two ships and three horse-boats ; but the passage was so rough that the vessels parted company, and Fauconberg landed at Calais in miserable trim late on Saturday night, 29 May, ignorant of the fate of many of his men and horses. The sumptuous reception which had been awaiting him formed quite a satire on the forlorn condition in which he stepped

ashore;—but his own words will best tell the story.—“At my approach I could but wonder to discover such infinite numbers of all sorts of people along the coast and upon the wall, the King himself, the Queen, and the Duke of Anjou, in a box built I think for the occasion; though the posture I entered in, answered nothing their expectation, having only my two ship-boats, which all the rhetoric I had could not persuade my company to fill. The Count de Charost, governor of the town, stood ready at the pier by the King's order to receive me, with eight or ten coaches. Immediately after my arrival, most persons of quality in town came to salute me; but particularly from his Eminence came the captain of his guards,—from his Majesty, the Duke de Crequi,—from the Queen, the Count d'Orvall, son to the famous Duke of Sully,—and from the Duke of Anjou, the Marquis d'Hiantelle,—all to compliment me and lament the disaster of my journey. The King's own Switzers guard my door. All his officers and the Queen's are appointed to attend me at meals. The Duke de Crequi had orders to have supped with me; but finding me so exceedingly out of order, left me to retire. In short, the same orders that have formerly been given for the entertainment of the Dukes of Modena and Mantua and others are now for my reception. The Count de Charost acquainted me at my landing how much the King desired to see me and to know by me of his Highness's health; and to that end told me his Majesty intended to give me audience tomorrow [Sunday] which I endeavoured to excuse, saying it would be an interruption to their Majesties' devotions, as I conceived, and was a day which ought by me to be set apart for other matters. This, with other endeavours which I intend to use, will I hope free me from any trouble tomorrow. As to the siege of Dunkirk, by the little discourse I have had with the Duke de Crequi, Chevalier Grammont, and others, I find they infinitely esteem my Lord Lockhart for his courage, care, and enduring the fatigue, beyond all men they ever saw. These were their own words. The enemy's army they say are ten thousand horse and eight or nine thousand foot. Our forces, French and English, will be tomorrow eighteen thousand within the lines, besides what the King hath here, and six thousand horse which the Marshal Le Fronte commands up in the country. . . . The besieged have made two sallies, one upon the French quarters, the other upon the English; both were repulsed. I do not hear that the King hath any intention of returning suddenly thither, on account of the Spanish army's approach. Monsieur de Crequi tells me he [the young king] resembles

so perfectly his grandfather that, should anything of action happen, they would be in danger of losing the gallantest prince they ever had."

The gallant prince therefore having at the earnest solicitations of Turenne fallen back to Calais, it was there that the Embassy from the Lord Protector of England paid their homages, on the 31st of May 1658. On alighting from his coach Lord Fauconberg was received by the Cardinal in person, who also on various occasions gave him the right hand. Even the King would remain uncovered during their various audiences; and for the five days that the visit lasted, not only was the English envoy entertained like a sovereign prince, but two sumptuous tables were furnished for his retinue at the public expense,—honours of so unusual a kind that great offence was thereby given to the Pope's Nuncio and to all the other foreign ministers present. At the audience for leave-taking, his Majesty presented him with a gold box inlaid with diamonds, the lid being decorated externally with the arms of France and inside with the King's miniature, the whole valued at five thousand crowns. Gold medals moreover were presented to several gentlemen of the English train, and a thousand louis d'ors distributed among the servants. The Cardinal's gift consisted of a dozen pieces of Genoese velvet and a set of Gobelin tapestry.

Just as Lord Fauconberg was embarking for England, the news reached Turenne that the Stuart-Spanish army was advancing along the coast from Nieuport to relieve the besieged city. It will be seen by reference to the accompanying map that Turenne's lines of contrevallation were themselves environed by a cordon of hostile towns, to wit, Furnes, Nieuport, Ypres, Winoc-bergh, St. Omer, Gravelines, and Hesdin. With a view to check their disturbing influence, he had, it is true, proposed to effect at least the recovery of Hesdin first, which had just been lost by treachery; and indeed he would gladly have found any professional excuse for declining the Dunkirk affair altogether, but the master-mind of the Cardinal kept him to his duty. At the same time it is to be observed that though the Spanish garrisons seem to be perilously near, he was in reality protected from them by the drowning of the land along the course of the canals of Bergh and Les Mœres, occasioned by the opening of their sluices twelve years previously, a mode of defence adopted by the Marquis de Leyda when besieged in 1646. (Nor was the land effectually reclaimed till 1754, 108 years after.) At the time of Turenne's investment, there was sufficient dry land for his operations between the city and the Bergh inunda-

tion. The sea-coast therefore was the only route by which a relieving Spanish army could approach.

At the council of war which Turenne now called, and which consisted entirely of French, the proposition submitted was whether the crown of France would not be exposed to great hazard if every thing were left to the issue of battle in so strait a country intersected as it was with canals and ditches; and another danger apprehended was that the Spaniards might endeavour to raise the siege by making a dash between the French and English camps along what was called the Bank de Bergh. And the final resolve was that if the invaders came on, the investment of Dunkirk should be abandoned. This disgraceful determination reached the ears of Morgan in half-an-hour, who forthwith repaired to Lockhart's quarters only to learn that the English General had like himself been left out of the council. At this moment a nobleman arrived to say that a second sitting would be held the next morning in the Marshal's tent. Lockhart resolved to go, though he was suffering greatly from the stone or gravel,—one of the most violent fits, he afterwards told Thurloe, that he had ever experienced. At the council table Turenne opened proceedings by regretting his forgetfulness in failing to summon the English commanders, and he now wished them to hear the case re-stated. The old arguments were again passing round the board, when Morgan broke in impetuously and delivered himself thus.—As for the impracticable nature of the ground, this applied to one army as well as to the other;—that the Spaniards would attempt the Bank de Bergh where only eight could march abreast, was simply chimerical, for the French artillery could mow them down at leisure;—their plan of attack beyond all doubt would be to cross the canal de Furnes and offer battle upon the sands. Then again, what dishonour would cover the flag of France if, after we had broken ground before Dunkirk, we should quit the place and run away. And lastly, the council must be well aware that should the siege be raised, the alliance with England would be at an end. Turenne made answer, that if the enemy were really willing to offer so fair a game as that, namely to fight on the sands, the challenge must be accepted; but in this event, his [Turenne's] own camp which was on the east of the town would be the point in danger; and therefore the English, who were posted on the west, must quit their own ground and form a junction with him. For the English to do so, would of course expose all their siege-works, tents, huts, and furniture, to certain destruction; but Morgan had no sooner heard Turenne's proposition, than he

rose from the board, went down on his knees, and "begged a battle," declaring that he was quite ready to venture the entire Six Thousand English, every soul of them, and leave the leaguer to take care of itself. This sort of appeal was irresistible. "If Monsieur Morgan," said the Marshal, "will just take a turn or two outside the tent, he shall be called in presently." He took his two turns accordingly, and when summoned in, was cheered by the announcement,—"We have considered your reasons; and myself and the council have resolved to give battle to the enemy if they come on. At the same time it will be necessary to maintain the siege on the east or Nieuport side. Your part will simply be to make conjunction with the French army." Morgan's quiet reply was,—"With God's assistance we shall be able to deal with them."

The very next day, the Spanish General had, as Morgan predicted, crossed the canal of Furnes and drawn up his army on the sands of Dunkirk within two leagues distance, on the east or Nieuport side of the town; and orders were therefore immediately sent to the leaguer on the Mardyke side to summon the English forward. This they promptly executed in the course of the night, with the preliminary service, a very harassing one, of having to march back to Mardyke, there to deposit their baggage and siege-materiel.

Lockhart had just parted with Lord Howard, who, as one of Earl Fauconberg's retinue, weighed anchor for England at the moment when Turenne's messenger arrived. "I was much surprized," he writes, "with the shortness of the warning, and more with the strange providence that was in it; for I had one of the most violent fits of the stone upon me that ever I almost had in my life. But finding there was no midst but either fighting or abandoning the siege, I chose rather to trust God with the event of a battle than to give over so hopeful a cause. So, about ten o'clock I drew out the forces and put myself at their head in my coach, and reached M. Turenne's quarters next morning. We spent some three hours in putting our forces in battle, and about eight o'clock the march began."

Turenne's army had a centre of French and English infantry, the English under Morgan being next the sea. Each wing consisted of three thousand horse, preceded by five cannons,—that on the right being commanded by the Duke de Crequi;—that on the left, which marched along the strand, the hour of low tide having been chosen, and seconded by a body of English foot, was commanded by the Marquis de Castelnau and Count Schomberg. The infantry altogether numbered about eight thousand.

The opposing Spanish forces in position at this moment between Suydcoote and the sea were under the direction of Don John of Austria and General Carracena. Their principal ally was Louis Bourbon the renowned Prince de Condé, the great Condé, as his admirers have ever called him,—at that time at feud with the French court, and fighting on the side of the enemies of his country. He with a body of the French noblesse who followed his pennon, had on the present occasion the management of the Spanish left wing consisting of four thousand horse, stationed in the meadows of Suydcoote close to the canal of Furnes, which canal here for several miles runs near to and parallel with the coast line. Nearer the shore throughout this district the land is strewn with little sand-hillocks called dunes (hence the name of the town of Dunkirk,) of irregular form and very partially covered with vegetation. The sand is extremely white in colour and fine in grain,—very difficult to march in, and aptly answering to Morgan's phraseology when he pictures the French cavalry as "powdering" along. On the most inaccessible of these dunes Don John arranged the mass of the Spanish infantry in lines extending down to high-water mark; and behind these were posted the Stuart cavalry led on by the two English Dukes of York and Gloucester. In numbers there was not much disparity between the two armies, but in artillery the Spaniards were greatly deficient.

It was not believed in the Spanish camp that Turenne would take the initiative. On the morning of the day of battle, Condé riding forward with the Duke of York as far as the vedettes, could plainly perceive that Turenne was on the move; but returning to give the Spanish generals the alarm, his announcement was received with incredulity. Piqued at their indifference he turned to the young Duke of Gloucester in the presence of them all, and asked him if had ever witnessed the winning of a battle? "No," said the Duke;—"Then in half an hour," rejoined Condé, "you will see how a battle is lost."

THE BATTLE OF THE DUNES, 1658.

The part which General Lockhart took in the ensuing action will be duly recorded; but as the narrative of his Major-general is unique in its kind, and abounds with those touches of colour and form on which old soldiers love to enlarge, it may be best to give preference to the second in command, premising as we must, that his manifest feelings

of jealousy towards Lockhart render his statements wherever the General is concerned ungenerous and unjust. Throughout the following description therefore of the three mile march along the Dunes and the brilliant charge of the Six Thousand, Morgan's narrative, abridged or modified as the case may be, will constitute the basis; and his own phraseology will in the main be preserved. He speaks of himself it will be observed in the third person.

Very early on the morning of the 14th of June Marshal Turenne gave orders to break avenues through the two lines of circumvallation and contrevallation, that the armies might march out in battalia. While Morgan and his officers were superintending the English pioneers, Mr. Ambassador Lockhart drove up, with a white cap on his head, and addressed him thus, "You see what condition I am in. I am not able to give you any assistance this day; but you are the older soldier, and the principal work must lie upon your shoulders." This caused the officers to smile; upon which he invoked the divine blessing on their enterprize, and rode away with the Lieut.-general of the horse. [Schomberg?] From that time we never saw him till we were in pursuit of the enemy.

The barriers being passed, we were compelled to advance in four lines, not having between the Furnes Canal and the sea, sufficient room to wing; but on the completion of the first half mile, we halted among the sand-hills, and having more room, took in two of our lines. Clearly discerning the enemy from this point, Morgan exclaimed, "See, yonder are the gentlemen you have to trade withal." Upon which the whole brigade of English gave a shout of rejoicing that made a roaring echo betwixt the sea and the canal. Marshal Turenne riding up with above a hundred noblemen, asked to know what was the matter, and the reason of that great shout? Morgan told him, it was the usual custom with the Redcoats when they saw the enemy, to rejoice. "Well, you are men of brave resolution and courage," rejoined the Marshal, and rode back to the head of his own cavalry. A second halt of the English when within three quarters of a mile of the enemy produced another shout, the men casting their caps into the air, and saying, they would have better hats before night. Turenne and his officers again rode up, and directed the English to preserve a level front with the French, as he would have to examine the Spanish position before deciding on the plan of attack. Morgan was anxious to know whether it was his intention to shock the whole army at one dash, or to try one wing first? On that point the Marshal could not resolve him yet, till they were nearer the enemy. "But let me

not languish for orders," said Morgan, "for oftentimes opportunities are lost for want of orders in due time."—"I will either come myself and give orders," replied Turenne, "or send a lieutenant-general."

To keep his men from pressing too forward, Morgan rode some distance in advance and told them he would hold up his hat when he discovered the French halting. But heedless of this signal, the Redcoats pushed on till they were within range of the enemy's firelocks; when perceiving that the Major-general was in a passion, they brought themselves to a stand. But musket shot distance in those days was also talking distance; and the infantry opposed to Morgan's left comprizing many English royalists, the men on both sides began to interchange salutations, or, to follow our authority, "fell into great friendship,"—one asking, "Is such an officer in your army?"—another, "Is such a soldier in yours?" And this continued for some time, till the Major-general's small stock of patience being exhausted, he advanced to the centre of his lines, and demanded how long that friendship was going to continue? because, said he, "for anything they knew, they would be cutting one another's throats within a minute of an hour." The brigade answered, "It should continue no longer than he pleased—"Then tell the enemy," he said, "No more friendship. Prepare your buff-coats and scarfs, for we will be with you sooner than you expect us." The Spaniards' immediate reply was a volley of shot into one of our battalions, by which three or four were wounded and one dropped.

It was now time to know what Turenne's intentions were, and an adjutant was dispatched to let him know that we had already received prejudice from the enemy's fire. The messenger came not back; and Morgan observing that the Spaniards were "mending faults" and opening intervals in their foot to bring their horse into action, he at once called the colonels together and proposed an immediate charge on the enemy's right wing, such attack to be executed by "a forlorn" consisting of parts of the two regiments under Lockhart's command, called the White Regiment and the Blue Regiment, and a body of four hundred firelocks under Captain Devaux. Some discrepancy exists as to the names of the officers who led them into action. Roger Fenwick, who was Lockhart's own lieutenant colonel of the blue regiment, seems to have conducted the general assault, and the credit may be equally divided between himself, Colonels Henry Lillingstone and Roger Allsop, and lieutenant colonels Haynes and Barrington. At Fenwick's side also fought one described as

CAMPAIGN IN FLANDERS.

... noble young gentleman Mr. Henry Jones of Oxfordshire" who had come over in Lord Fauconberg's train; but instead of returning to England with his master, preferred remaining behind to take part in the bloody fray as a volunteer. We shall hear of him again. The remainder of Lockhart's regiments had been stationed on the strand, to operate with the three thousand French horse under the Marquis de Castelnau who formed the extreme left. At the present moment when their presence was so much needed these three thousand horse were far in the rear.

In dismissing the Forlorn on their perilous charge, Morgan told them that if himself were not knocked on the head he would soon come to their assistance. The other English regiments under his command, five in number, were ordered not to move till they saw that the Forlorn had shocked the enemy's right wing off the ground; nor had they long to wait. This right wing was seen to be posted on one of the highest ridges of the Dunes, where they had thrown up the sand breast-high, and where the difficulty of reaching them, owing to the treacherous nature of the ground, seemed to render their position unassailable; while at the only practicable point the Cromwellians found that they could ascend with no more than ten abreast. But this difficulty being promptly faced, they soon came to "push of pike," the firelocks helping their comrades in advance up the steep, and sustaining them with their musket-rests.* As soon as the English colours were seen flying over the Dunes, the musketeers clubbing their weapons, adopted a style of fighting before which the Spanish pikemen rapidly recoiled; but at this moment a body of cavaliers under James Duke of York rode into the *melée* and inflicted considerable damage on the Blue Regiment, whose every officer, with one exception, they either killed or took prisoner. Now we must go back to Morgan.

The Major-general, when he saw his opportunity, stepped to the other five regiments, which were within six score paces of him, and ordered them to advance and charge immediately. But when they came within ten pikes length, the enemy perceiving that they were not able to endure our charge, shako'd their hats, held up their handkerchiefs and called for quarter; but the Redcoats cried aloud, "They had no leisure for quarter." Whereupon the enemy faced about

* "Ceux de derriere soutenant de leur mousquet."
ceux de devant avec les crosses

Belidor.

and fell to running, having the English colours over their heads, and the strongest soldiers and officers clubbing them down; so that the Six Thousand English carried ten or twelve thousand horse and foot before them. The rest of the Spanish army, seeing their right wing carried away and the English colours flying over their heads, wheeled about in as good order as they could; so that we had the whole Spanish army before us. Major-general Morgan called out to the colonels, "To the right as much as you can," that so we might have all the enemy's army under the English colours. The Six Thousand carried all the Spanish army as far as from Westminster Abbey to Paul's Churchyard before ever a Frenchman came in on either wing of us. But then at last we could see the French horse come powdering on each wing with much gallantry; but they never struck one stroke, they only carried prisoners back to the camp. Neither did we ever see the Ambassador Lockhart till we were in pursuit of the enemy; and then we could see him amongst us very brisk, without his white cap on his head, and neither troubled with gravel nor stone. When we were at the end of the pursuit, Marshal Turenne and above a hundred officers came up to us, quitted their horses, embraced the English officers, and said, "They never saw a more glorious action in their lives, and that they were so transported with it that they had no power to move or to do any thing. And this high compliment we had for our pains. In a word, the French army did not strike one stroke in the battle of Dunkirk,—only the Six Thousand English. After we had done pursuing the enemy, Major-general Morgan rallied his forces and marched over the sands where we had shocked them at first, to see what slaughter there was made. But Ambassador Lockhart went into the camp as fast as he could, to write his letters for England of what great service he had done, which was just nothing.

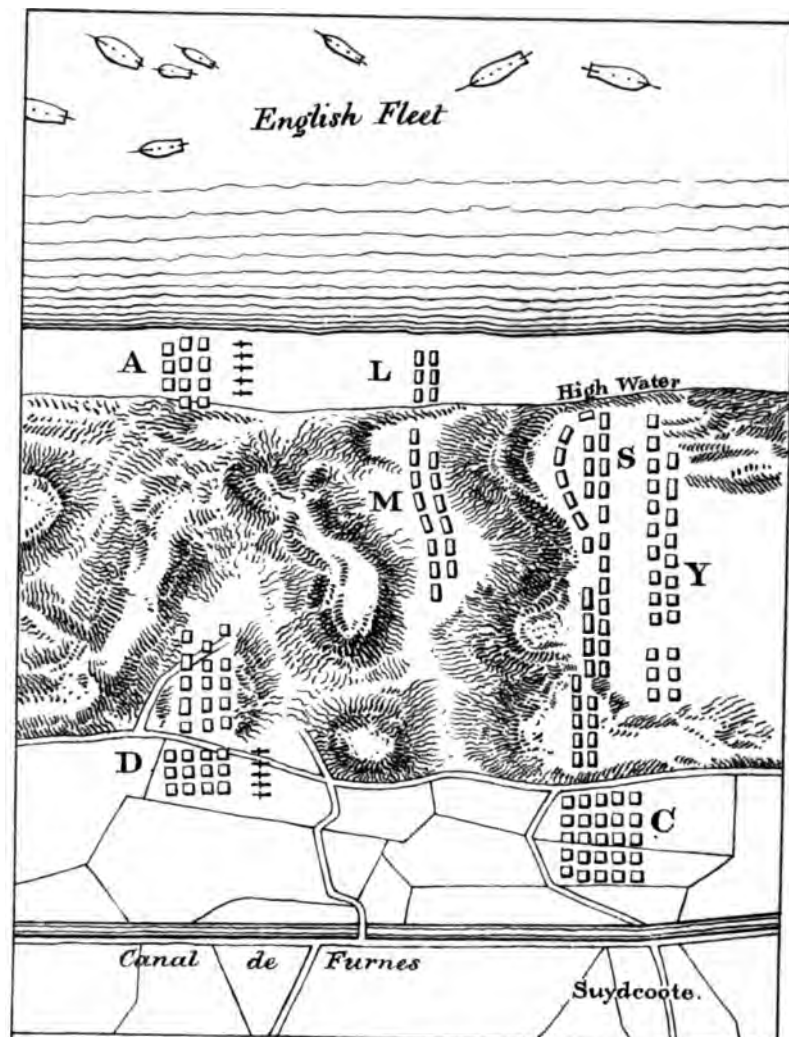
Such was our doughty Welshman's view of the battle of the Dunes; and after comparing it with various other narrations, there is reason to think that, so far as it fell within his ken, it is not far from the truth. Our first correction must have reference to Lockhart's share in the transaction. That he was totally disabled from taking an active part, and was therefore under the necessity of leaving the handling of the troops to his lieutenant, is sufficiently clear. Though therefore it is more than probable that he reached the scene of action in his coach, it must have been with his joint concurrence that the attack was made on the Spaniard's right wing; simultaneously with which, the de-

tachment of his regiment posted on the strand was directed by him to take the enemy in flank. And this movement it was which, all unperceived by Morgan, completed the rout. Let us now hear the General tell his own tale. It occurs in the dispatch which Morgan has just been treating so discourteously.

" The enemy kept his ground until we should come up to him. I, having the command of the left wing, rencountered the right of the enemy where all his old Spaniards were, and posted so advantageously, that when I considered my work, I looked upon forcing them as altogether impossible. But necessity having no law, I ordered my own regiment to attempt it before [in front]; and at the same time having some commanded men upon the strand which were to have seconded the horse, I made them attack the Spanish upon the flank; and after the hottest dispute that I ever saw, it pleased God to give us success; and with that advantage, that the enemy seeing their best men forced in their most advantageous post, did not in all the rest of the battle behave themselves as I expected. The rout was universal, but not so closely pursued by the French horse as I could have wished The truth is, my lord, I have fallen asleep I know know not how often while writing this; and so shall only pray that we may be made sensible of the good hand of God which hath been wonderfully with us this day. I pray for the continuance of his Highness's health and the increase of his glory and happiness.

The accompanying plan of the battle is designed to exhibit the position of the forces just before the assault on the Dunes. Morgan's men, it will be observed, have advanced ahead of their French allies. Lockhart's position is on the strand; and as the Spaniards had no forces at that spot, we understand at once the value of Lockhart's movement, in turning them.

Now we seem to know all about the fighting near the shore; but it is reasonable to conclude that among the Suydcoote meadows by the canal of Furnes where the two hostile wings of cavalry met, the great Condé on the one side and the Duke de Crequi on the other, something very chivalrous may have been passing, though far beyond the reach of Daffy Morgan's observation. Of course, wherever Condé and Turenne are concerned, there are few French historians who can resist the temptation of indulging in the Homeric afflatus, and the battle of the Dunes forms no exception. They are compelled to admit that "*Le choc commenca par les Anglois avec cette bravoure et cette intrepidité qui leur est si naturelle*;"



BATTLE OF THE DUNES .

- A *French left wing of horse, under Castelnau.*
- D *French right wing of horse, under De Crequi.*
- M *Morgan's men in advance of their allies.*
- L *Lockhart's reserve on the strand.*
- S *Spanish right wing of infantry.*
- Y *Duke of York's cavaliers.*
- C *Spanish left wing of horse, under Condé.*

but after this, little is visible but French cavaliers charging like the whirlwind and cutting Spanish squadrons in pieces. Condé with his troop of knights is seen hewing his way till his horse is shot beneath him in the vain endeavour to force a passage through to join the Dunkirkers, till Turenne who watches the struggle from the top of a Dune and fears that De Crequi will be overborne, brings up his reserves; and the battle sweeps along the dykes of Furnes. And true it is that the wreck of the Spanish host was chased to the very gates of that town; but on re-passing the field of slaughter it was perceived that of the two thousand five hundred Spaniards and English royalists who fell in fight, the principal part lay just where the strife began. "In this action," says one reporter, Robert Beak,* "the English have got the testimony of French, Swiss, and the vanquished enemy, for their valour and gallantry. God has honoured the nation by this poor handful, and I hope they will be yet more victorious." There can in fact be no reasonable doubt that when Don John's infantry and the Duke of York's cavaliers were seen retreating before Morgan's clubmen, the whole of the Spanish left under Condé took to flight also. "Morgan's men," says another correspondent, "came on at a good trot, but it was faster than Monsieur's gallop." And if any cavalry had been at his disposal, he would have done much more than carry the Spanish army, as he quaintly expresses it, "as far as from Westminster Abbey to Paul's Churchyard." He would have killed or captured every man of them, and Dunkirk would have been another Dunbar.

As it was, the prisoners were very numerous; and the French when they had once disarmed them were very indifferent about keeping them. General Carracena was captured, but the soldiers who held him took a bribe and let him go. The Duke of York's coach was taken, but its interesting freight was far out of reach. The news that himself or his brother of Gloucester had suffered damage reached his mother in Paris, whose congratulatory message on hearing of their safety may be read in Mrs. Green's *Letters of Queen Henrietta-Maria*.

Thurloe narrating the victory to Henry Cromwell, thinks that the Spaniards lost their entire body of infantry. Among

* Robert Beak, judged by his name to be related to the Cromwell family. Richard Beke of Buckinghamshire was the hus-

band of Levina daughter of Roger Whitstone and Catharine Cromwell the Protector's third sister.

...up-
...wood.
...sionally de-
...consolation
...Dunkirk.
...as fighting at
...places, when,
...with the pursuing
...taken prisoner.
...back to England,
...Court. See his
...15 to 22. Drum-
...came over in Lord
...the engagement Lock-
...days later he received a
...Dunkirk. Allsop, the last
...acquired distinction by
...a regiment bearing the
...The entire loss of the
...at the battle of the
...need forty killed and
...lost still less.
...Fourtee's communi-
...and carries us into the inner
...chamber. "This mercy,"
...is the greater in
...day whilst his Highness
...day of fasting and prayer to
...And truly I never was
...where I saw a greater spirit of

th; and it was a mere providence
 and the seeking of the Lord to
II. Cromwell, 18 June.—To
 shed a corresponding reflection
 it.—“I am encompassed with
 loss of so many of my friends; yet
 God hath done, and how much this
 may contribute to the carrying on of a
 as work which may extend itself to all the
 I confess I can but rejoice in the midst of
 afflictions, and must own that the lives of all the
 instruments employed are not to be valued in the
 of so rich a mercy.”

seems proper, in conclusion, to take some brief notice of
 charge of cruelty and unnecessary carnage which was
 brought against the victors. In this battle, so Spanish pri-
 soners are reported to have said, “the French fought like
 Christians, the English like demons.” It was the furious
 onset at the Dunes which so disturbed the Spanish ideas of
 military decorum: but a charge of this nature coming from
 a nation so notorious for their outrages towards Englishmen,
 what is it worth? Lockhart in justification of his subordi-
 nate’s conduct, says to Thurloe, The published account of the
 battle which you have sent me “is true in the main; only it
 doth us great wrong when it saith that we gave no quarter.
 The Major-general kept the regiments in a body, and would
 not suffer them to straggle either for pillage or for prisoners;
 and did them [the prisoners] a service by it that merited a
 better character than that of cruelty.”

So writes Our Ambassador; and on the basis of this
 worshipful authority we are now therefore at liberty to pic-
 ture the invincible phalanx of the Six Thousand, unstained
 in honour and not much crippled in numbers, moving off
 from the well-fought field to re-occupy the leaguer around
 Dunkirk. As the old song has it, (with variations,)

They marched with trophies in their hands,
 The captured flags displaying;
 And o’er the sands their music bands
 Triumphant tunes were playing.

THE TAKING OF DUNKIRK.

On reaching their camp, the English brigade found, as
 they fully expected, that during their absence the besieged
 garrison had sallied out and burnt or carried off all their

huts, tents, and other moveables. It was now therefore all the more necessary to make short work of the affair and give the Spaniard his final quietus. The French under De Crequi on their side of the town promptly carried a demi-lune, and Lockhart made a lodgment on Fort Leon. The Marquis de Leyda being again summoned replied by a fusillade, but shortly after received his death-wound; and the place surrendered on the 25th of June 1658 after a siege of twenty two days; the garrison eighteen hundred in number marching out next day. Lockhart entered with two of the English regiments, leaving the other four outside under the command of his invincible Major-general. There will be a parting salutation for Morgan before we have done; but dismissing him for the present to keep the field with Turenne and co-operate in the further subjugation of Flanders, our more immediate attention is drawn to an interesting scene which is about to be enacted in the captured city. There, the King, the Cardinal, the Princes of France, the Ladies of the Court, and the Military Chiefs of two nations were assisting at something more than a pageant when the surrender was made to an English Protectorate of the finest port on the North coast, —when Louis the fourteenth with his own hands placed the keys of Dunkirk in the hands of Sir William Lockhart, 26 June, 1658.

Even before this formality was enacted, "our Ambassador" had sat down and written two letters to England, one of which is the following.

General Lockhart to Secretary Thurloe.

Dunkirk, June 15-25 1658.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,—I can add nothing at present to what I said in the morning, save that by the goodness of God your servant is now master of Dunkirk. And indeed it is a much better place than I could have imagined. Blessed be God for this great mercy; and the Lord continue his protection to his Highness, and His countenance to all his other undertakings; and let his life be precious in His eyes, and his family prosper. So prayeth, my lord, your most humble servant,

WILLIAM LOCKHART.

So far as appearances went, there was no colour for supposing that any hesitation attended this act of surrender to England, at least on the part of the French King and his

Minister. It is necessary to say this, because a strange story finds place in the Lockhart biography and elsewhere, to the effect that a secret resolution had been formed by the French powers to supplant the English and to keep Dunkirk in their own hands,—that Lockhart on being made aware of the plot, posted his troops on advantageous ground, and acting upon instructions brought in this brief interval from the Protector, took out his watch and threatened to pass over to the Spaniards unless the town were placed in his hands within an hour;—that the Cardinal at first tauntingly asked him if he had slept well, but on perceiving that Sir William was in fierce earnest, at once yielded the point. It is hardly necessary to say that no corroboration of such a scene occurs in the correspondence of the hour. unless the following be so regarded,—written on the day of rendition,—“The generality of court and arms are even mad to see themselves part with what they call *un si bon morceau*, or so delicate a bit; yet he [the Cardinal] is still constant to his promises, and seems to be as glad in the general, notwithstanding our differences in little particulars, to give this place to his Highness as I can be to receive it. The King is also exceeding obliging and civil, and hath more true worth in him than I could have imagined.” *Thurloe VII.* 174.

Had the Cardinal ventured to outwit the English on this occasion, there is no denying that he would have greatly pleased the majority of the French nation. The “Libel,” as he terms it, which he had placed in Lockhart’s hand, as mentioned at page 197, supposing it identical with the pamphlet published in an English form in 1659 under the title of “*France no friend to England*,” shews clearly enough that the jealousies of the Catholic party were inflamed to an extraordinary degree at the prospect of the English regaining a stronghold south of the Channel, and must have expressed the feelings of many Frenchmen besides the Catholics. At present the Cardinal holds the malcontents in check. Their hour will shortly come, when he is dead, and when England has no longer any foreign mission to fulfil. Meanwhile, Lockhart has but too good reason still to write,—“The French do generally so envy our settlement here that Monsieur Turenne was not ashamed to argue this day [27 July] that two of our principal sluices here that are within our works belong to the government of Bergh.” . . . “If the Cardinal did not moderate and bridle the humours of the French, I am confident we should have been by the ears e’er now.”

This natural and inevitable sentiment then, among the

French, being admitted, it is no wonder that many writers should have credited Mazarin with a will to play the traitor towards Cromwell had he possessed the requisite nerve. Among others, Mr. Charles Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool,) reviewing the Treaty, is manifestly of opinion that the Cardinal discovered when too late that the practical advantage lay with the English; and that in order to retrieve his position he hoped to raise a difficulty on an expression in the Clause which provided that the sea-ports should be *left* in the Protector's possession, but did not say that he should *have* possession. Mr. Jenkinson then adds,—“The Cardinal conceiving it would do” “ordered Marshal Turenne to get possession of Dunkirk and keep it, as justly supposing that town would be a more important conquest than any they should acquire besides. The Marshal would certainly have obeyed his orders had not Cromwell discovered it, and then both the reason and the result of this Treaty would have been very different. The story of the discovery is too well known to need relating here. It is sufficient for my purpose that Dunkirk was put into the hands of the English and that the French King never acquired the Imperial dignity nor conquered more of the interior part of Flanders than he might have done had not this Treaty been made.” *Collection of Treaties*, I. 97.

[This expression “the Imperial dignity” points to Clause XIV, in which the English Protector had promised to use all possible means to secure the election of Louis as Emperor of the Romans, or at least to prevent the dignity falling to the house of Austria. Another stipulation was that Oliver would lend a fleet of ships to act under the French Admiral's command in the Mediterranean;—his policy plainly taking this form,—“I will rather lend you ships than that you should create a fleet of your own; and if I may have the sea-ports of Flanders, your Majesty is quite welcome to the Imperial purple,—if you can get it.”]

This reasoning of Mr. Jenkinson is designed to shew that, failing to win Dunkirk, the French would gain next to nothing by the Treaty with Cromwell, and that this was an ignominious result to which no party could possibly have consented. Whether the French nation were really losers or gainers by the Flanders campaign, quite independently of Dunkirk, we have yet to see. But even admitting that Cromwell's was the master-hand in the bargain and that the French Court discovered that they had made a fatal mistake, all we can say is,—never was outward bearing more at variance with secret designs. This, it will be replied, may

very easily be accepted as part of the art diplomatic; but what cannot be so easily accepted is the additional supposition that throughout the transaction Lockhart's private language in respect of the Cardinal is stamped with insincerity; for when the affair was all over, he could still write of him in the following strain.—“His Eminence hath a great and generous soul, both upon that account [the alliance with England] and the particular respect I am confident he hath to his Highness and family.” 21 *July*. Lockhart is evidently giving him credit for good faith. Would it be safe to hazard a second alternative, and say that Cromwell's ambassador was a much duller man than his master gave him credit for? Certainly, no one has ever yet called his sagacity in question.

In carrying on the history, it will now be requisite to refer to a parallel part of the drama, about which there was no secrecy at all; and perhaps we may be able, in passing along, to judge how far it can be reconciled with the above theory of plot and counterplot.

Before the capture of Dunkirk, and this is a point to be kept in mind, the Duke de Crequi had been withdrawn from the leaguer and sent on a complimentary mission to England. This embassy which took the form of a demonstration *en revanche* for Fauconberg's recent visit, was so organized as to express unusual courtesy; being accompanied with all the additional pageantry which Gallic wit could devise, and conducted by one who was First Lord of the Bedchamber. With De Crequi, there also went over Monsieur Mancini the Cardinal's nephew, the Chevalier Grammont, and several other noblemen. Mr. Ambassador Lockhart, fully sensible of the courtesy of the action and of the value which ought to be attached to it in England, prudently sent forward a note of warning, suggesting in what form the Cardinal's feelings might be most efficiently gratified in the treatment of his nephew. “It will be expected,” he says to Thurloe, “that M. Mancini meet with some particular kindnesses, which may be done thus,—After the public audience is over, his Highness may send a coach or two for him, and give him a private audience, whereat he may, according to his own goodness, give his Eminence [the Cardinal] those assurances of friendship he shall think fit. The Cardinal hath written asking for two frigates to transport them; and I have desired my lord Montague to give them that accommodation.”

The reception and entertainment of this French embassy fell as a matter of course principally on Lord Fauconberg, than whom none, we may well suppose, could execute it

better. From Greenwich, where they were met by Sir Oliver Flemming master of the ceremonies and several other lords and gentlemen, they were conveyed in state barges to the Tower, and thence in his Highness's coaches to Brook-house in Holborn, which formed their hotel for the ensuing six days. The interest of the affair was made to culminate in a grand dinner at Whitehall, when the Duke de Crequi, speaking in French, again went through the formality of placing in the hands of the English Protector the keys of the captured city,—accompanying the action with these words, “My master takes pleasure in parting with them to the greatest Captain on Earth.” Such at least is the story told in the Lockhart biography; and the thing is just possible, since news of the surrender reached London soon after De Crequi's landing; but then we must suppose that to enable him to go through the scene of the keys, the identical instruments were sent on after him, which may admit of a doubt.

There was still one more formality to be observed. French gallantry could not allow the principals to depart without audience being solicited of the ladies of the Protectoral house at Hampton Court. *Cela va sans dire*, yet as the Chevalier Grammont was of the party, we would like to hear his account of the interview,—in default whereof, we turn to Lord Fauconberg.

*Lord Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell Lord Deputy of
Ireland.*

22 June 1658.

MY DEAR LORD;—I have been truanting all this last week from the respects I ought to have paid your lordship. The giving entertainment to some Ministers sent from the French King to this Court with compliments, so wholly took up my time, even nights as well as days, that it was impossible to do aught else. The chiefest of those that came were the Duke de Crequi, the Cardinal's nephew Monsieur Mancini, and the Chevalier Grammont. They had their first audience on Wednesday, and their last for taking leave on Saturday; and were treated from the time of their arrival till their going, which was yesterday, with all magnificence possible at his Highness's charge. During their stay came another envoy from France to acquaint his Highness with the delivery of Dunkirk into the English hands; but withal, that the French were sat down before Winnoxberg, which I am confident is done on purpose to block us up, and by straitening

the quarters of Dunkirk to hinder both contributions and our future making further progress into the country. Whether I hit right or no, in their scope, it is most sure they have done the thing.

My lord, I now receive your lordship's, telling me of an indisposition you are under, which really gives me apprehensions for you inexpressible. The attendance I have been forced to give the *Monsieurs* has brought me into no little disorder,—not only stopping a journey which my lady and I had intended this day Northward, but shutting me up in my bed, where I write all this to your lordship in so much pain that it compels me to beg your pardon and leave to tell you that I am—your lordship's most truly affectionate, faithful, and most perfectly obedient servant.

FAUCONBERG.

Having dispatched the above letter to brother Henry, Lord Fauconberg in company with his fair wife the Lady Mary Cromwell proceeded to execute a sort of vice-regal "progress" through the north of England; the obvious design of which was to produce among his aristocratic connexions in that district an exalted sense of the Protector's growing power thus unequivocally recognized by foreign courts. And the event fully answered his expectations; for his public reception in Yorkshire was of the most flattering kind, a body of more than a thousand horse comprizing the gentry and yeomanry of that county meeting him near the city of York, besides the lord-mayor and aldermen of the place. We may be quite sure that his subsequent audiences and after-dinner speeches were occasions of unwonted gratulations among his county friends and neighbours; for a man possessing the resources and the address of Lord Fauconberg would know thoroughly well how to improve the shining hour to the best advantage. Much had he to tell them about the great Louis and the still greater Cardinal,—about Lockhart's diplomacy and Morgan's dashing chivalry. He had by heart the whole story of Cromwell's veterans turning to flight a Spanish host far more numerous than themselves. Might he not be permitted to add, without tearing a single leaf from the chaplet of British valour, how De Crequi, the model of French noblesse, after routing the illustrious Condé, had sailed across the narrow seas to lay the fruits of victory at the Protector's feet? Above all, and this was the point where the Anglican heart was most sensitive, he could remind them that now at last the loss of Calais was condoned by the acquisition of a far better port, and that the Protestantism of England would

henceforth date its decrees from a citadel wrested from papal Spain. The personal share which he had himself borne in these transactions would give additional value to his narrative; nor would the fact of his recent matrimonial alliance with the Protectoral house be lost upon his appreciative audience. It was in fact the hour when the Cromwellian fortunes reached their culminating point. It was the hour also which preceded their rapid declension. Fauconberg's progress took place in the early part of July 1658,—eight weeks later, and Oliver lay dead.

But the hero had still some work before him. The messages which he sent back by the hand of De Crequi must now be set down.

*Oliver, Protector of the Commonwealth of England &c.
To the most serene and potent prince Louis King of France,
our august confederate and friend.*

Your Majesty's prompt recognition of my homages, enhanced as it is by the illustrious embassy which brought it, testifies both to myself and to all the people of England your singular benignity and generosity of mind, as also your favourable regard for my honour and dignity. In their name and for myself I return the thanks so justly due. Touching the victory which God gave to our united forces [the battle of the Dunes] I rejoice with your Majesty. To me it is especially gratifying that in that battle the English soldiers were wanting neither in their co-operation with yours, nor to the military renown of their ancestors, nor to their native valour. As to Dunkirk, which your Majesty declared was near surrender, it is a further pleasure to know that it has so quickly yielded. I hope indeed that one town may not be permitted to condone the Spaniard's two-fold perjury, but that your Majesty may with equal speed be enabled to report the capture of another. Your engagements in my own behalf, resting as they do on the word of an excellent King and confirmed by your illustrious Envoy the Duke de Crequi, I mistrust not. May the great God prosper your Majesty and the affairs of France both in peace and in war." *Westminster June, 1658. (Milton)*

To the Cardinal.

MOST EMINENT LORD. While thanking your most serene King for the splendid legation through whom he has con-

veyed to me his congratulations on account of the recent victory, I were ungrateful did I not also discharge the thanks due to your Eminency, whose good affection and scrupulous solicitude for my honour had caused to be associated with that embassy the person of your worthy and accomplished nephew,—declaring moreover, that had another relative existed nearer and dearer to you, such would have been selected in preference. The reason which you add is one which, from a person of your judgment, I accept as no faint praise,—your desire, namely, that those nearest to you in blood should emulate you in honouring me. Certainly, I am not unwilling that in the inferior province of civility candour and friendship towards my person they may follow such an example, while of worth and prudence in a loftier sense they are able to gather lessons from your public career,—learning thence how to govern kingdoms and to deck with lustre the affairs of state. Which, that your Eminence may long and prosperously administer, to the good of France and the whole Christian republic, I promise that my wishes shall not be wanting. Your Excellency's most ardent friend [*studiosissimus*]

OLIVER P.

But Oliver could not forbear, a few days later, transmitting one more expression of cordiality towards the French court.—“That Dunkirk,” says he, “had surrendered to your Majesty, and that it was by your orders immediately placed in our hands, we had already heard; but with what a willing and glad mind your Majesty did it to testify your good will towards me, is especially declared by your royal letter, and confirmed by the nobleman, in whom, from the tenour of that letter, I have the utmost confidence, the Master in ordinary of your palace. Added to which, though it needed no further ratification, our Ambassador writes to the same effect, attributing every thing to your unfaltering friendship. Your Majesty may be assured that on our part an honourable reciprocity shall continue as heretofore to give stability to the compact existing between us. I rejoice in your Majesty's successes, and in the approaching capture of Bergh. May the Almighty grant us many similar occasions of mutual felicitations.”

From the final letter to the Cardinal one sentence may suffice.—“With what faith, and expression of the highest good will, all has been performed by you, although your Eminency's own assurance fully satisfied me; yet that nothing might be wanting, our Ambassador's personal narra-

tive of the facts has stated whatever might either serve for my information or answer your opinion of him."

Concerning which two last letters, which Mr. Masson records in his *Life of Milton*, but which are not found in the printed collections of Milton's Letters, nor in Phillips, nor in the Latin originals published at Leipsic and Frankfort in 1690 by Caspar Meyer, a doubt has been raised whether they were ever sent at all. (though Milton may have kept copies of them.) Those who hold to the belief of the Cardinal's secret design to retain Dunkirk, would probably suggest that the suppression of these two letters, breathing as they do such trust in Gallic faith, is to be accounted for by the plot having leaked out at last, though not, it may be, quite so soon as the popular tale represents.

Be this as it may. The acquisition of Dunkirk, which had long trembled in the balance, was at last an accomplished fact. With this accomplished fact Oliver was for the present satisfied. The less said about the past, the better. He may have had his suspicions, even though Lockhart might not; but a good understanding must still be maintained with the French court, for there are many nice questions yet to be adjusted. To ensure and consolidate the new possession will severely tax the resources of the Protectoral government; while France as well as Spain has now to be kept at bay.

"Il n'est pas facile," says Belidor, "d'exprimer la joie qu'eut Cromwell de la conquête de cette place, et de se voir délivré des courses des Dunkerquois, qui avoient pris depuis cette guerre deux cents cinquante vaisseaux aux Anglois." *Architecture Hydraulique*, I. 16.

Independently of the benefit both actual and prospective thus rendered to English commerce, the whole affair was eminently calculated to re-awaken the enthusiasm which the spell of Cromwell's military successes had kindled in former days; for though the Flanders campaign was executed by deputy, it was rightly felt to be animated by his spirit. On one of those deputy-champions it is manifest that at this juncture some special marks of favour were bestowed. Witness the following effusive acknowledgment from

Lockhart to the Protector.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST SERENE HIGHNESS,—I dare not give Mr. Fenwick leave to return to your Highness's service without prostrating myself at your Highness's feet,

and making my humble acknowledgments of my own unworthiness of the daily favours I receive from your Highness. If I could serve your Highness with as active a spirit as I do with a zealous one, your Highness's affairs here would be in a better posture than as yet they are. Though, I thank God for it, things begin to fall into better order than I durst promise at first; and every day some progress is made towards such a settlement as, I hope, when I shall be able to give your Highness an account of the whole, I shall not need to be much ashamed of it."

Nothing indeed could be more creditable than the new Governor's method of reducing into order and shape the complex interests of the little empire which he was now called to dominate. A full narrative of the details of his government would overflow all reasonable limits; and even their summary review must be delayed till we have first briefly followed the march of Major-general Morgan through another portion of Spanish Flanders, and dismissed that impetuous gentleman from the service of the Commonwealth. Our field of vision may then be confined to Dunkirk alone till the end of the chapter.

MORGAN'S FURTHER ACTION.

Left in command of four of the English regiments, our doughty Major-general, in combination with Turenne's army, swept through the country south and east of Dunkirk literally with a conqueror's march. Bergh [or Winnoxberg] fell in five days. Furnes, Menin, Oudenarde, and Ypres followed the example,—all of them being "towns of strength." He tells us, and apparently with perfect truth, that on the successive investment of each place, "as soon as the Redcoats came near the counterscarp, there was nothing but a capitulation, and a surrender presently." Ypres, where the Prince de Ligny had cast himself in with 6,500 men, was expected to give them more trouble; for the beaten Spanish army under Don John, having rallied their numbers to 15,000, were again advancing to break up the leaguer. On receipt of this intelligence, Turenne, instead of calling a council of war as he had before done previous to the battle of the Dunes, sends at once for the Major-general, turns all the loitering French officers out of his pavilion, locks the door, and asks for his advice. Says Morgan, "a desperate disease requires a desperate remedy. We must abandon our approaches, and put an end to the suspense by attempting the counterscarp at

once, in the way of assault." Here Marshal Turenne joined his hands, looked towards heaven, and said,—“Did ever my master the King of France or the King of Spain attempt a counterscarp by assault when there were three half-moons covered with cannon besides the ramparts of the town all playing upon it point-blank? What think you will my master say to my exposing his army to such a hazard?” And rising up, he fell into a passion, stamping with his feet, shaking his locks, and grinning with his teeth. “Major Morgan,” says he, “you have made me mad.” But cooling down after awhile, he proposed that the Major should stop and dine with him.—“I must beg your Excellency’s pardon,” says Morgan, “but I have appointed some of my officers to eat a piece of beef at my own tent to day.”—“Well then, meet me at two o’clock at the opening of our approaches, and we will take a view of the counterscarp.” To this the Major assented; but knowing that the group of noblemen, about a hundred in number, who usually attended the Marshal’s movements, would draw the enemy’s fire by the display of their feathers and ribbons, he begged his Excellency to leave his train behind him. “I will bring only two or three lieutenants,” said Turenne.

In effect, he brought eleven, and then addressed them thus,—“I know not what to say to you; but here is Major-general Morgan, who has put me out of my wits by proposing that I should attempt yonder counterscarp upon an assault. What say you?” No one made reply but Count Schomberg. “If Mr. Morgan,” said he, “has proposed such a thing, it is because he deems it feasible, and because he knows what good fighting men he has.” This closed the discussion, and nothing remained but to put the daring scheme into execution. Morgan as the personal leader resolved to conduct it immediately after night-fall, and the details were surrendered into his hands. About two thousand, including pioneers, was the number told off. While a body of six hundred English carrying fascines on the tops of their muskets and pikes, should pass to the attack between two unfinished approaches, two bodies of French who lay in those two approaches were instructed to leap out and join in the rush forward. The plan had the full approval of Turenne. The occupants of the approaches, it was agreed, would lie quiet till twenty of the French firelocks should leap upon “the point,” and crying “*Sa sa, Vive le Roi de France,*” give the signal for all to fall on together. Morgan, who wanted not their “*Sa sa,*” begged they would preserve a total silence, unless they wished to draw the enemy’s fire upon

them all, and allow him to lead the attack. When the appointed hour arrived, the English went at it in their accustomed style. Silently and swiftly they passed between the two approaches,—not a Frenchman meanwhile moving out on either side to help them,—but as it was useless to wait for them, the pioneers on reaching their work, slipped their fascines, tore down a portion of the stockadoes, and followed by Morgan and all his men, leaped pell-mell into the counterscarp among the enemy, and speedily cleared it. Then they went at two of the half-moons, scaled their summits in a trice, threw many of their defenders into the moat, and turned the guns on the town. And where had their French allies been all this while? If we are to credit the Major-general, they all lay secure in their trenches till the enemy was fairly mastered; when, discovering what progress the English had made, they felt compelled for very shame to make a demonstration on the third half-moon,—and were repulsed. "We must go to their assistance," cried Morgan, "That half-moon, unless taken, will sorely gall us at the return of day-light." His troops made answer, "Shall we fall on in order, or Happy go lucky?" "Happy go lucky," was the Major-general's reply; and the thing being speedily done, he rallied his men, and lodged them for the night in comparative security on the counterscarp.

And now the Marshal himself was seen scrambling over the ditches in search of the English leader, to whom he could not forbear apologising for the backwardness of his own men in the hour of peril. "Indeed," writes Morgan in after years, "they did just nothing." "But now," said the Marshal, "you will repair to my approaches and refresh yourself."—"I beg your Excellency's pardon, but I shall not stir from my post till I hear the enemy's drum beat a parley or see a white flag hanging over the wall." The Marshal smiled,—“Mr. Morgan we shall not be at that pass for six days yet,”—and going back to his quarters, he dispatched for the Major's encouragement three or four dozen bottles of rare wine with several dishes of cold meats and sweetmeats. Thus the night was passed. Only two hours after sun-rise the weary watchers on the counterscarp had the satisfaction of hearing a drum beat a parley and of seeing a white flag fluttering over the town-wall.

Here endeth the story of the march through Flanders. Eight days later, a highly complimentary message from the French court reached the Major-general. The King and Cardinal hoped to see him in Paris when the time for winter-quarters arrived, there to present him with a cupboard of

plate in recognition of his unparalleled bravery. Let the Major-general himself record the Finale ;—"Major-general Morgan, instead of going for his cupboard of plate, went for England ; and his Majesty of France had never the kindness to send him his cupboard of plate ; so that this is the reward that Major-general Morgan hath had from the French King for all his service in France and Flanders."

[The Major forgets to mention a present of "200 Lewises" which he received from the Cardinal,—as stated in a letter by Lockhart of 6 July, *Thurloe VII*, 207 ;—besides the "promise of the like sum yearly in addition to his pay,"—contingent of course on his remaining in the French service.]

"Killed at the storming of Ypres. One captain, one sergeant, eight private soldiers. About twenty-five officers, of thirty-five ; and about six soldiers slightly wounded after they were lodged upon the counterscarp. Sir Thomas Morgan himself slightly hurt by a shot in the calf of his leg."

A certain impetuous but diminutive hero known as Major Dowett, who fought in the first Civil War against King Charles, was described in one of the newspapers of the hour as "a low man but of tall resolution." The same might be said of Thomas Morgan the hero of the Flanders campaign. The story goes that when, as a youth, he first sought his fortunes in the Low Countries, (this was before the breaking out of hostilities at home,) he carried over a letter of recommendation to some English officer there serving ; but overhearing the said officer soliloquizing thus,—“What, has my cousin recommended a rattoon to me ?” his Welsh blood took fire at the term rattoon, and he forthwith transferred his services to a Saxon chief. Returning home to mingle in our own Civil Wars, he served Cromwell so well in Scotland and Ireland, that his commission to succeed to the command of the troops at Mardyke on Reynolds' death could have surprised no one. During that campaign we are told that on some occasion, shortly after the Dunes affair, Marshal Turenne and another eminent person, supposed to be Mazarin himself, having heard much of his prowess, and picturing to themselves a man of Achillean stature, paid a visit to his temporary abode which consisted of a hut formed of turf ; where they were surprized and amused to recognize in the conqueror of the Spanish Don a little man not many degrees above a dwarf, sitting with his fellow soldiers, smoking a three-inch tobacco pipe, and wearing on his head a green hat-case. This account, which rests on the authority of Sir John Lenthall as reported by Aubrey, if true, can have reference only to the Cardinal ; since to Turenne himself the person of Morgan

must have been familiar enough. His voice, it is added, was effeminate and petulant, unfitted to sustain the threat which he was perpetually launching at his saucy followers,—“Sirrah, I’ll cleave your skull.” He could speak in English, French, Welsh, High Dutch, and Low Dutch, but imperfectly in all. Eventually “he seated himself at Chewston in Herefordshire, and died about the year 1679.” Such is Aubrey’s summary, but something more must be added.

A mere soldier of fortune, Morgan attached himself to his old associate George Monk when that general was manœuvring for the restoration of royalism; and being at once nominated his general of horse, was left in that command in Scotland when Monk moved southward. The Stuart policy of bestowing favours on antient foes rather than on impoverished adherents procured for Morgan a baronetcy and the governorship of Jersey, where his knowledge of fortification was utilized to the restoration of Elizabeth-Castle. A panegyrist describes him as seated whole days on a gun-carriage, superintending and urging his pioneers in the completion of their work; but he omits the three-inch pipe, a feature without which, we are quite sure the portraiture lacks completeness. Royalist though he had now become, and consequently consenting to the oblivion which courtiers were casting over the late Rebellion, he was by no means satisfied that the French should forget it also; and he therefore took care to leave on record his own personal testimony to the fact that the laurels won in Flanders and subsequently monopolized by Turenne, would never have been his but for the uncalculating devotion of the Six Thousand Cromwellians. He married De la Riviere the daughter and heiress of Richard Cholmondley of Brame-hall in Yorkshire; and dying at the age of seventy three, was succeeded by his son Sir John Morgan of Kinnersley Castle, M.P. for Hereford, temp. Charles II. The title became extinct in 1767. See Falle’s *History of Jersey*, and Burke’s *Extinct and dormant baronetcies*.

Many under-sized captains besides Morgan have commanded the devotion of their followers;—witness Count Mansfeldt and Prince Eugene. Of the latter we are told that his shrunken form, half concealed beneath an enormous peruke, and mounted on a tall horse, bore a most ludicrous appearance; yet he was one of the greatest generals of his time, and was idolized by his soldiers whom he ever led to victory. If Morgan the Buccaneer shared his brother’s squeaky voice and unheroic exterior, he would furnish another example.—This latter worthy, it may here be stated in conclusion, was

also dubbed a knight, became Sir Henry Morgan, and was made Governor of Jamaica. Now we hasten back to Dunkirk.

The Libel on Mazarin.

Mazarin's policy, apparently so favourable to England, was not carried into execution without the most vehement expostulation from the Catholic party. He placed, it will be remembered, in Lockhart's hands on one occasion, see page 197, what they agreed to term a most wicked libel. Correspondence in date and matter suggests that it is the same pamphlet which was published in an English form next year under the title of "*France no friend to England.*" But whether identical or not, the position taken by the writer was no doubt one and the same. The original French work was issued during the winter of 1657, when the English were already entrenched at Mardyke, but were not yet in possession of Dunkirk; and was entitled,

A most humble and important remonstrance to the King of France, upon the surrendering of the maritime ports of Flanders into the hands of the English. Wherein much of the private transactions between Cardinal Mazarin and the late Protector Oliver are discovered.

SIRE.—We bring before your Majesty the resentments of all France, or rather those of Catholic Europe, which cry to the most Christian King for justice upon one of the most insupportable and outrageous injuries that haply the Church ever yet sustained since its nativity upon earth. Is it possible that in the reign of Louis XIV. the altars which his glorious predecessors cemented with their blood in Palestine should be overthrown upon the frontiers of France? Is it possible that his victorious arms should be engaged in the extermination of the sacraments which sanctify those altars? And is it credible that the sacrifice which took place in England when the blood of Henry the Great [in the person of King Charles] was immolated to the fury of a parricide, should be crowned by driving his son out of France? nay, crowned by the profanation of the blood of Jesus Christ itself?

Pardon, great Sire, the importunity which makes this appeal. The delicate tenderness which we feel towards every thing which carries the sacred name of your Majesty will hardly justify to posterity the silence we have hitherto observed; though well aware that the flatterers around you will endeavour to neutralize the most faithful remonstrances by

designating them libels and pamphlets. All Christendom admires your virtues, and doubts not that in the late Treaty your good inclinations were misdirected by arguments based on the alleged necessities of your state, and your own good eyesight blinded by the traitorous artifices of your ministers. But has your Majesty ever been informed of the miserable estate of the Queen of England your aunt, left in mendicacy to gratify the assassin of her royal spouse? We will not believe that the blood of the great Henry flowing in your veins thus willingly abandoned his daughter and her offspring, and consented to treat as an alien the young King of England your cousin-german. Such treatment of them were nothing less than the phlebotomy of your own blood, drawn by a fortunate politician to sacrifice to his own panic terror of an usurper. But can the monarch of France, prince of the most warlike and generous nation in the universe, thus debase his crown to the most capricious idol that ever yet curried favour with fortune?

The false Protector of England thinks to consecrate his detestable tyranny by elevating his fantastical government over the august crown of the lilies,—and France obeys his mandates,—France, whose flag has hitherto triumphed over all others, making the Saracens tremble, and defying Spain even when Francis I. was in captivity, now droops that glorious flag to any piratical ship-master in the service of your uncle's murderer. Not content with homages which, since the foundation of our monarchy have been accorded to none but himself, he advances more solid claims, which the weakness of your minister renders easy to him. He encroaches upon New France, and he detracts from your ancestral trophies by demanding a renunciation of that inviolable custom which forced the English to leave their cannons, as an eternal monument of their defeat, in the mouth of the river of Bordeaux. It is, Sire, as if your minister had conspired with England to avenge the disgraces of her Bedfords and Talbots, when he forced you to relinquish your personal prerogatives, and when he required that Treaties, by which you gain nothing, where you lose much, and where you hazard all, should be stamped with the august name of "Brother." And this appellation you are giving to a soldier who hath no other throne than a scaffold upon which he massacred the kinsman of Henry the Great.

Difficult will it be for future ages to credit such conduct; and while our own is indignant that your Majesty should be served by such blind and faithless ministers, no one condemns you. Solomon himself was inveigled by flatterers, but Solo-

mon promptly adds, that God illuminates the hearts of princes in the hour of their strongest temptation. Now, the actual dilemma in which your Majesty is placed offers the strongest temptation which could possibly arise to test the piety of a Christian King. We doubt not you shed tears of blood when resigning the ports of Flanders to become the pledge of heresy in one of the most Catholic countries in the world,—established too on this side of the sea by the most redoubtable and most antient enemy of our crown. The very proposition of so fatal a blow to the holy Catholic faith must have made you shake and tremble with fear and anger. And when you represented to yourself her altar demolished, her temples profaned, her mysteries violated, without doubt the blood of St. Louis bestirred itself within your entrails at the sight of such a spectacle.—But the question now in hand, one which we must sound to the bottom, is whether it be necessary or not,—whether compliance with England be not as useless to your service as it is dishonourable to your crown.—

We admit that a rupture between England and Spain is advantageous to France, but not when purchased at the price of a public scandal and the loss of your antient allies. The Protector of England has now become Protector of the Huguenots of France, whose unbridled licentiousness has prompted them to build more than forty temples since the death of the late King your father of sacred memory. [*But though a friend to the Huguenots, this does not make him a friend to France, for*] if all the forces of Europe were leagued against the Lilies, vainly might we look to England for succour.

Can your Majesty be ignorant of the difference between England a republic and England a monarchy? Great Britain under a King may be a very considerable country in Europe; but under a Senate assuming the republican form, it becomes formidable to all the Earth. It follows, that no prince in Christendon will join with your interest so long as you contribute to the establishment of a republic which from its very birth hath embraced both the one and the other hemisphere, and, as it were, in bravura, defiest the universe.

If what is actually passing at this moment on the confines of France were portrayed on canvas, the picture would be accepted rather as the capricious fancy of a painter who represents his actors flashing their swords in masquerade. Let the vast plains of Dunkirk on the one side be viewed covered with battalions: on the other side, let the little territory of Mardyke be seen occupied by fourteen or fifteen hundred men, mere spectators, with their hands hanging loose by their

sides. Might not these latter be taken to represent the senators of old Rome watching an army of gladiators and slaves? Would any one imagine the numerous troops on the other side, who are seen flying up and down the Dunes of Flanders, to be composed of free-born men cheerfully sacrificing their lives and fortunes in the service of the two or three thousand lackeys and gallows-birds which England has sent over? Daily too are they pushing forward the tragic spectacle with which the greedy eyes of Cromwell are to be fed in the approaching campaign. The false prophet himself, seated on the summit of the Tower of London, meanwhile watches the effusion of blood which, whether French or Spanish, is alike poured out in sacrifice to his illusions.

What is still more to be deplored is that we are subjecting our posterity to a tyrant's will by putting into his hands places of such vast consideration—so considerable are they, Sire, that France could not endure that they should belong to Spain, though you fear not the fleets of Spain. But your minister is pleased to deliver them unto England who is already mistress of all the seas, and who regards them only as the stepping stones by which to ascend the bastions of Calais. The Protector who makes the flag of France humble itself before him, which neither the Edwards nor the Henries could ever do, will not contentedly behold those places remaining in the hands of the French, which the aforesaid Kings of England enjoyed. His ambitious thoughts will ferry him over our seas and picture to his fancy Guienne in revolt and Normandy reduced to his rule. God grant, Sire, that when this Demon of ambition is once established on the Continent by your arms and with the connivance or at least the ignorance of your minister, who doth even idolatrize him, he may not direct all his forces against France herself, which without contradiction is the object most natural and obvious to his desires. He knoweth but too well that a minister who is capable of placing in his hands that which all the force of his arms could never have won, is a minister which nature doth not produce at all times and in all ages. Thus he will make use of that imbecility to conquer our country which serves him now to deceive it. Considerations such as these will re-kindle his own natural genius which induced him for four years to make war upon us with insupportable piracies, and still prompts him, unchecked by a Treaty, to treat us more like slaves than allies. Who could ever have believed that after twenty seven years of open war, France should be so unhappy as to put the general peace into the hands of one who of all men hath the truest interest to break it?

It is here, Sire, that we find our hearts stirred to discover to your Majesty the grand mystery of iniquity, drawn from the bottom of Hell, the mystery whereof the cruel demon of war hath made Cromwell depositary, and another man, too, Sire, whom the respect we owe to your Majesty hardly permits us to name. [The writer then makes a more personal attack on Mazarin, shewing what lessons he had learnt in the schools of Machiavel and Richelieu, how he had violated the Treaty of Munster, and fomented for mere love of discord the mal-alliances then desolating Europe. And he concludes by setting forth the awkward alternative which the present situation of affairs offered to all church-loving Frenchmen.] —In how sad a condition, Sire, doth a French catholic find himself in the churches! At the foot of the altar, must he implore the blessing of Heaven on the armies of Spain, your Majesty's declared enemies; or must he invoke its favours on the arms of France which a horrid and terrible blindness employs for the establishment of heresy? We feel in our hearts a combat of religion against the State, and of the State against itself. Shall we run next summer to the siege of Dunkirk, then to that of Ostend, and so to Nieuport, to follow our natural inclination to obey our prince; or shall we stay at home and pray for protection on those places, which, so long as they are in Spanish hands, at least furnish your minister with the means of feeding Cromwell's ambition for another year, without surrendering to him Calais and Boulogne? &c. &c.

Of the original essay, which occupies twenty four pages of the old quarto, the above is but an abridgement, involving of necessity a slight re-adjustment of a few passages to make the argument sequential. Its spirit will enable us fully to estimate the antagonistic elements which environed Lockhart in his new governmental department.

LOCKHART IN POSSESSION.

The following lamentation on the fate of Dunkirk is from a contemporary manuscript in the British Museum library. *Add. MSS. Fr. 16912 fol. 245.*

Dunkerque 1658.

Je suis le champ fameux des plus sanglans combats.
On m'attaque par mer, on m'attaque par terre;
Et tous les elements me livrent une guerre,
Dont les puissants efforts me doivent mettre a bas.

Pour augmenter mes maux, tout est d'intelligence,
 Au lieu de me donner une prompte assistance.
 La Hollande pour moi n'ose avoir de desseins ;
 L' Espagne me defend, et l'Espagne m'opprime.
 Et la France, O malheur, veut de ses propres mains,
 M'immoler a l'Anglois sans profiter du crime.

Which may be thus Englished.

The field renowned of many a bloody fight,
 I've been attacked by land, attacked by sea ;
 The very elements make war on me,
 And league with man to desolate me quite.
 Thus all, to swell my sorrows, seem agreed ;
 For, rather than accord me timely aid,
 Holland to speak her mind is sore afraid.
 Spain fights for me, but Spain oppresses too ;
 And gallant France consents,—can it be true ?
 Though gaining nothing by the wanton deed,
 To sacrifice me to Britannia's greed.

In the capitulation of Dunkirk it was promised to the Sieur de Bassecourt, governor of the town, that none of the relics and miraculous images of the glorious Virgin and other saints, nor the ornaments or bells of the churches, convents, cloisters, or other public places, should be removed or disturbed. As this tenderness towards the people's faith was only in accordance with the Treaty between Oliver and Louis, Sir William Lockhart had no hesitation in ratifying Turenne's promise by the following instrument drawn up in the camp at Mardyke.

"We, William Lockhart, knight, member of the privy council of Scotland for the most serene and potent Lord Protector of England Scotland and Ireland, ambassador to the most Christian King Louis XIV, make known that by virtue of the commission granted unto us by his Highness, the town of Dunkirk with all its forts was this day, immediately after its surrender, put into our hands by order of the most Christian King, with all the artillery, ammunition, and provisions,—We promise his royal and most Christian Majesty that the Catholic religion with all its appendages shall be so sacredly and inviolably preserved in the said town of Dunkirk, so long as it continues under our dominion, that it shall receive no damage from us ;—And that the ecclesiastics, regular and others, provided they make no attempt against the government to which they have submitted, shall securely enjoy their revenues and the possession of their churches ; none of which shall be applied to the use of the Protestant

religion. Nor shall any kind of alteration or innovation be introduced into the Catholic religion for any reason, colours, or pretext whatever ; but it shall always continue in the same state as now. Moreover we engage our faith to deliver in a month's time into the hands of his most Christian Majesty a declaration of the like tenour and force signed by his Highness, in which also the conditions now granted to the inhabitants, the 24th of this present month, shall be confirmed by his Highness. In witness whereof we sign these presents at the Fort of Mardyke this 25th day of June [new style] 1658.

WILLIAM LOCKHART.

and sealed with his arms.

The best method of exhibiting the multifarious character of Lockhart's new cares and labours will be to recite a series of miscellaneous passages from his letters to the home government, extending over several weeks.

On 24 June he announces that on the morrow his forces would be in possession of the town ; but, says he, " I have neither money nor provisions for them, and I carry them to a place where little or nothing is left. That which troubles me most is that I am forced to buy the very palisadoes of the Fort-royal ; otherwise the French, notwithstanding any order which the King or Cardinal may give, would pull them out, and not only burn them but pull down the earthen works in taking them out. I must also presently employ our soldiers in repairing the breaches and in taking up the bridges of communication, and put them upon a hundred several kinds of work which cannot be done without money. I must also pay the cannoniers of the army for the bells of the town, which is their indisputable due at all rendition of places. I have a great many disputes with the Cardinal about several things. I have agreed he shall have all the cannons in the town that have the arms of France upon them. But some other things concerning shipping in the harbour, and the quartering of the French guards, and lodging the chief officers of the army, are yet in controversy.

I shall have of cannon here, when the French have taken away their sixteenth, and the enemy their two, which they had by capitulation, about 130 pieces, whereof 63 are brass and 67 iron, but most of them small guns. It will not be necessary that your lordship send any shovels, spades, or pickaxes, because I gather all I can about the works ; and I have ordered the burghers to bring in what they gathered when the town was under capitulation. They have already swelled to a great bulk, and I believe, when all is got in, will

amount to six or seven thousand, which is a good stock if well managed. I desire that no great shot be sent till I see what can be got together of them also. The French have left many in their quarters scattered, and I give the soldiers for every ball of 29 lb, sixpence; and of 12lb or thereabout, a groat. . . . My lord, there is an old frigate in the harbour, she hath neither rope nor yard. Particular persons claim her, and the French claim her, and I claim her upon my lord Protector's account."

"The town hath suffered no damage either by the French or the English. The French had it not above four hours in their possession, during which time I had almost all the King's and the Cardinal's guards divided into the several streets to prevent pillaging; and when his Highness's forces marched in, I drew up my own regiment in the market-place and sent off guards to so many quarters of the town as that all disorders were prevented. I have much ado to keep our soldiers out of the churches and from committing some little abuses; but the trouble of that will be at an end in a few days. The novelty of the thing will be over, and their curiosity satisfied." . . . "The ecclesiastics here do find so little of that ill treatment from us which the Spaniards threatened them with, that they pretend they are well satisfied with us, and say we use them better than either the Spanish or the French did, which probably is true. But all that's done for them is like washing of the black-moor. Their hearts cannot be gained." . . . "The citizens would make us believe that they have long wished to be under his Highness's government, provided the liberty of their religion might have been secured. I make it my interest to persuade them I believe all their fair professions, and my business to watch over them as enemies in our bosom. I have propounded to them [the sending of] a Deputation to his Highness, which they have resolved to do, so soon as things here are a little settled."

"All the considerable towns in Flanders are levying forces for their own defence; and some here who pretend to know much of the intentions of the Flemings, flatter me with hopes that the provinces will e'er long speak for themselves, and that especially the maritime places of these provinces will rather incline to demand protection from his Highness and England than either from France or Holland. I give to all discourse of that nature the best entertainment I can; and if it please the Lord to give that (which as to all fair appearances He hath brought to the birth) strength to bring forth, I doubt not but a goodly child shall be come, which shall own

his Highness and England as one of his best godfathers." . . . "I have been bold to assume the title of General, several of your lordship's letters to me carrying it; and I must beseech you to believe I was not prompted to take it either by vanity or ambition; but a name, though an airy thing in itself, yet in all cases where it is designed to carry on a business rather by authority than by force, doth many times signify considerably, especially among the meaner sort of people."

"I have been forced to make the soldiers' bread of some old rye I found here, and am about to buy as much wheat to mix with it, the soldiers not being able to eat the rye-bread without a mixture of wheat. I have between six or seven hundred wounded and sick coming in. I put the wounded men in some houses near a Nunnery, and have bargained with the Nuns to wait upon them and furnish them. I pay them one stiver a day for each wounded soldier, for which they put a Nun to eight wounded men, and give them warm broth, meat, bread, and beer, and keep them clean in linen. I shall also allow the sick money for their present subsistence, and shall be as good a husband as I can. But I find my 22,000 livres will not hold out long. [a sum he had borrowed of the Cardinal.] I shall as soon as possible settle the custom and excise upon all commodities that come into the port and upon all beer sold in the town; but until we get some quantity of beer and other provisions in, I dare not put too great a discouragement upon any that bring provisions."

. . . "I have given order to the Magistrates to prepare a full and clear account of all things that concern their government, justice, and public revenues; a copy whereof I shall transmit to your lordship. I conceive that when it shall please God to reduce things to any settlement, the revenues of this place will not be inconsiderable; and if, as I hope it may be e'er long, contributions can be raised sufficient for the subsistence of the garrison, his Highness will find that his conquest here will not only be honourable but profitable." . . . "I have already propounded it to his Eminence that when Bergh is taken, there must be course taken how contribution may be raised for the subsistence of this garrison, and that a passage must be allowed us either at Bergh or at Linck for sending over parties to collect it. It is a harsh pill, and he was loath to enter upon any debate upon it, but I doubt not to carry it. If they block us up here at land, his Highness can block them up by sea; and it is so material a part of the Treaty that it must be stuck to."

"As I am writing this, Mr. Simball arrives with your

lordship's of the 18th. The provisions that are on their way, and the despatch used in sending over money and some horse, gives us new testimony of his Highness's goodness to us and your lordship's care of us. I pray there may be at least 300 horse sent. It is the *minimum quod sit*, and there must be some provision of hay made for them, especially against winter." "I shall cause disarm the bourgeoisie and search for all manner of arms and ammunition as soon as there shall arrive 150 horse." "If the cavalry were arrived, I would make the soldiers work apace [at the fortifications] for their tenpence a day; and now I mention the horse, I beg that his Highness will allow them all backs and breasts, and carabines. And if his Highness could spare twelve or fifteen hundred corslets for our pikemen, I would accustom them to wear them when they mount guard and at all other reviews. A stand of five hundred pikes well armed with head-piece and corslet will be a very terrible thing to be seen in these countries."

"I have another request to your lordship, that you would be pleased to send me a good trumpeter or two; and I desire they may be, for that kind, gentle and intelligent men; because I shall have frequent occasion to send them upon considerable messages." [He repeats this request in the next letter, urging that at present he has no one to employ on such errands but a drum, "which is not handsome."]

Referring to recruits,—“Some of my countrymen [from Scotland] will not do amiss, provided they be not kept in a body but distributed amongst the several companies. It is possible that the giving out that they are to serve under me may be some encouragement to them to come the more willingly.” This advice was probably carried out; for a few weeks later a reporter from Paris writes,—“There is a regiment of Scotch under the command of Colonel Rutherford that hath done wonders before Gravelines,” unless indeed these were the Scots in the permanent service of the French King.]

“I fear the King's sickness will occasion the Court's removal from this place before any contribution be settled by way of treaty or agreement. We shall not suffer much by it; for by reason of their armies being here, little or nothing can be levied. I have given protections to some few people for their cows; and when the poor souls come to ask what contribution they should pay, when indeed they needed rather a little charity to help them to some bread to preserve them from starving, I told them that all the contribution I would demand at present was that they should pray for the Protector

of England; for which they thanked me with tears and falling down on their knees."

Bergh being taken, 1 July, he writes,—“The barbarities committed yesternight by the French at Bergh will beget me addresses from several of the most substantial inhabitants there, for liberty to transport themselves to Dunkirk. Their friends have spoken for them already; but they are all rigid Catholics, and we have too many of that stamp here already. I hope his Highness will give leave to any oppressed Protestant family to come in under his protection here; but without his Highness's express commands, I will receive no Catholics, not so much as those who have belonged to this place and have once deserted it. I am confident it will be a most acceptable sacrifice to that God who hath given his Highness and the nation an interest here, that this place may be made an asylum for poor Protestants.”

“Count Morrett informed me this day, 6 July, that the Cardinal is advised of a plot the Spaniards have, to seduce and withdraw the ecclesiastics from this place, and therefore conjured me to engage them to stay by all good usage and fair promises. I gave him a civil answer, though I shall pray that the Spanish plot in so far may prosper; and as far as handsomely I can, I shall co-operate with them” “I have caused take down all the little images of *Notre Dame* that were at all the ports, [town-gates.] and in their stead shall put up his Highness's arms; only I could wish that a pattern or model to make all the rest by were likewise sent to me, together with some motto or inscription. I intend tomorrow to emit [issue] an order requiring all such as have concealed arms or ammunition to bring them in within twenty four hours, under pain of having their goods confiscated, their persons punished, and themselves and families banished the town. I intend that the search shall be made in private houses, but that no convents shall be meddled with till eight or ten days pass, and all the noise of it be over; and then I think that I shall find some if not many of the priests guilty; and such shall find no quarter.”

Anxious as the new Governor was to establish a Protestant place of worship, he felt that it would be impolitic to exasperate the Catholic party before he had thoroughly entrenched his own position. His reflections on this topic, addressed to the Protector, evince his usual sagacity,—“As Rome,” he says, was not built in a day, so neither will it be pulled down in a day.” “There is but one parish in this town; and as things stand, the town not being furnished with any thing fit for its defence, and two Roman-Catholic armies

near, I leave it to your Highness to judge whether it be a seasonable time to turn the inhabitants out of their parish church. I heard a sermon last Lords day at the town-house, which is as public a place as the church: and until a church can be built, shall make use of that place; and, by the way, must beg your Highness's pleasure concerning the building of a church. As to the rebuking of soldiers for having their hats on, the business was thus. The morning after we entered the town, there were some who were industrious to put the soldiers in very ill humours; and it was openly discoursed amongst them that it was fit to pillage the place, and especially the churches where there was much riches. Their insolence went to that height that one of them lighted his pipe of tobacco at one of the wax lights of the altar, where a priest was saying Mass; which occasioned my being sent for in haste, and when I came amongst them, I commanded them to their arms, where they ought to have been, for they were not as then lodged. I told them it was ill done to come into the Romish churches; and if they needs would satisfy their curiosity, they should come so as not to give disturbance to others in that which they imagined to be their devotion."

"As to the priority that the Romish religion seems to have of the Protestant, the giver of toleration must be much greater than that which is tolerated; and there is no provision made for the Protestant religion at Dunkirk in the Treaty betwixt France and England, because a free and plenary profession and exercise of it was never questioned."

"I ought not to importune your Highness with so rude a letter, but I have rather chosen to appear before you in any dress than delay for a minute the giving your Highness an account of your affairs. And though by it your Highness will see how far I have come short of performing what might have been done had your Highness employed another, yet I may say in much sincerity that I have endeavoured to lay out my poor talent faithfully; and never have more joy than when I think the Lord gives me the least opportunity of doing anything that may be acceptable to your Highness," &c. &c. It is evident from the above that some persons had been charging Sir William with too great forbearance towards the Romanists. He wisely replies, "Why should I favour the Protestants? They are already in the ascendant at Dunkirk."

In the same letter he thankfully acknowledges the Protector's kindness to his "poor wife and family" then in England. When he had sent her home in the spring, page 198, he assigned as his reason that his enemies were so nu-

during the colloquy, which took place in his Eminence's coach, nothing but complaints were urged,—the disputed frigate in the harbour was still retained,—the French artillery officers had not received the value of the town-bells,—a priest had been threatened with hanging,—a pulpit had been taken out of one of the churches and set up in the town-house without the magistrates' order,—the English forces in the field, serving under Turenne, were below the stipulated number,—and in a letter which he [Lockhart] had sent to his Major-general Morgan it was stated that the conservation of Dunkirk was their main object; assisting the French in the field being now only a business upon the bye. &c. &c. None knew better than our Ambassador how to reduce such petty elements "into a composure;" and though my lord Cardinal persisted in driving on to Bergh there to pass the night, yet the conference was renewed in that town on the morrow, when his genial disposition once more prevailed. Lockhart, to adopt a phrase of his own on another occasion, had contrived "to addouce him." The wider affairs of Europe were passed in review; and conscious perhaps of a failure in courtesy on the previous day towards Lady Lockhart, he graciously informed Sir William at parting that he would see his wife next morning and would be beholden to her for his breakfast.

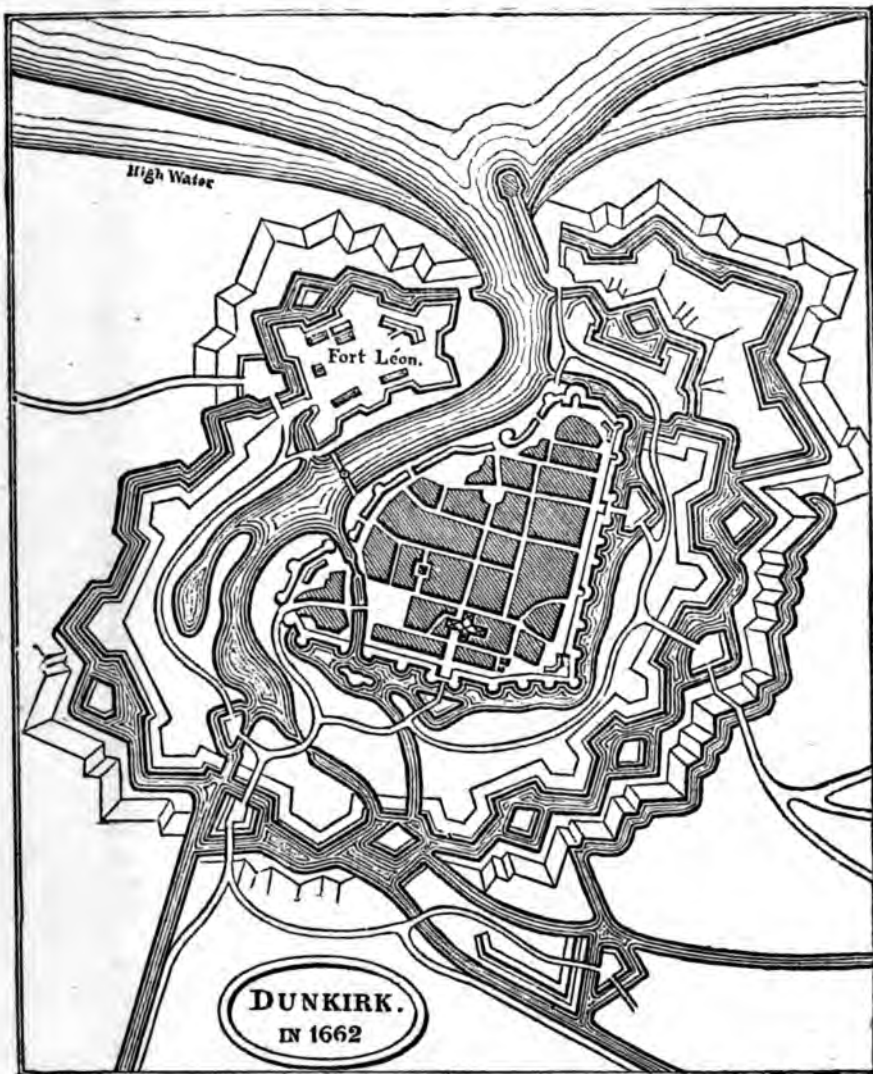
How sedulously and gracefully the amiable dame entertained her guest on the morrow is not on record; but the scene easily drapes itself before our fancy in the old saloon of Fort Leon, if not in all its details, yet in its essential interest. In the evening of her days, in old England, this breakfast with the prime minister of France could not fail to be one of her proudest recollections. She would recall with exactest fidelity his well-adjusted phraseology when he drank to the Protector's health; or, supposing his temperate habits to have precluded such form, when he ventured to hope that her illustrious uncle would one day visit Flanders in person. Did he not also on that occasion express his regrets that her little "Julius," named after himself, had been left at home in England,—until re-assured by the fond mother that the ally of their house could never be forgotten by one who, together with the Christian name of his Eminence, bore the combined features of Cromwell and Lockhart?

Nor would the lady leave out of the picture the dignified position which the Governor of Dunkirk was unavoidably filling at the aforesaid dejeuner. Master of the situation in a sense which no English general has ever since been permitted to realize on the Continent of Europe, Lockhart could point his guest to the merchant craft from the opposite shore,

as they warped past the Splinter and struggled through the tortuous harbour-mouth; and quietly hint at the urgent necessity of cutting a more practicable channel sea-ward, to let the heavier men-of-war through. Then might the *Naseby*, the *Nicodemus*, the *Tenth Whelp*, the *Trades-Increase*, or the *Constant Warwick*, form a permanent chain of communication with England which no papal armada would ever venture to break, or Flemish pirate molest.

Was Hugh Peters one of the party at this breakfast, in his capacity of prime chaplain? The case is possible, but the probabilities are against it, since Lockhart evidently regarded him as one whom it was necessary to restrain from travelling out of his own province. He had recently come over from England armed with sundry professional powers; and though Lockhart sent him back with a flattering passport of dismissal, the postscript suggests that the terms on which they mutually stood were not absolutely cordial. "My lord" says he, "Mr. Peters hath taken leave three or four times; but still something falls out which hinders his return to England. He hath been twice at Bergh, and hath spoken with the Cardinal three or four times. I kept myself by, and had a care that he did not importune him with too long speeches. He returns laden with an account of all things here, and hath undertaken every man's business. I must give him that testimony that he gave us three or four very honest sermons; and if it were possible to get him to mind preaching and to forbear the troubling of himself with other things, he would certainly prove a very fit minister for soldiers. I hope he cometh well satisfied from this place. He hath often insinuated to me his desire to stay here, if he had a call. Some of the officers also have been with me to that purpose; but I have shifted him so handsomely as I hope he will not be displeased. For I have told him that the greatest service he can do us is to go to England and carry on his propositions, and to own us in all our interests; which he hath undertaken with much zeal."

In August, 1658, a great council of war was held at Bruges among the Spanish grandees, at which it was decreed that the intention of the invaders manifestly pointing towards Ostend, (which since the loss of Dunkirk had become the Spanish base,) all stragglers and detachments throughout Flanders should be called in to join their respective regiments within eight days, or else be hanged for it. It was further resolved, in order to confine the Anglo-French operations to their actual limits, to drown all the country round about Nieuport, Ostend, Damme, and Bruges; which was actually put



into execution,—240,000 acres of the best meadow land being laid under water, “making thereby the cattle very cheap and the butter very dear;” and of course inflicting incredible misery on the poor country people. Meanwhile it is more than doubtful whether Mazarin had any real designs on Ostend. He would occasionally drop allusions to such a project when in colloquy with Lockhart; but in truth French acquisition rather pointed in a southerly and inland direction. As to any further conquests on the sea-coast, too much by far had already been done for England—so every Frenchman had come to think.

Fort-Oliver.

Lockhart’s multiform capacity, which befriended him in all emergencies, had for some time been directed to the restoration of the town’s defences. A new tower to guard the entrance of the harbour was added to Fort Leon, while brick and stone at various other points were made to take the place of old ruinous wood-work, already greatly shaken by artillery. Along the foot of the glacis he led an additional water-course, what the French call an *avant-fossé*. See the map of “Dunkirk in 1662.” And lastly he constructed a five-bastion work about a mile south of the town on the Canal de Bergh, and called it Fort Oliver. This suburban work was apparently designed to protect an external camp, a scheme which the surface of the ground, reticulated as it was with water-courses, rendered eminently practicable, and which subsequently received the sanction of that eminent engineer Vauban. The construction of Fort Oliver was evidently a pet project with Sir William. “I doubt not,” says he, “but before winter overtake us, that fort shall be one of the most regular pieces in Flanders, and could wish with all my heart that his Highness could see what pennyworths he hath for his money.” It subsequently formed the nucleus of Vauban’s “Camp retranché,” rendering the investment of Dunkirk, as investments were then conducted, impracticable.

Gravelines, on the coast, and only a short distance west of Mardyke, having been in a state of siege throughout the summer, surrendered to the Anglo-French forces under Turenne about a week before Oliver’s death; and has ever since remained a part of France. This was in September 1658. Both Lockhart and Mazarin must have felt that their mutual schemes experienced a species of arrest by the tidings from England; yet for a short while longer Spain was still the common enemy, nor did Lockhart allow his personal ap-

prehensions to paralyze his patriotic action. On both sides of the water, "the shade of Cromwell," as Hallam has expressed it, "seemed to hover over and protect the wreck of his greatness." Dr. Cosins writes to Sir Edward Hyde from Paris, 18 Oct.—"It was expected that Cromwell's death would have wrought a great change both in France and Flanders before now. But people say that the [English] rebels are courted both by France and Spain." . . . "It is a sad thing to say, but here in the French court they wear mourning apparel for Cromwell; yea, the King of France and all do it. And Lockhart is hourly expected to come hither, and to be treated as before." Yes,—the great man was not soon to be forgotten in France. In the valleys of Piedmont the homage paid to the memory of Cromwell approached idolatry. When the son of Philip Skippon, during the succeeding age, was travelling in Switzerland, he observed that the hats of the citizens were raised at the mere mention of his name. The Anglo-Spanish-papal party also remember him.

The Protector Richard, and, after him, the Council of State, were only too glad to retain Lockhart's services at the court of France. He could not therefore be always at Dunkirk; and hardly two months elapsed before one of his terms of absence proved the occasion of an outbreak of insubordination among the private soldiers, which he relates in a long letter to Mr. Secretary Thurloe, dated 8 Nov. The mutineers had called to arms and pillaged the provision markets, assigning as a cause the detention of their pay, though Lockhart suspected some maligner influence at the bottom. There is a very different version of a mutiny given in the Lockhart papers, in which the treason is imputed not to the common soldiers but to their officers, and points to a somewhat later period. Lockhart, we are there told, hearing of it while in London, promptly crossed the Straits, scaled the town-wall unperceived by the sentries, and surprising a group of officers while in debate, passed his rapier through the body of the ringleader, and reduced the rest to instant submission;—concerning all which, it is only necessary to say that his extant correspondence gives no colour to any such transaction, further than this, that both garrison and governor were, as a matter of course, systematically subjected by Stuart agencies to experimental assaults on their fidelity.

On the 18 May, 1659, a characteristic letter of his was read to the House by Sir Henry Vane, in which he declared his unaltered resolution to maintain Dunkirk, whomsoever the supreme power might nominate as its governor; and

"should the place ever be in danger," the document adds, "he will occur to its defence, though as a private man with a musket on his shoulder." But while urging the supply of the garrison, he had fair reason to add that something was also due to himself;—his salary as Ambassador having now run in arrear to near £5,000,—his debts on that account very great, and his credit almost sunk. Two bills of exchange which he had recently been compelled to draw for the necessities of the garrison amounting to seventeen hundred pounds, these he entreats may be discharged, &c. &c. The Council could not but feel that this was a very reasonable claim. Still it was thought advisable that the first step should be to receive the report of a body of Commissioners who were about to visit the place.

Report on the condition of Dunkirk.



ARMS OF DUNKIRK.

The officer left in command at Dunkirk during Lockhart's absence was Colonel Roger Allsop, with whose name were sometimes associated those of Henry Lillingston and Tobias Bridge. Their communications with the authorities in London consisted of little more than urgent requests for money, accompanied however with constant assurances of fidelity, and warm encomiums on the conduct and character

of their governor. "We humbly thank your Honours," they say, "for the £1300 sent to us lately, though we assure you we had already borrowed as much here since the Commissioners went, to supply our urgent necessities. We do assure your Honours that with these supplies timely sent, we shall be able to give a good account of this place for your use; [otherwise] we cannot answer what you may perhaps expect

of us, though we perish in the defence of this place which our ambition and desire is to perpetuate to our nation, as a goad in the sides of their enemies, and to secure our footing in the Continent of Europe, lost ever since Queen Mary's days, and now regained. And doubtless we ought to preserve that carefully which the Lord hath given us so graciously." Allsop appealing to Fleetwood says, "I beseech your Excellency to honour me with your answer in relation to these things. It would in my opinion very highly reflect upon the honour and reputation of our nation if we should lose this town unhandsomely that hath been so famous in our thoughts before we had it. A little help will prevent that danger. The officers and soldiers are all very hearty and courageous, notwithstanding the want of money, the noise of the Peace, and other discouragements laid upon them." Who can doubt that the sentiments thus expressed by the honest soldiers on the spot were shared by their compatriots at home?

The Commissioners above referred to were three officers, by name Ashfield, Parker, and Pearson, who in June 1659 were instructed by the Council of State to repair to Dunkirk and there make a full investigation into the state of the town and the resources and revenue of the garrison and harbour. Their report in full is extant, though a few salient points only need be noticed here. The town defences, they conceive, require the constant presence of 3000 foot besides the regiment of horse; but in time of siege, 8000 foot and horse would be requisite; which number, they are of opinion, "by God's blessing and careful conduct would be able to check the best armies of France and Flanders"! Fort Oliver ought to have accommodation for 500 or 600 men, and Fort Manning for at least 50. [Fort Manning was a small square fortalice standing midway between Fort Oliver and the town.] Touching Mardyke they recommend its immediate destruction, as too distant to be defended, and as liable if once in the hands of an enemy to blockade the entrance into Dunkirk. This requires explanation. At that period a long sandbank, called the Schurken, lay parallel with the shore in front of Dunkirk harbour; and the only available channel for large ships between the sandbank and the main land was commanded by the guns of Mardyke. In the first place therefore, Mardyke must be in the hands of the possessors of Dunkirk,—or, secondly, Mardyke must be dismantled,—or, thirdly, some better way must be discovered of entering Dunkirk. This last alternative was eventually adopted, and consisted in cutting a channel straight through the Schurken

into the deep sea, and defending it by two long jetties of wood, as indicated by the dotted lines in the map at page 199. By whom this was first projected it is now impossible to determine, but the paramount necessity of English men-of-war having easy access at all times gives it the appearance of an English scheme. It was left for Vauban and his engineers to carry it into successful execution.

The Commissioners made enquiry into the cause of the late mutiny, and found it arose solely from the men fancying they were treated less liberally than their comrades in England. So far were they from political revolt that they unanimously signed an address of allegiance to the Parliament.

In the matter of public revenue, there was, first, the state-revenue or that which belonged to England as lord-paramount. This amounted (omitting fractions) to £12,999. The governor's revenue was £2,419. The town's revenue £6,222. The town-major's revenue, besides perquisites, £77. In all rather more than £21,719. Of course the Commissioners could not foresee that part of the state-revenue, consisting of black-mail levied on neighbouring towns as a protection from plunder, would be diminished by the Treaty of the Pyrenees which gave some of those towns back to Spain, for that Treaty had not yet been transacted. Those surrounding towns were Bergh, Bourbourgh, Cassel, Furnes, Bell, and Poppering, and they contributed annually £4,484.

A careful census of the population living within the walls of the old town, exclusive of the military, produced 1060 as the number of the men, 1621 women, and 2419 children, in all 5100; and the names of about 150 of the principal inhabitants are then recorded. Peter Faulconnier the baillie or provost was the leading man among them, a title which he amply merited. He was greatly alarmed at the changes which the Commissioners threatened in the administration of municipal law, and made a formal appeal on the subject to Lockhart, but eventually adopted the prudent course of giving his visitors a parting feast, and waiting his opportunity, which was not long in coming.

¶ We now return to Lockhart who was passing some time in London, a valuable adviser at a critical moment, and whom we may fancy closeted with John Milton, Lord Broghill, Edmund Ludlow, or John Bradshaw, (supposing the latter to be still surviving) urging George Monk and other avowed republicans to save the nation from relapsing into Egyptian bondage by establishing the commonwealth on a popular and immoveable basis. He might indeed, had his code of honour

been as speculative as Monk's, have easily anticipated that general's action, and by inviting the exiled King to Dunkirk, gathered the chief spoils of the hour. But to double-dyed treason such as this towards his best friends, it was impossible that he could stoop;—almost equally repulsive must have been the thought of humbling himself before the Stuart party, who by intercepting his letters had long been familiar with his lavish expressions of admiration for the Protector and of contempt for the exiled court. On the break-up therefore of the second protectorate, no possible alternative seemed to be left him but the restoration of the Republic, at which he seems to have rejoiced as much as Bradshaw himself. Chancellor Hyde read him aright when he said to Mordaunt, 23 May 1659,—“The King doth not believe that Lord Jermyn hath had anything to do with Lockhart, who is a very wary man, and hath never discovered the least inclination to the King, but on the contrary somewhat of animosity. [personal dislike.] The man is valuable, whether he be master of Dunkirk or not, which I confess I cannot think any Scotchman can be whilst the garrison is purely English. If Sir H. Jones thinks he can dispose him, let him have all the encouragement to attempt it. And if he find life in the attempt, he may easily let the King know it, and he will have all imaginable satisfaction here. But I shall not be surprised if Lockhart betake himself to the Republic, of which party he is in his inclinations, unless the dislike of some persons disincline him to a conjunction with them.”

This anticipation of Hyde's was amply verified when on the old Parliament's resumption of office, Lockhart addressed a congratulatory letter to Mr. Speaker Lenthall, informing him that in celebration of the event he had caused a *feu de joie* to be delivered from all the great guns under his command both by sea and land. At the Treaty of the Pyrenees where he acted as their plenipotentiary, although Britain was at the time convulsed with anarchy, yet the homage he received formed a striking contrast to the neglect which attended the Stuart representative. Cardinal Mazarin, whatever his private motives, was not unwilling to be still regarded as the friend and political ally of the (hitherto) uncorruptible Englishman.

By that Treaty, which put an end to the war, France gave back to Spain (in exchange for other cessions) many of the towns in Flanders captured by the aid of the English, namely Bergh, Furnes, Dixmude, Ypres, Oudenarde, Merville, and Menin; by which it will be seen, on reference to the map, that Dunkirk and Mardyke, (which by silence were confirmed to the English nation,) were again environed on the south

and east by Spanish forces, the French territory at this point being pushed no farther than to embrace Gravelines and St. Venant. Lockhart, as soon as the sittings broke up, passed through Dunkirk on his way to England, his object being to penetrate if possible the designs of general Monk. Upright himself, he accepted Monk's solemn assurances of fidelity to the commonwealth, and went back to France only to hear with astonishment that the nation was unanimous in calling home the King. Bowing therefore to the inevitable, he made his submission by dispatching Colonel Lillingston to General Monk with an address signed by himself and his garrison, expressive of acquiescence in the action of the Convention-parliament whether as touching the King or the country. This was on the 11th of May 1660, too late to afford him any real service, for Charles II. entered London in triumph a few days later, and the governor of Dunkirk received orders to resign his commission into the hands of Sir Edward Harley. Lady Lockhart meanwhile, together with her retinue, was carried home and landed at Gravesend by a part of the fleet under Lord Montague.

Lockhart, having bidden a last farewell to "the brave garrison who almost idolized him," quietly retired to England, a private man, stripped of his great employments, but still jealous for his country's honour. Some may count it a crowning act of magnanimity that he refused a Marshal's staff of France, with other emoluments, which Cardinal Mazarin offered him at this crisis in exchange for the ports of Flanders. But whatever factions might rage, all Englishmen seemed possessed with a resolution to keep what Oliver had won. The Protector Richard, in his schedule of debts, stated that he had borrowed on his personal security £6,090 for the supply of Dunkirk. Almost the last expiring act of the Council of State was to set apart £1200 a week for the same purpose; and now in the first month after the restoration of royalty, an Act was proposed for drawing up what was called an "Establishment of the garrison." Finally on 11 Sep. a bill was brought in for formally annexing to the crown of England, Dunkirk and Mardyke in Flanders and the island of Jamaica in America. An order might issue directing the common hangman to burn the "*Act for the preservation of his Highness's person*," but the preservation of his Highness's conquests was a passion with the entire nation, —his restored Majesty and his Majesty's bosom friends excepted. In the course of the next two years no less than £33,000 were expended in the fortifications of Dunkirk, the stone for the purpose being quarried in Portland. By the

above mentioned instrument styled the Establishment of the garrison, it was decreed that 3,920 should be the number of the foot and 432 that of the cavalry: the pay of the common soldiers to be eight stivers a day. Seven and a half stivers representing eightpence sterling. The Duke of York's body-guard of a hundred horse, at present left behind in Flanders, to constitute part of the garrison, &c. and all this too at a time when measures were in progress for disbanding the standing armies of England.

When the King sent for his Portuguese bride in 1661, he compelled himself to go through the distasteful process of addressing the House and laying before them his great need of additional pocket money. Mr. Speaker, replying for the Commons, carried back a message which looks very like the production of some satirical wit; but, if meant seriously, it was worthy of that grand viveselector Dr. Gauden. In one respect its tone was unequivocal. They were anxious to meet his Majesty's wishes, but Dunkirk must not be overlooked. "Great Sir," it began,—“I am not able to express, at the hearing of these words with what a sympathy the whole body of the Parliament was presently affected. The circulation of the blood, of which our naturalists do tell us, was never so sensibly demonstrated as by this experiment. Before your Majesty's words were all fallen from your lips, you might have seen us blush. All our blood came into our faces; from thence it hasted down without obstruction to every part of the body; and after a due consulting of the several parts, it was found necessary to breathe a vein. We cannot forget how much our treasure hath been exhausted, but we remember also that it was by usurping and tyrannical powers, and therefore we are easily persuaded to be at some more expence to keep them out.” [After touching on various items of outlay, Mr. Speaker adds] “The honourable accessions of Dunkirk, Tangier, and Jamaica, do at present require a great supply; but we have reason to believe that in time to come they will repay this nation their principal with good interest.” In the end the Commons vote his Majesty twelve hundred and three score thousand pounds, to be levied in eighteen months by six quarterly payments. And how did his Majesty testify his gratitude for the gift?—By privately selling Dunkirk to the French King in the course of the very next year, to save his own blushes in asking for more. The story is not new, that Charles once gave as a reason for reading his brief speeches, that he had so often asked his faithful Commons for money that he was ashamed to look them in the face; but we learn from the above passage from whom it was he caught his trick of blushing. The above memorable

speech is not recorded in the *Commons' Journals*, but it may be read in full in the *Lords' Journals*, xi. 357.

Though the acquisition of Dunkirk had been made at the expence of Englishmen's blood, and on that account had won their affections, it was well enough understood that the scheme was altogether Oliverian. There were persons about the restored court mean enough to urge that all traces and memorials of the recent government should utterly perish out of sight; and this envious spirit, as we know, expressed itself in all manner of petty obliterations, erasures, and changes of office, throughout the realm. What wonder then that Charles II. should be encouraged to think that the splendour even of dominating the Flemish coast was tarnished by its passing into his hands from those of an usurper? His personal inclination meanwhile would gather strength from the testimony of military men who, corrupted by France, assured him that the place was untenable; and George Monk himself was one of these evil advisers. On the other hand it so happened that while the matter was in secret debate, that sagacious soldier Count Schomberg was passing through England, and endeavouring to instil good counsel into the royal ears, until he saw that good counsel was thrown away. Among other things he advised the King to declare for Protestantism abroad; for though it might not suit his Majesty's taste, it would certainly promote his interest by securing the allegiance of the Calvinists of France. He enlarged on the valour of Cromwell's old soldiers,—the best officers he had ever known,—and lamented to see their places filled by profligate young men. And as for Dunkirk, a firm resolution to hold it would keep both France and Spain in perpetual and wholesome check. He had himself carefully examined the position, and was of opinion that so long as England was master of the sea, Dunkirk was safe. The King of France might vapour and talk big about breaking with England if the place were not given back to him; in reality he had no such intention.

King Charles however was not to be turned from his purpose. The price finally agreed upon, for Dunkirk city and Mardyke fort, together with the forts between Dunkirk and Bergh, with all their artillery and other warlike and constructive materials, was five million livres tournois. Bishop Burnet says that the money "was immediately squandered away among the mistress's creatures;" and though this must be accepted as a loose statement which the bishop could have no means of certifying, there can be little doubt that the whole affair was felt to be a national loss and a national dis-

grave. Such were the first fruits of the personal prerogative which Englishmen had shown such loyalty to re-invest their sovereign and vital.

But now about the surrender. A French document is the following. So incredible did the proposition appear to the garrison and to officials where they had parliamentary support in resisting the order to quit that they absolutely refused to move. Lord meanwhile was rising fast to view his glorious prize, and informed that the prize was not yet within his grasp. At this juncture of affairs Peter Falklandier the energetic leader came to his succour, and by the lavish distribution of his own money among the English governor and officers, induced them to put to sea forthwith. They had not sailed many miles before they met the envoys sent by the English Parliament to arrest the transaction—too late.—too late. "*Désormais Desespérez de la France*."

All this looks very dramatic, but it is wise enough of the fact. The bargain once struck, there was nothing to conceal, and all parties were given to understand that for divers good and sufficient reasons the place had been sold to the French King, and the English garrison had nothing to do but to clear out. The numerous documents attesting the receipt of the first instalment of the money, its transmission to the Tower of London, and the dispersion of the troops, are all preserved in the Record-office; and they certainly indicate no hesitation on the part of the men or officers to quit. Indeed there was no alternative. Lord Andrew Rutherford, successor to Sir Edward Harley in the governorship, early received instructions to disband his forces and transport them to England, and these instructions he promptly fulfilled,—the Duke of York's regiment alone remaining behind in the French King's service.

Among the orders regulating the departure of the troops, one was that their arms should be delivered up before leaving; but then follows a final direction at seeming variance therewith,—“And you shall take care,” the warrant proceeds, “that all of them, on landing [in England] shall have passes to go to their several homes; enjoining them to dispose of their swords and horses remaining with them, within fourteen days after their arrival at the place of their intended abode.” A letter from Lord Rutherford on reaching Deal with his men (preceded by one from Sir George Carteret) will now give us a farewell glimpse of the gallant little army which for five years and a half had so well sustained the English reputation abroad.

Sir George Carteret to the King.

Calais, 18—28 November 1662.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—All the money was yesterday shipped aboard the yachts and the *Kitchen* ketch; and they had set sail this morning if the town of Dunkirk had been surrendered yesterday, as was intended. But it is to be done this day; and tomorrow in the morning tide, if the wind and weather hold as now it is, Alderman Beckwell shall sail, God willing, towards England with a convoy of three of your Majesty's ships now riding in this road. According to your Majesty's instructions, together with the very earnest desire of Mons. d'Estrades who pretends it will be for your Majesty's service, I shall stay here until the French King's coming, except I receive order from your Majesty to the contrary. Mons. d'Estrades makes account that he will be here about Monday or Tuesday. Your Majesty's most humble subject and servant.

G. CARTERET.

Andrew Lord Rutherford [to one of the State secretaries?]

Deal, 19 November 1662.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—We parted all yesterday from Dunkirk,—the manner whereof admirable, for the soldiers' readiness and joy to obey his Majesty's commands,—their most civil, obliging, and unparalleled carriage in laying down their arms, to the glory of English soldiers, and giving the lye to those that would accuse them of mutiny; as you will see by this enclosed. The three companies of field officers of his Majesty's regiment are here. We have no order for them to march, nor when. I beg I may know it with all expedition, if thought fit. I stay this day at Deal to dispose all things civil, and separate our disbanded soldiers, that they may march not in troops together. Kiss most humbly your honour's hand. Rt. hon. your most obedient servant,

RUTHERFORD.

Lord Rutherford's style it will be observed is abrupt and soldier-like. In one of his dispatches he excuses his verbal defects, though indeed the apology seems quite uncalled for, on the ground of less familiarity with the English than with the French tongue. With Cromwell's permission he had formerly levied a body of Scots for the French King's service, who were quite independent of the "Six Thousand" English

under Lockhart. See a reference to their gallantry at page 237. Before the taking of Dunkirk, Lockhart had written concerning him to Thurloe in the following eulogistic style.—“Colonel Rutterford being now upon his journey towards Scotland to make his levy of 500 men, by your lordship’s favour granted to him last summer, did entreat me to make this address unto your lordship in his behalf, that he might obtain your additional order for three or four hundred more. He being a person whose discreet conduct hath justly gained him a good reputation in France, where he hath been an honour to his country, I was the more easily persuaded by him to offer his suit to your lordship’s consideration, and withal to solicit for expedition, since the Cardinal intends that his regiment shall be one of the first in the field this next campaign” (and in a postscript,)—“I beg your lordship’s favour to Colonel Rutterford, who really is a person of much honour and esteem here [at Paris,] and hath well deserved it by the considerable services he hath rendered.”

His title of lordship we may suppose was conferred on him at the Restoration. On quitting Dunkirk, he received an appointment to the governorship of Tangier, but venturing one day to ride too far into the country without sufficient escort, he was waylaid by a party of Moors and slain. *Bishop Burnet and others.*

Treaty for the sale of Dunkirk to the French.

Louis, by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre, to all to whom these presents shall come, *Greeting.*—The Count d’Estrades having concluded the following Treaty with the commissioners deputed by our most dear and most beloved brother the King of Great Britain;—And the King of Great Britain, desirous more and more to increase the friendship already contracted with his most Christian Majesty, having thought himself obliged to give ear to the proposals made to him, on his part to treat upon reasonable conditions concerning the town and citadel of Dunkirk, and to embrace the same as the most agreeable and efficacious means to perpetuate the good understanding he is desirous to propagate with his most Christian Majesty, and which is so necessary for the good of his subjects and the common tranquillity of both nations.

In the first place, it is concluded and agreed that the town of Dunkirk, together with the citadel, redoubts, old and new fortifications, outworks, counterscarps, sluices, dams, rights of

sovereignty, and annexed dependencies, shall be put into the hands of his most Christian Majesty, within fifteen days, or sooner if it can be done.

With all the brick, lime, stone, and building materials now upon the place; and all the artillery and ammunition, according to an inventory already taken by the King of Great Britain.

Should the magazines be found defective, all such defalcations from the said inventory to be made good by the King of Great Britain at a valuation made by mutually appointed merchants.

At the same time, the fort of Mardyke, the wooden fort, the great and small forts between Dunkirk and Bergh St. Winnox, with all their arms, artillery, and ammunition, shall be put into the hands of the most Christian King.

The said bargain and sale is made in consideration of the sum of five millions of livres, according to the computation and value of French money and the present currency thereof, namely, a silver crown at sixty sols. Of which sum two millions of livres shall be paid down in the said place, at the same time that it shall be put into the hands of his most Christian Majesty or his commissioners. The said two millions shall be carried and put on board the ships which the said King of Great Britain shall send into the havens of the said place for that purpose; and those ships shall have liberty when they think fit, to go out of it. And the other three millions remaining shall be paid in the two years following, namely, fifteen hundred thousand livres, each year, at four payments every three months;—the three first to be of four hundred thousand livres each, and the last of three hundred thousand,—making up in the whole the said three millions in the space of the said two years. Which payments in the said two years shall be made in the town of Dunkirk, to those who shall be empowered to receive it by the King of Great Britain. And sufficient security shall be given at London for the due and faithful performance of the same. The said payments of the five millions shall be all made in silver money, as current in France at the time of the present Treaty, reckoning sixty sols *Tournay* to a crown. And in case it should come to pass that his most Christian Majesty should hereafter raise the price of his moneys, it is agreed that that shall have no influence upon the payments stipulated in this Treaty.

The King of Great Britain guarantees the possession of Dunkirk to the most Christian King for the space of two years; so that, in case the King of Spain from whom it was taken by right of arms, should dispute the matter, the King

of Great Britain undertakes to defend it, in conjunction with the most Christian King, by the aid of a fleet of ships. And should it nevertheless be captured by the King of Spain, the King of Great Britain promises to assist in its recovery with a fleet sufficiently powerful to make him master of the sea.

The English garrison in marching out shall commit no disorders; all debts due to townsmen and contracted since the King of Great Britain's restoration to his own dominions, being paid when they march out, as the same shall be adjusted between Monsieur Rutherford the governor of the place and the burgomaster and baillie of the town.

And forasmuch as a townsman of Dunkirk, by name Gouvard, hath undertaken to build a bridge across the haven, with the permission of the King of Great Britain to reimburse himself by levying a toll thereon,—the most Christian King promises that the said Gouvard shall enjoy his toll in the same manner as if the place had remained in the King of Great Britain's hands.

English merchants and residents may retire from the place and carry with them all their moveable wares, except corn and munitions of war; to sell which at the market price, a month's time will be allowed them. For the sale of immovables they shall be allowed three months, or more if necessary,—it being understood that before quitting they discharge all debts and securities.

Signed and sealed at London, 27 October, 1662;—in the behalf of the French King, by the Count d'Estrades,—in the behalf of the English King, by the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Sandwich, and the Duke of Albemarle. [*Abridged.*]

Louis' first action on reaching Dunkirk was to bestow on the family of Faulconnier the distinction of hereditary Baillie, and to declare the city a free port. Unlimited means were at once placed at Vauban's command to render the place impregnable, thirty thousand men being engaged to work unremittingly by relays, ten thousand at a time. The town itself was greatly extended towards the south; while the canals and sluices on all sides underwent a thorough reorganization for the purpose of scouring the harbour. Another important work was the construction of a new entrance from the ocean, already referred to at page 246. This was formed by two wooden jetties, piercing the Schurken bank, and running a mile out to sea; thereby superseding the old side-channel entrance from Mardyke, along the shore,—in fact causing that channel to be soon silted up, and to become dry land,—and Mardyke tower as a useless appendage to be

dismantled. This new entrance, garnished and flanked by wooden towers mounting altogether 152 guns, could now defy any hostile approach from England or Holland. But a land-enemy had also to be kept out; and subsequently an enormous '*camp retranché*' uniting Dunkirk with Bergh and reticulated with canals, was constructed upon Vauban's plans, or, shall we say, on the initial basis of Lockhart's scheme? though Fort Oliver its main citadel must henceforth bear the title of Fort Louis.

And thus it has come to pass that Dunkirk and its harbour have ever since furnished French students with a school of hydraulic architecture, or, as we say in England, of civil engineering. Take up Belidor's ponderous work in four volumes, with its countless plans, sections, and details, of aqueducts, swivel-bridges, coffre-dams, lock-gates, sluices, quay-walls, pile-drivers, and other miscellaneous mill-work, and it will be at once seen that much of what is commonly accepted as the creation of modern engineers had reached a very fair maturity in Dunkirk a hundred and fifty years ago. Of course, the results of steam power have no place in an estimate of this kind; and perhaps it might be added that Dunkirk did but share the suggestive exigencies of other Dutch and Danish harbours on that flat shore; still it was the French who, with Dunkirk to work upon, gave to the science of marine engineering its symmetry and artistic development.

Unfortunately for England, all this science was brought to bear as soon as practicable to the ruin of her mercantile fleet. Having let the robbers loose again, we had soon to pay back the ransom money, a hundred times told. How much of that ransom money the English King actually pocketed, or who were his sharers in the spoil, no man may ever know. More hazardous still would be any conjectural estimate of the fabulous sums which Dunkirk has since cost this nation. Four years after the transfer, France was already at war with us. But Dunkirk's wars were incessant. And the hatred and irritation thus engendered went on increasing, until peace with the French monarch became impossible without the total suppression of his beloved northern port. William III on ascending the English throne, carried with him the Dutch hatred of France, and the Duke of Marlborough's career still further intensified the sentiment. Then came the Hanoverian connexion, brought in by the Georges, involving us in additional complications; till lastly, the panic born of the French revolution induced the aristocratic and clerical party in England to wake up the old national

antagonism into wilder malignity than ever. Throughout all these scenes the *Mer-Miles* of Dunkirk waved his unrelenting sword.

Conjectures as to what might or might not have turned up, had the leading event been other than it was, are proverbially frivolous, except so far as they illustrate the sagacious forecast which by a contrary policy would have averted the long catalogue of tragedies since become historical. If the conjecture be a fair one that Oliver Cromwell recognized in the preservation of Dunkirk, not only a mortal check to Spain and an open door to British commerce, but also a perennial gage of peace among the northern powers, certainly nothing that has since transpired can be shewn to falsify such prediction. All we know for certain is that in default of possessing Dunkirk, the only alternative-guarantee of peace has been found in its repeated demolition as a naval arsenal. Let the Duke of York's tragi-comic attempt to recover the place in 1793 be accepted as the final attestation to the patriotic policy of the Protector. Gibraltar, a far more expensive and unprofitable investment, has perpetuated hatred but fostered little trade other than that of the smuggler. In effect, none of the reasons for holding Dunkirk can be urged in respect of Gibraltar. But not to travel too far afield, it must now suffice to sketch briefly the efforts which the English Government have from time to time made to neutralize the action of the Flanders pirate.

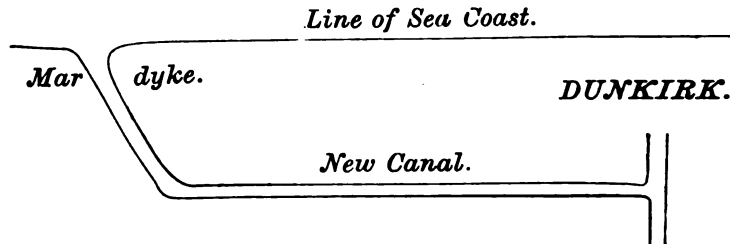
In 1694 a grand assault was made on the sea-defences of Dunkirk by a combined fleet of sixty Dutch and English vessels. It began and ended in smoke. The attempt was renewed in the following year by a flotilla of a hundred and twelve vessels; but the armed jetty, covered by a floating battery, effectually prevented any approach. Neither shot nor shell reached the city, and the assailants retired with the loss of one frigate and four smaller craft. These and other events of that date brought into notice and have since perpetuated the name of Jean Bart, the renowned rover of Dunkirk. His adventures fall not within our limits. His memory is cherished by his fellow townsmen, and his statue dominates their principal square, hence called "La place Jean Bart." But the freebooter's trade, prolific in spoil as it might be to the adventurers themselves and rich in romance for the gossips of Paris, was hardly compatible with national treaties of commerce; and it was an unwelcome discovery, which the Dunkirkers were slow to learn, that union with France involved for all future time the loss of their independence. The first serious check to their triumphs was the



Fort Blanc
18 Guns

following clause in the Treaty of Utrecht;—"The most Christian King undertakes to level the fortifications of Dunkirk, to block up the port, and to demolish the sluices which scour the harbour,—with this further condition, that such fortifications, port, and sluices, shall never be re-constructed." An English army was thereupon permitted to take possession of the place, and the townsfolk had to witness in silence all the materials of their maritime splendour levelled with the dust. In anticipation of their arrival, M. le Blanc the Intendant of Flanders and M. le Comte de Lomond the governor of the town met to arrange the terms of transfer, when it was wisely agreed that the French garrison should entirely evacuate Dunkirk for the time being, and march to Bergh, which accordingly they did on the evening of the 19th Oct. Twelve English vessels of war and twenty transports then arrived, carrying 6722 men under Mr. Hill the temporary governor. The work of demolition commenced in October 1713 and was completed in the following March.

There is a large folio print in the British Museum Library, engraved by D. Lockley, being a bird's eye view, supposed to be taken from the sea, and entitled,—“A new prospect of the town and port of Dunkirk, with the citadels, castles, and Risban, belonging to the harbour, which are demolished according to the articles of peace.” Twelve or more large ships occupying the foreground represent, so the letterpress informs us, “the squadron carrying her Majesty's forces to take possession of that invincible strong place.” A broadside likewise appeared, entitled,—“Peace and Dunkirk; being an excellent new song upon the surrender of Dunkirk to General Hill in 1712,” attributed to Dean Swift, though not found among his writings. Another contemporary publication, reprinted in the second volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*, is an elaborate description of the then state of the town, with all its resources, armaments, and public buildings—noticing, *inter alia*, an English Nuns' Cloister, an English hospital, a large house for the service of the Church of England, and an English school. The place was described as unhealthy, owing to the prevalence of aguish fever. The English engineers were now about to render it still more unhealthy by blockading the channels of exit. In effect, the stagnant waters around the town became so mephitic that the French King was perfectly justified in ordering a new canal to be cut westward from the back of the town, to run into the sea at Mardyke, as shewn in the following diagram,



Had this new canal been constructed only to drain the country, it could not have been termed a violation of the Treaty, but as it was made navigable for war-ships, the English government again interfered, and the ship canal had to be reduced to a mere watercourse,—a fresh instrument drawn up in 1717 stipulating moreover that neither harbour, fortification, sluices, nor basins, should in future be constructed at any spot within two leagues of Dunkirk or Mardyke. This concession indeed was not the act of Louis XIV. He stoutly resisted the English demand, asserting his royal right and royal will to open fresh harbours in any part of his dominions; but his death occurred while the affair was in debate, and France's consent was won through the influence of the Abbé Dubois. Colonel Lascelles, an English commissioner, remained on the spot eight years to enforce the conditions, and the firmness of the Earl of Stair is also chronicled as a factor in the same behalf.

The year 1720 wrought partial deliverance for the imprisoned corsairs. A violent tempest shattered the barrier, consisting of rows of piles, which the English had driven across the harbour-mouth; and the population at once proceeded to complete the work of the elements by damming up the Canal de Furnes to the brim, and then sending the accumulated flood through the sluices. Quays were rebuilt, and for merchant-ships at least the port was re-established and kept open until, on the renewal of hostilities in 1741, the people still further ventured to fortify the Risban, (an island-battery near the head of the jetty,) and to restore the "*camp-retranché*." But "Dunkirk restored" was a tocsin of alarm to all the ship-owners of London;—here therefore we must make room for,

The Sailors' song, or Dunkirk restored.
To the tune of, To all you ladies now at land.
Printed by J. Jackson, London, 1730.

To all you merchants now at land
 We men at sea indite ;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write.
 It may'nt be safe the truth to say ;
 If silent,—Britain we betray.
 With a fal lal la.

Famed Dunkirk razed by our good Queen
 Our commerce to maintain,
 Is now restored ; for we have seen
 Their ships float on the main.
 Your trade requires your timely care ;
 In truth you have not much to spare.

The slaves that cringe to Gallia's court
 Still say there is no landing ;
 As though the water in that port
 Were like their understanding.
 But Britain to her cost has found
 France is afloat, and She aground.

The Brethren* too will pawn their ears
 That ships from out that station
 Will scour the Flemish privateers
 In friendship to our nation.
 The priest† on whom they pin their hopes
 Demands more faith than fifty Popes.

But let him not again deceive
 By new "Memoire" or "Lettre" ;
 Far less *his* evidence receive
 Who should have razed it better.
 For he who's coming now from France
 Will tell us all was done by chance.

Yet how this harbour was restored
 Is still a wondrous riddle ;
 The piles withdrawn, the stones upreared,
 Like Thebes, by harp and fiddle.
 What made those piles and sands retire ?
 The Orphean or Horatian lyre ?

Be it as t'will, the land complains ;
 Then Britons speak your mind.
 The dear-bought fruits of ten campaigns
 Must never be resigned.
 Speak on, true Britons, 'down it goes ;
 For Dunkirk's friends are Britain's foes.
 With a fal lal la.

* Of the Trinity House.

† The Abbé Dubois.

Accordingly by the peace of Aix la Chapelle concluded between England, France and Holland, in 1748, the French government was again made to deliver a back-handed blow on its favourite but too impulsive child; not that it was possible to crush the commerce of Dunkirk or to destroy its military character land-ward, but the interests of England and Holland were supposed to require that the sea defences should be annihilated; and once more a body of English commissioners installed themselves on the spot to see that the work was thoroughly done. But whether done or not, it mattered very little so long as national jealousies were liable at any moment to furnish a plausible excuse for re-arming. And so it happened now, when only five years after the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Louis XV. ordered every thing at Dunkirk to be again placed on a war footing. A fleet of flat-bottomed boats under the command of Thurot was forthwith seen issuing out of the harbour to effect a landing on some part of the English coast; and though it is true that the flotilla was dispersed and its Commodore slain, yet the affair quite sufficed to re-kindle in English breasts the vengeance which was destined to fall for the third time on "perfidious Carthage." For the third time therefore, in pursuance of the Treaty of Paris in 1763, English commissioners had to encounter the scowling looks of an exasperated population while they supervised the work of destruction; and this time they did it with vengeance. Not only were the batteries thrown into the sea, but the jetties were pierced at intervals to let in the sand, the main dock with its sluices was torn from the foundations, and the lockage of the Canal des Moères ruined. Need it be added that all these precautions, vexatious and irritating as they were, proved but as spider's webs as soon as a fair occasion presented itself for sweeping them away? Need we be surprized that when such an occasion arose out of the American war of independence, the Dunkirk corsairs were again sweeping the narrow seas, or that their annals, from 1778 to 1782 inclusive, record the capture of eleven hundred and eighty seven English vessels, estimated (including ransom money) at more than thirty eight million livres? "Corsairs" in fact was a term of their own adoption, and "*la haine des Anglais*" was accepted as the inalienable heritage of five centuries. Clearly, Dunkirk was irrepressible. And this brings us to the final affair of 1793, when the Duke of York at the head of a large force, the French say 30,000 men, sat down before the city, between the sea-coast and the Canal de Furnes, at a spot where 135 years previously another Duke of York had met with similar disaster, though he proved

himself a better soldier. For eighteen days the invaders remained inactive. Not so the besieged, who from 4000 fighting men had become reinforced to 10,000, and found themselves well able to repel the feeble assault which was at last delivered on the 8th of September. The night following, the news of the French victory at Hondshoote induced the Duke of York to retreat precipitately, leaving behind all his artillery and munitions. And here ends the military history of Dunkirk. So much for the profit and loss account of King Charles II's famous bargain.

Lockhart's second Embassy.

We left Sir William, at the time of the Restoration, not exactly in disgrace, yet in some perplexity as to the amount of court favour which so prominent an antagonist had any reason to expect. The general estimate of his worth very soon made it felt that he might safely present himself at court and go through the formality of kissing the King's hand. On that occasion, the diplomatic address, in which long practice had made him a proficient, was successfully put in exercise to mollify the royal displeasure; but as a prudent man he went farther than this; he took care to entrench his position by soliciting and obtaining an Act of oblivion for all his late actions in England, France, and Spain; and this again was a stepping stone to the recovery of a large portion of the arrearages of his outlays in France. The restored Government would not of course recognize anything owing to him as Cromwell's nominee, but they were willing to listen to his claims dating from the hour when the "Secluded Members" were restored to Parliament. Accordingly, we meet with the following entry in the *Commons' Journals*, 29 Dec. 1660.—"Sir Thomas Clarges reports from the Committee of Army and Navy debts, that upon examination of the accounts of Colonel William Lockhart in respect of Dunkirk, it appears that there is due to him from 16 February, which was the time of the restitution of the secluded members to 1 June, when he left Dunkirk, the sum of £7,357 5s. 8d."

But a hitch arose in respect of some part of the royal furniture, which having been sold in France, Lockhart was called to account for it by Sir Gilbert Talbot the master of the jewel-house. This drew from him two petitions to the Crown, the more copious one being as follows.—"*Shewing*, That about the year 1657 your petitioner being most unhappily sent into France, which he can never mention without

great confusion and remorse, there was appointed for him by the powers then usurped, towards the charge of that negotiation, a suite of hangings bearing the particular arms of Cromwell, and a parcel of plate bearing the arms of the usurped Commonwealth; which afterwards by direction of the same usurped powers, was disposed of in France for occasions relating to that negotiation. That upon the happy return of your Majesty, your petitioner being questioned for the said plate and hangings, did humbly address himself to your Majesty by the Duke of Albemarle; and then your Majesty from your royal grace and bounty, and in compassion to the great arrears and debts your petitioner lay under upon the account of that unhappy negotiation and Dunkirk, was pleased to give your direction that your petitioner should not be further troubled. And now your petitioner being again brought in question for the same particulars, he doth most humbly pray that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to grant your royal discharge of the aforesaid plate and hangings to your petitioner in such manner and form as your Majesty shall think fitting.

WILLIAM LOCKHART."

The language of this instrument, it were vain to deny, presents a very ignominious come-down from the chivalric status which our friend has hitherto occupied. But when a whole nation is rushing in one direction, how few are the Abdiels who can stand erect "faithful among the faithless." We are hardly capable in these days of realizing the furor with which restored royalism swept down all the actors and all the machinery of the previous drama. On the members of Cromwell's house in particular, none would have been surprized to witness the descent of a deluge of special wrath; and as, in this respect, Lockhart was every way implicated, it is impossible to doubt that a tender solicitude for his wife and her relations was a principal motive leading him to bend before the storm. Let us not therefore read his petition as an unique document, but accept it as one of the many examples which that trying hour brought forth, of conscious integrity daunted and drowned in the voice of blasphemy.

This affair being terminated, though in what manner it might not be safe to say, he made trial for a short time of Scotland, there to be known, so we may presume, as plain Colonel Lockhart, despoiled for the nonce of the knightly degree which the Protector's sword had whilome invested him withal. But the tyranny of the now triumphant party rendered residence in the old country intolerable, and re-

turning into Huntingdonshire among his wife's kinsfolk, he remained there in comparative tranquillity until his name became mixed up with one of the many sham plots of Charles II's reign. It is true he very soon extricated himself from it; for his principal accuser, on giving evidence before the Council, described Sir William (whom he had never seen) as low in stature and of swarthy complexion,—the exact opposite of the fact. Still, he was very restless under a sense of being a suspected man; and it was with a view to throw off this imputation rather than from any ambitious impulse, that after eleven years of political inaction, he once more consented to become the English resident at the court of France. But rightly to estimate his altered position, those eleven years must be briefly reviewed.

Though the French King by the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659 gave back to Spain a few towns in the neighbourhood of Dunkirk, he was left in possession of much territory that he had acquired by the aid of the English, not only in Flanders but in Luxemburgh, such as Bourbourg, St. Venant, Gravelines, Montmedy, and their dependencies. Further conquests in that direction he well knew might receive a fatal check from a hostile power entrenched at Dunkirk. Therefore, as the main object of his life was to wrest those eastern provinces from Spain, the first and most indispensable preliminary was to remove at any cost this hateful obstruction. How he accomplished this has already been narrated. The next step was to foment and cherish discord between England and the States of Holland, and here also he was successful. France sided with the States, and in a very short time England was humbled in the dust. The Dutch swept the Straits, sailed up the Thames, took Sheerness, and burnt the English fleet at Chatham,—the ignominious scene closing with the hastily contrived peace of Breda.

And now the French King proceeded to put his darling scheme into execution. Fortress after fortress fell before his armies, till Brussels itself was in danger, and the splendid province of the county of Burgundy otherwise known as Franche-Comté became his easy prey. Of course it was in violation of the Treaty of the Pyrenees with Spain, but the King of France throughout his life laughed at treaties, and only entered into them for the purpose of inducing his foes to disband and leave him a clear field for the next campaign. But this last inroad roused the general fears of northern Europe, and gave birth to the justly famed compact known in history as the Triple Alliance. This was a concordat framed between England, Holland, and Sweden, with the

one design of stopping the conquests of France; and its popularity was at once secured. The King of England and his Ministers might be content to purchase the power of misrule at home by abandoning not only Flanders but all Europe to French rapacity, but the nation itself was re-awaking to its true interests, and "discerning men," says Lord Macaulay, "considered it as a good omen for the English constitution and the reformed religion that the government had [at last] attached itself to Holland." That nation indeed was destined to bring a still greater deliverance to England, but as yet Englishmen were not ready to receive it. They required to be drugged with Stuartism for twenty years longer before they should discover the dastardly character of their self-imposed slavery.

The Triple Alliance, it has been often said, was almost the only good measure signalizing the reign of Charles II. It at once recovered for England the position she had held in the days of Elizabeth and Oliver, and it enabled the confederate powers, even without the possession of Dunkirk, to wrest Franche-Comté from the French King at the ensuing Treaty of Aix la Chapelle.

But though the court of Charles II. had for a moment adopted a patriotic policy, "his heart had always been with France, and France employed every means of seduction to lure him back." The Triple Alliance ran out its tether in 1671, and a most wicked scheme to rain ruin on their unoffending neighbours the Dutch came to light when France and England, without a shadow of fair pretence, simultaneously made war on the shipping and on the territory of the States. Holland was brought to the very brink of destruction. Franche-Comté was speedily recaptured and annexed to the French crown, while on the English merchants a fearful retribution descended in the loss of shipping roughly estimated at a million sterling, captured by the corsairs of their own dear allies the French, who seized everything they could overhaul, under the pretence that it was Dutch craft sailing under English colours. Two years later and Strasbourg also was taken by treachery, and remained part of France till it was restored to its rightful owners in the Franco-German war of 1870. The above sketch embraces only the commencement of those desolations which the long reign of Louis XIV. poured on the nations of Europe, but it is enough for our present purpose. The enemies of Cromwell have often charged him with being a principal agent in advancing the power of France. How much more truly might it be urged that Charles II's sale of Dunkirk removed the main obstacle to that advance.

It was just when the above plot against the brave Dutch was hatching, that the proposal arose to send Lockhart once more to the French Court. His tried skill as a minister of commerce secured the suffrages of the English shipmasters, and his character constituted a plausible guarantee for alliance upon honourable grounds. He accepted the office, but was entrusted only with very superficial duties, and Bishop Burnet who saw a copy of his instructions says that the worst features of the underplot were concealed from him. His entrance into Paris was one of great magnificence, but how altered were the moral aspects of his mission. Never again might he utter the word of command in Dunkirk. That feverish dream had passed away for ever; and in exchange he had to listen, with what nonchalance he could assume, to the daily reports of captured merchantmen crowding the very harbour where he had once planted the Protector's flag. His old ally too, the Cardinal, had quitted the scene,—shall we not call him “his honourable friend?” Lockhart must have felt that some of the most romantic and stirring passages of his own warfare were linked with memories of Mazarin; whereas now he stood all alone among the courtiers of France who never allowed him to forget that he had exchanged the service of a conqueror for that of a vassal. It could not long escape his penetration that the secret understanding between the two courts had for its object, on the English side of the channel, the re-establishment of papal despotism. What manly heart then could avoid the deepest sense of humiliation in having to play a part in public transactions which were in direct antagonism to the aspirations of his countrymen and a practical eclipse of his former better self? Even his action in behalf of the merchants was again and again paralyzed by this baleful influence. Of the vast amount of shipping which his biographer records as lost to England during this war, through Dunkirkers and other corsairs, he appears to have been successful in rescuing one ship, and this only after infinite pains and discouragement from his royal master. Thus, every service on which he was put seemed calculated to crush and mortify him. He steeled himself against it all by a resolute determination to discharge his duty, how harassing soever it might prove; but the effort broke his heart.

Time was when he had held in lofty defiance the Duke of York's religion. Now, the catholic Duke required his aid in a tentative matrimonial negociation with the Duke de Crequi's daughter. Moreover, he was compelled not only to give a silent assent, but on one occasion to lend his personal support

to France's aggressive action against the Emperor's dominions. This was when the youthful Duke of Monmouth (Charles II.'s natural son) arrived at the French camp, with a request from the English King that Sir William would give the young soldier the benefit of his military experience. At the siege of Maestricht the English contingent under Monmouth suffered a repulse while attempting to storm; whereupon Lockhart riding up to the Duke, told him it was not to be thought of that the King of Great Britain's son should be thus foiled, and rallying the troops to a second charge, he led the column in person and carried the breach.

During this siege, we are informed that he manifested his habitual equanimity by drawing up the document which disposed of his worldly affairs, "its devotional language furnishing abundant evidence that amidst the bustle of camps and courts he kept up an high intercourse with Heaven." This was in 1673. The next year his father Sir James Lockhart died; and two years later was the period of his own decease, just when a patent was making out to create him a Peer. One account of his death describes it as taking place at the Hague. Another report attributes the catastrophe to a pair of poisoned gloves. What the Scriptures term "the poison of asps" may in all likelihood have accelerated his death; and Bishop Burnet's testimony would lead to the conclusion that vexation, regret, and wounded pride, on realizing the false position in which he was placed, had much more to do with his premature decay than poisoned gloves.

"I have ever looked upon him" the good bishop further remarks, "as the greatest man that his country [Scotland] produced in this age, next to Sir Robert Murray." Had Sir William's public career closed with the Restoration, possibly the bishop might have placed him on an equality with his other friend. The scenes through which we have tracked him in the present narrative constitute a sufficient warrant for saying that the Cromwellian episode benignantly overshadows, though it cannot entirely efface, his subsequent submission to the court of Comus. That court we know he utterly nauseated, though he deemed it his duty to serve them in the common interest; and with every drawback on this score, his memory will ever remain one of the most fragrant in the history of his times. The serene figure of "Mr. Ambassador Lockhart" towers far above the mere courtier; and whether he and his kindred liked it or not, they must have been well aware that the blazon of merit gathering round his posthumous name would be found in graceful and abiding association with the master spirit of the age.

His protestantism, let it be freely admitted, was from first to last his own, nor did it shine the less brightly that, during his second embassy, he had to maintain it single-handed. It won for him the undisguised hatred of Louis XIV., for which indeed he little cared; but as for pleading it in behalf of the persecuted and martyred, as in former days, he well knew that, unsustained by home influences, it was a factor which the papal party could now afford to treat with utter scorn. Bishop Burnet adds the following anecdote of his friend.

One of the ambassador's French domestics having expressed a desire, when at the point of death, to receive the viaticum, the manipulators of the rite were advancing towards his house, not in a private manner, but with that demonstrative parade of their office which was so offensive to Lockhart, who thereupon ordered his gates to be shut. The pious canaille of Paris, long duped by the priests, were preparing to force an entrance, which Sir William met by ordering his household to stand to their arms; but well aware how his conduct would be resented at court, he took the initiative by driving thither at once and claiming reparation for a national insult. But Louis was unappeasable. His God, he said, had never before received such an affront during his reign, and he would take care for the future that none of his catholic subjects took service under the English ambassador. Again Lockhart was resolved to anticipate the enemy. So driving back to Paris, he gave instant orders that all the French servants in his establishment should be paid off.

One of his latest actions was to send a message of condolence to his old antagonist the Earl of Clarendon,—Clarendon, who had done his utmost to checkmate the Cromwellian policy by instigating the sale of Dunkirk, now in his turn, deposed from power and cast out of his native country as an abhorred thing, execrated by all parties at home and exiled in France. The fallen minister gratefully acknowledged Lockhart's courtesy, and in a letter dated from Moulins, 19 April 1674, says in conclusion,—“In a hand at best illegible, and now shaking through much weakness, I assure you that I have a very just sense of your kindness to a man so totally forgotten in the world, and that I shall never forget it.”

His body was carried to Leith, and after lying in state for some time in the parish church, was finally consigned to the family vault at Lanark. His widow, Robina Sewster, who survived him perhaps about ten years, and for whom he cherished the devoutest esteem, was appointed guardian over his children and sole executrix. By her descendants she was equally venerated, and the name of Robina has been re-

peatedly revived down to the present generation. One of her bequests was "a service of dressing plate for the toilet," being a gift, which in her days of prosperity she had received from Louis XIV. It descended to Lady Miller who died in 1817, *Gent. Mag.*

It has already been stated that Sir William by his first marriage left one son, James, who died unmarried at the age of twenty. By his second wife, Robina Sewster, he had seven sons and three daughters, namely,

I. CROMWELL, his heir.

II. JULIUS, named after Cardinal Mazarin; fell at Tangier, unmarried.

III. RICHARD, who succeeded his brother.

IV. WILLIAM, died unmarried.

V. GEORGE, died unmarried.

VI. JOHN, a captain of dragoons, died in 1707, having married Elizabeth daughter of Sir Thomas Scott of Scotshall in Kent, by whom he had an only child, Robina, married to Edward Alston, professor of botany in Edinburgh University, whose only child, another Robina, became the wife of—Birnie Esq, of Broomhill in Lanarkshire.

VII. JAMES, who succeeded his brothers.

VIII. ROBINA, married to Archibald Douglas, Earl of Forfar, whose only son, fighting on the royal side at Sherriemuir in 1715 received a fatal wound of which he languished and died in the course of a month.

IX. MARTHA, maid of honour to Queen Mary II., resided in the palace of Somerset House, and was executrix to her brother James's will.

X. ELIZABETH, died young and unmarried.

On the death, s.p., of James, son by the first marriage of Sir William Lockhart the ambassador, the succession fell to

CROMWELL LOCKHART, who married, first, Anne daughter of Sir Daniel Harvey and niece to the Duke of Montague,—and, secondly, Martha sole daughter and heiress of his uncle Sir John Lockhart of Castle-hill, who, surviving him, remarried Sir John Sinclair of Stevenson, by whom she had issue, and the estate of Castle-hill descended to a younger branch of the Sinclair family, taking the name of Lockhart. Cromwell Lockhart dying, s.p., was succeeded as Laird of Lee by his brother,

RICHARD LOCKHART, who left no issue by Jean daughter of Sir Patrick Houston. The next in descent therefore was the seventh and youngest of the ambassador's sons,

JAMES LOCKHART, M.P. for Lanarkshire in the first parliament of George I. By his wife Dorothy, daughter and

co-heir of Sir William Luchan of Waltham Abbey, he had four sons and three daughters, all of whom died young except Anne (of whom presently) and one son, John. Mr. James Lockhart died in 1718, and was succeeded by his only son and heir,

JOHN LOCKHART, who married, first, Jean, daughter and sole heiress of Robert Alexander of Blackhouse in Ayrshire; and, secondly, Mary, eldest daughter of John Porterfield, of Falwood in Renfrewshire; but leaving no child by either, the Lee estates descended at his death in 1775 to the heir of Sir George Lockhart, a younger brother of the ambassador. The personal representation of the elder branch has however still to be carried on in the lady just mentioned, namely, Anne, sister to the last inheritor.

ANNE LOCKHART, only surviving daughter of James Lockhart, and grand-daughter of the ambassador, married, about 1740, John Pollok of Balgray, third son of Sir Robert Pollok, bart. John Pollok, who was an officer in the army, fell at Fontenoy in 1743, leaving an only child, to whom again had been given the honoured name of Robina, and who eventually inherited the estates of her grandfather Sir Robert Pollok aforesaid. She then married Sir Hew Crawford of Jordanhill, in whom were now combined the families of Pollok of Pollok and Crawford of Kilbirnie and Jordanhill

SIR HEW CRAWFURD, by his marriage with Lady Robina, about 1765, had two sons and three daughters, viz.

1. Robert, his heir.

II. Hew, a captain in the army, who died 1831, having married Jane daughter of William Johnstone Esq. of Headfort, co. Leitrim, by whom he had issue, —1, Hew, the fourth baronet.—2, Robert, died 1849.—3, Jane.—4, Mary.—5, Anne.

III. Mary, wife of Colonel John Hamilton of Bardowie, died s.p., 1842.

IV. Robina-Lockhart, died unm. 1837.

V. Luchen, married General John Gordon of Pitlurg, and died in 1850, leaving issue.

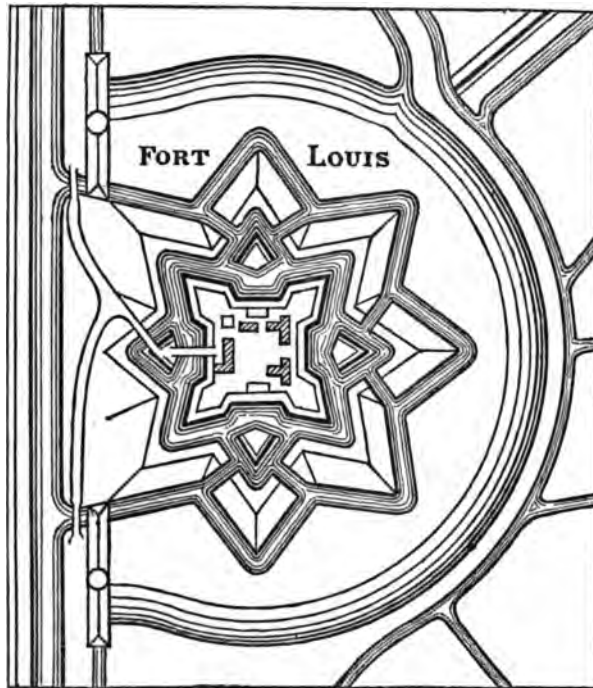
Sir Hew died in 1794, and was succeeded in the baronetcy of Kilbirnie by his son,

SIR ROBERT CRAWFURD, who on succeeding to the estate of Pollok at the death of Lady Robina Pollok in 1820, assumed the name of Pollok in terms of the settlement of that estate. He died without issue in 1845, and was succeeded in his title and estates by his nephew,

SIR HEW CRAWFURD POLLOK, born 1794, married in 1839 Elizabeth-Oswald, daughter of Matthew Dunlop Esq. and

had issue,—Hew, born 1843,—and Jane, married in 1867 to William Ferguson Esq. Sir Hew died in 1867, and was succeeded by his son,

SIR HEW CRAWFURD POLLOK, the fifth baronet, captain of the Renfrew militia, born 1843, married 1871 to Annie-Elizabeth Green of Hull.



How much of Sir William Lockhart's handiwork survives in the plan of the fortress here given, a mile south of Dunkirk, which under the name of Fort-Louis was afterwards demolished by the English in accordance with the Treaty of Utrecht, it might be difficult to specify. And it is proper to add, that the description of Sir William's structure as "a five-bastion work," given at page 243, rests only on the assumed ground that his ideas initiated the form which the French engineers carried out in 1676.

LETTERS AND ANECDOTES.

HERE follow a series of papers bearing the signature of Oliver Cromwell, unnoticed in the Carlyle Collection of *Letters and Speeches*. On the Protector's elevation to the supreme power, documents issued in his name would more or less undergo a transition from personal letters to instruments of government. This was probably the reason which induced Mr. Carlyle to omit so many of them; for unless the line were drawn somewhere, there seems no apparent reason why all the Proclamations preserved in the Guildhall library and elsewhere might not be included. The following therefore must be accepted as no more than a further contribution of various expressions of his mind and will,—or rather as an index for the use of any one who may have sufficient stomach to go through the process of reciting them in extenso. Those marked "*Milton*" are from Latin originals. Some also from Thurloe were in Latin.

I. To Captain Vernon.—I desire you to pay this bearer John Barton my servant the money according to this warrant from his Excellency [Earl of Essex] due to me and my troop. And I shall rest—Your loving friend, OLIVER CROMWELL—17 Dec. 1642. Then follows Barton's receipt for £204 13s. *In the possession of John Webster of Aberdeen.* See *Notes and Queries*, 12 Oct. 1861, where it is stated that this money was half a month's pay of Oliver's troop of eighty harquebusiers; shewing incidentally that when he fought at Edgehill, it must have been as a captain of foot, and that he did not change into the horse or into colonelcy till after December 1642. This however is contrary to Milton's statement in the *Defence of the people of England*. It is also opposed to Oliver's own words, as reported by Peck, on the first proposal that he should assume the kingship.—"I was a person," says he, "that from my first employment was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater. From my first being captain of a troop of horse I did labour as well as I could to discharge my trust, and God blessed me as it pleased Him." Possibly the letter belongs to Oliver Cromwell, junior. P

II. To Thomas Jenner, one of the sequestrators for compounding with delinquents, sitting at Goldsmith's Hall.—In behalf of Thomas Lord Cromwell, baron of Owckham, who desired to re-adjust some particulars in the schedule of his estates in Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Wiltshire. 29 Oct. 1646. *Composition papers.*

Now that active hostilities had ceased, and the sequestrators were driving their mill at Goldsmith's Hall, claimants and sufferers on various accounts, whether friend or foe, all seem to have looked towards Cromwell as the general saviour, as the one person who would get justice done for them if possible. One whom he befriended was the catholic peer Henry Lord Arundel of Wardour in Wilts. There is a long letter in his behalf among the Composition Papers, urging the adjustment of his long delayed suit; and doubtless when these papers come to be more systematically catalogued, many other Cromwellian facts and letters will crop up. There seems to have been something like personal regard for this lord. John Aubrey the Wiltshire antiquary reports a conversation on husbandry which took place at Hampton Court, when Lord Arundel was dining with the Protector not long before his death. Lady Chandos once presented a petition to Oliver, on her knees, in behalf of her husband who together with Lord Arundel of Wardour was to be tried on the following day. This was in 1653 when so many were anticipating his assumption of the supreme power. With the tenderness towards women which he habitually manifested, he courteously rebuked her for exaggerating his supposed influence. With the above letter to Jenner may suitably be associated the following.

III. To Sir Henry Vane, jun.—Recommending to his notice a petition from Sir John Monson, the delay of whose settlement was a violation of the public faith. Dated from Copperspath in Scotland, 26 July, 1650. *Notes and Queries.* Sir John Monson had been one of the royalist commissioners for the surrender of Oxford, and came in upon the articles of that treaty in 1646; yet owing to the Attorney-general's delay in making report, his composition was not fixed till July 1652.

IV. To Colonel Thomas Barwis.—Ordering him to repair to Carlisle and take command of the regiment of horse lately raised in Westmoreland, and to act under the orders of Sir Arthur Hazelrig. Dated at Bernard Castle, 25 Oct. 1648. *In the possession of Mr. H. W. Field formerly of the Mint.*

V. For the letter to his wife in 1649 in the matter of Duret's relations in France, see a subsequent page.

VI. A letter to the Speaker, dated from Edinburgh, 28 Dec. 1650, in behalf of Dorcas, widow of Colonel John Mauliverer, occasioned considerable colloquy and a division in the House. Sir Thomas Mauliverer, the baronet of the family, signed the warrant for the King's death.

VII. His troops being robbed and murdered in the villages between Edinburgh and North Berwick, he issued a Declaration 5 Nov. 1650, threatening death and confiscation to those convicted. Dated from his head-quarters in Edinburgh. *Recited in full in Carrington's Life of the Protector.*

VIII. To Sir John Wollaston and the other treasurers at war.—Desires them to pay to Mr. William Clarke one thousand pounds out of the money remaining in their hands for payment of the forces under his [Cromwell's] command in Scotland, 3 Feb. 1651. Then follows Clarke's receipt. *South African public library, Cape Town.*

IX. To his daughter Elizabeth Claypoole.—Rejoices at the conversion of Nathan and others in Lincolnshire, and hopes her influence will keep them steady. Dated from Edinburgh, July 1651.

X. To the same.—Affectionate messages "from her loving father." Suspects there is but little sympathy for him among some of the members of her cousin Nat's house. Asks if she intends to take Nat's babe into Northamptonshire with her. Easter eve, 1651.

XI. To Nathaniel Dickenson of Claypoole in Lincolnshire.—A Commission constituting him lieutenant in Robert Swallow's troop of horse in colonel John Claypoole's regiment, 20 July 1651. "Nathan" and "Nat" in the two letters to his daughter point to this Nathaniel Dickenson, recently serving in the royal army in Scotland; but having, together with sundry associates, been captured in that country, and clearly discovering their own cause to be lost, they now sought and obtained, through Elizabeth Claypoole's interest, permission to hold commissions in her father's army. Nathaniel was the ancestor of William Dickenson in whose *History of Newark* the above three documents were first printed. The family had at one time many other Crom-

wellian memorials, traceable to the fact that Nathaniel married Elizabeth daughter of John Claypoole of Norborough [the husband of Elizabeth Cromwell] though apparently by his second marriage.—*Notes and Queries*, 20 Feb. 1869.

XI.* To the Justices of the peace for the county of Wilts.—As Lord General of the forces recently serving in Ireland, he certifies the facts contained in the petition of Mary widow of William Burden of Corsham in the said county, captain in his own regiment of horse; and desires the Justices to allow her and her children a competent pension in accordance with the late Act. 24 August, 1652. Captain Burden is described in an endorsement to the petition by the parson of Biddestone as “a man of much piety valour and faithfulness,”—which the Lord General was no doubt equally well aware of. Others of this family seem to have been in the army, for Samuel Burden of the neighbouring village of Lineham was one of the witnesses at the King’s trial, that his Majesty had been seen on a battle field riding about, in arms against his people.

XII. The Declaration of the naval generals, Deane, Blake, and Montague, in 1653, has been thought to be Oliver’s composition. *Life of Admiral Deane by his descendant John Bathurst Deane*.

XIII. To the commissioners for propagating the gospel in Wales.—He informs them that the late Parliament had not prolonged the Act in their favour; but though there was no supreme power yet settled, he recommends them to go on cheerfully. God would bless them; and he himself would render them aid till those placed in power should take further order. 25 April, 1653. *Composition Order Book*.

XIV. To the governors of the English colonies in America.—Warns them of the concealed hostility of the Dutch; apparently in 1653. *Thurloe*, i. 722.

XV. To the lord mayor and aldermen of London;—in answer to their request that he would re-summon the old parliament. 21 May, 1653. *Bodleian Library*. LII. 13.

XVI. Directions to be observed at the opening of the Convention [the little parliament] summoned by him 4 July, 1653. *Ibid.* LII. 50.

XVII. To Walter Frost, treasurer for the Council's contingencies.—A warrant to discharge all arrears due to any persons on the establishment before the Protectorate, amounting to £1078 12s. 1d.,—including payments to Secretary Thurloe, Mr. Jessop, Walter Frost, John Milton, Philip Meadows, and others. Dated at Whitehall, 3 Feb. 1654. *Money-warrant books. Quoted in David Masson's Life of John Milton.*

XVIII. To Anthony Gunther, Count of Oldenburgh.—In acknowledgment of the embassy sent to felicitate him on becoming the head of the English Republic—and giving assent to the proposal that the Oldenburgh territory might be included in the coming Treaty with the Low Countries. Early in 1654.

The Count's rejoinder took the form of a second congratulatory message brought over by his son, Count Anthony, and accompanied by a team of horses. [the same which upset Oliver's coach in Hyde Park.] The Protector's second reply extols the young man's virtues, and notes the eminent fact that while all Europe was in arms, the province of Oldenburgh had enjoyed a profound peace. Thanks him also for the horses. Westminster, 29 June 1654. *Milton.*

XIX. To Mr. William Walker.—An order to pay £20 to Mr. Nicholas Lambe. Whitehall. 29 Sep. 1654. Followed by Lambe's receipt. In the possession of C. H. Bingham, who remarks on its being the day of Oliver's accident in the park, and the possibility of its being a reward for Lambe's services on that occasion. *Notes and Queries.*

XX. To the captains in New England.—Additional instructions,—that whereas they had formerly received orders to capture the Manhattoes and other places from the Dutch, yet now that peace had been concluded, they were to forbear. 1 May, 1654. *Thurloe ii. 259.*

XXI. To Charles Gustavus King of Sweden.—Congratulates him on ascending the throne of Sweden, recently resigned to him by Christina that daughter of Gustavus Adolphus,—herself so distinguished for queenly and masculine virtues that many past ages had not produced her equal. Dated from Westminster, 4 July 1654. *Milton.*

XXII. To John IV. King of Portugal. On the 10 July 1654, Don Pantaleon Saa, brother to the Portuguese am-

ambassador, was beheaded on Tower-hill for murder. On the same day the ambassador himself, Don Roderick Saa, left London with a letter from Oliver announcing the conclusion of a Treaty of peace between England and Portugal, highly commending the ambassador's action therein, and acknowledging the King of Portugal's compliments on the writer's assumption of power in England. *Milton*.

XXIII. To Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden. As they had interchanged expressions of joy, so the writer must now be permitted to lay open his grief to his very dear friend. Believing that he had been advanced to his present position in England that he might seek the peace of Protestantism, he grieves to hear that the Swedes and Bremeners who recently fought side by side are now engaged in mutual slaughter. He implores the God of peace that the truce now in discussion at Bremen may issue in permanent amity, to which he will cheerfully lend his aid. Whitehall, 26 Oct. 1654. *Milton*.

XXIV. To the consuls and senators of the City of Bremen.—Recalling their preeminent defence of the orthodox faith, he deplores the outbreak between them and their potent neighbour the Swede, and urges them not to reject any honest conditions of reconciliation. 26 Oct. 1654. *Milton*.

XXV. To the most illustrious lord Lewis Mendez de Haro, nominated by Spain to recognize his protectorate,—A formal response, professing cordial inclinations towards that country. Sep. 1654. *Milton*.

XXVI. To the Spanish ambassador.—Claiming in behalf of the heirs of Sir Peter Ricaut a debt of £23,073 due from the King of Spain. 3 January 1655. And the answer of Don Alonzo de Cardenas, ignoring the liability. *Thurloe*, III. 75 and 113.

XXVII. To the Helvetian body.—Announcing the appointment of John Pell as his Commissioner to the Swiss Cantons. 21 Feb. 1655. *Thurloe*, IV. 552.

XXVIII. To John Sparrow and the other commissioners for prize goods.—A warrant to restore 30,000 royals, or pieces of eight, unlawfully captured from the King of Spain. 7 March, 1655. *Thurloe*, III. 201.

XXIX. XXX. XXXI. To Major-general Disbrowe then at Devizes.—Directing him to pursue the cavaliers (under

Penruddocke) who had risen at Salisbury. 12 March, 1655. —To Colonel Philip Jones, same subject, same date.—To Major-general Whalley in Nottinghamshire, same subject. *Thurloe*.

XXXII. To the Governor of Jersey.—To execute repairs. 13 March, 1655. *Thurloe* III. 231.

XXXIII. XXXIV. Two letters to Sir Francis Russell and other commissioners for the Isle of Ely, to re-organize the militia. 14 March, 1655. *Thurloe* III. 233.

XXXV. To Baron Thorpe and Sergeant Glynn.—Desiring a personal interview with them before proceeding to the trial of the Penruddocke conspirators. April, 1655. *Thurloe* III. 332.

XXXVI. To the illustrious Prince of Tarentum.—He recognizes the affection which the Prince and his ancestors had always manifested towards the reformed churches, and challenges his continued adherence to the same. For himself, the Protector calls God to witness that how high soever may have been the expectations which the churches formed concerning him, he trusts to demonstrate at least his desire not to disappoint them. Dated from Whitehall, April, 1655. *Milton*.

XXXVII. XXXVIII. Two letters to the Council of Scotland ratifying the articles made by General Monk with the Earl of Lowdown. May, 1655. *Thurloe*, III. 496. And further instructions to the Council of Scotland, apparently in October of the same year.

XXXIX. To Edward Rolt.—A paper of instructions on his going to the Swedish Court. May, 1655. *Thurloe*. III. 418.

XL. To Immanuel Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont.—Having heard of the Duke's edict threatening his protestant subjects with forfeiture and death, and also of the miseries which had already overtaken those who fled over the mountains in the winter season, he conjures him to re-confirm the privileges granted by his predecessors to the Vaudois. The letter is a long and vehement appeal, with many more complimentary expressions than the Duke merited. Dated from Whitehall, May, 1655. *Milton*.

"Nor is it for nothing," says Milton, when recording the renown which Englishmen had acquired abroad, "that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as

far as the mountainous borders of Russia and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theological arts." *Areopagitica*. The European reputation which Oliver had now acquired as the champion of protestantism soon brought a sympathizing letter from George Ragotzki the Prince of Transylvania, himself engaged in a constant struggle with Turks on the south and Polish catholics on the north. His ambassador Constantine Schaum arrived in London in May 1655, and made his first address in a latin speech to the following effect.

"The lustre of your sovereign Highness's glory, filling the world on every side, hath broken through the bars of our Orient, and poured itself forth upon the remotest borders of Europe, even as far as the iron gates and portcullises which secure the purer Christianity and the Faith, and shut them up together. In this so wide a portion of the world, some are gazing, some fearing, but all with the same spirit of veneration giving worship; sensible as they are that a more excellent gift cannot by God himself be bestowed upon a nation than a prince of holiness. All which being laid to heart by the most high Prince of Transylvania, who is none of the meanest rank among Princes, he became anxious, in spite of distance, to present himself, in order that he might behold nearer at hand what he had heard afar off, and withal tender his devoted service and give utterance to his desire for friendship. His Highness therefore by me his interpreter doth congratulate your sovereign Highness in respect of all that prosperity with which Heaven has surrounded you. May your sovereign Highness be blessed in all your achievements, not with the good fortune of Augustus, which flatterers aforetime were wont to invoke on their Emperors, but with that celestial good fortune which shall consist in the advancement of Christendom. His Highness doth well understand that your sovereign Highness's designs have been habitually directed to no private interest, but undertaken solely with a view to the public good; and he hopes they will yet advance and prosper to the increase of the Christian churches;—as by these present letters which I am now ready to exhibit, will more fully appear."

XL. To the Prince of Transylvania.—The English Protector acknowledges letters dated 16 Nov. 1654;—rejoices that God had raised up in that remote region so potent and renowned a minister of his glory and providence; and doubts not that the same God will illuminate them both, as to the best methods of co-operation in defence of the protestant

faith, now so wickedly assailed by word and deed. He recites the story of the Duke of Savoy's cruelty, and adds that he has expostulated both with him and with the French King. Whitehall, May, 1655. *Milton*.*

XLI.—XLIV. Four despatches advocating the cause of the Piedmontese, and addressed to the following authorities, (all apparently in May.) To the King of the Swedes.—To the high and mighty lords the States of the United Provinces.—To the Consuls and Senators of the Protestant cantons and confederate cities of Switzerland.—To Frederick II. King of Denmark and Norway. *Milton*.

A contribution on this topic by Nieuport the Dutch ambassador writing home to his masters, contains incidentally Oliver's testimony as to the number of the victims of the Irish rebellion of 1641.—"His Highness having heard how much your High-Mightinesses were concerned at those inhuman murders, and in what strong terms you had written to the Duke of Savoy concerning the same, declared that he was exceedingly glad to observe your great zeal and affection

* In August 1879 a travelling correspondent supplied the *Christian World* (weekly newspaper) with sundry interesting details of modern Transylvania and its million and a half of inhabitants, a population still characterized by independence of thought and by great diversities in language, religious faith, and costume. And as is the people, so is their country, romantic and varied, and bearing traces everywhere of old Roman occupation. The Wallachs speak a corrupt Latin. These are of the Greek church; the German element adheres to Lutheranism, the Magyars are Calvinistic or Unitarian, while the Szeklers or mountaineers claim to possess the true blue blood of Attila's soldiery. A recent instance of their defiance of priestly rule by the golden youth of their capital Klausenburg is thus given. A Shrove-tuesday ball which had long been held as a parting farewell to the gaieties of life before Lent, was proscribed by Bishop now Cardi-

nal Haynald, on the ground that the dancers sometimes kept it up till daylight and then entered the church in their ball dresses. Whereupon it was resolved that in future the dancing should continue all day from Shrove-tuesday to Ash-wednesday night; and this was persisted in for several years till the discomfited bishop gave way. "The Toroczko villagers," he says, "are brave, happy, industrious and religious. To see them on Sundays in their gala dresses, the young girls all wearing antient gold crowns, thronging the deal benches of the ample village church (a Unitarian one, by the way, and the only one), is to have a glimpse into a little world of romance. Never shall I forget the mighty melody of their united voices, ringing out clear and strong; and completely drowning the village organ, as they sang, in honest Magyar, Luther's noble hymn, "A sure stronghold is our Lord God."

in interceding for those poor innocent people; assuring me that he was moved at it to his very soul, and that he was ready to venture his all for the protection of the protestant religion as well here as abroad; and that he most readily with your High-Mightinesses in this cause would swim or perish; trusting that the Almighty God would revenge the same;—that the example of Ireland was still in fresh memory, where he told me that above two hundred thousand souls were massacred.”

James Darcy a French catholic writing from London to a friend at Dunkirk, says,—“The slaughter of the Savoy protestants has much enraged these against us and against all catholics generally. For the relief of those that escaped martyrdom all England doth contribute, and with such devotion that I dare say there are [not] less than half a million got in this very city; for some give a hundred, some two hundred, some twenty, some forty pounds. And such is my lord Protector’s care, that all those that contribute must be listed; so that none dare refuse the clerk, who comes to every man’s house.” [listed means, have their names published.]

XLV. To the Consuls and Senators of the city of Geneva. —Informs them that the collection for the suffering Piedmontese is going forward in England; and for present supply, £2000 is now on the road to Geneva, which he hopes will be distributed with due care. 8 June, 1655. *Milton.*

In the fifth volume of *Thurloe’s State papers*, there are twenty eight pages devoted to this subject, and headed,—A clear and exact account of the £16,500 sterling remitted from England by the order of his Highness and the Council to be distributed among the poor distressed protestants of the valleys of Piedmont:—Specifying distinctly not only the manner of its remission with all the circumstances thereunto belonging, but also its actual distribution among those poor people;—Together with all the original acquittances and other authentic papers which are in any manner for the justification of the truth of whatsoever is therein contained. Collected and perfected by Samuel Morland during the time of his abode in Geneva in quality of his Highness’s commissioner-extraordinary for the affairs of the Valleys, namely from the 20—30 November 1655 to the 21 Nov.—1 Dec. 1656.

This £16,500 does not appear to include the £2000 previously sent in June, which it is believed was in great part Oliver’s personal contribution. Morland’s account bears on

the whole an aspect of truth and fair dealing. Of course, the principal sum lost somewhat by the sweating process of commission on exchanges and other drawbacks, but the sufferers reaped a considerable harvest, and blessed the givers. Nor was it only the protestantism of the Savoy valleys which enlisted the Protector's sympathy. In April 1658 he was again earnestly promoting a collection for the benefit of certain exiled churches of Poland who had taken refuge in Silesia; and also for twenty families driven from the border of Bohemia. *Thurloe*, vii. 62.

The catalogue of the Piedmontese fund, in respect of places in England, not persons, is still preserved in the Record Office; the parishes being arranged in counties and including those places which contribute nothing. Within the City of London 124 parishes occur; and not only these but the outlying villages seem to have been very liberal. In the provinces (omitting fractions) Newcastle gives £602,—Oxford University £380,—Cambridge £120,—Bath only £14,—Exeter £321, nearly £6 of which is said to be "from the baptized church there,"—Taunton £74,—Dorchester £147,—Portsmouth £95,—Winchester £10,—Canterbury about £150, but of this sum, £53 is "from the Walloon congregation." Some of the amounts collected in and about London may conclude the survey.

	£		£
Chelsea	64	Lee	38
Cheshunt	35	Marybone	2
Chiswick	25	Mortlake	60
Clapham	67	Norton Folgate	30
Croydon	36	Richmond	75
Fulham	104	Stratford le Bow	50
Greenwich	60	Stepney	232
Hammersmith	44	Tottenham High Cross	35
Hampstead	23	Twickenham	22
Hampton	13	Wanstead	66
Harrow	37	Wapping	73
Isleworth	33	West Ham	92
Kensington	80	Westminster	348
Kentish Town	19	Whitechapel	110
Kingston on Thames	65	Willesdon	37
Lambeth	94		

XLVI. A letter is said to have existed in 1832 at Bowers Hall, Essex, addressed to the high and mighty Sultan Mahomet, lord of the Mussulman kingdom, sole and supreme monarch of the eastern empire, dated 1655, and intended to be delivered through Sir Thomas Bendysh, but apparently never sent. In the possession of Pike Burleigh Esq. of

Haverhill. *Notes and Queries* 4 March 1871. Bendysh describes his delivery of a letter to the Grand Seignior in 1656. See *Thurloe*, V. 191.

XLVII. To the Duanna of Algiers, directing that the goods of Edmund Carson late agent from the English Parliament, be delivered to his sister Mrs. Bagnall. 1 June 1655. *Thurloe*, III. 500.

XLVIII. To the King of France.—Is glad to find that his own conjectures were right, that the French troops lately aiding the Duke of Savoy in crushing the Piedmontese, had acted in opposition to his Majesty's personal wishes; and hopes that a safe asylum in France will not be refused to the Protestant fugitives. Whitehall, 29 July 1655. *Milton*.

XLIX. To Cardinal Mazarin.—Asks him to give full credit to the messenger who carries the above letter to the King of France, and is entrusted with other negotiations. *Ibid*.

L. To the town of Colchester.—Directs them to proceed to the election of town-officers, notwithstanding that sundry petitions respecting the governance of the peace are under debate. 31 August, 1655, *Thurloe*, III. 753.

LI. To William Ludlow.—Appointing him to the wardenship of St. John's hospital at Wilton in Wilts. 1655. *Add. mss.* 17018. f. 43.

LII. To Leopold, Archduke of Austria, governor of the Low Countries under Philip King of Spain.—Informs him that Sir Charles Harbord who held goods at Bruges belonging to the Earl of Suffolk, in gage for debt, was like to lose them all, for that Sir Richard Granville an English royalist had forcibly seized them. And prays protection; promising that the rights of the Archduke's subjects shall in like manner be respected in England. *Milton*.

LIII. Sundry members of the Dutch and French congregations in London, not being free of any of the City guilds, were molested in their trade. Oliver thereupon sent a positive order to the Lord Mayor to put a stop to such partialities. In November 1655 the Dutch and French deputies and clergy repaired to Whitehall to thank the Protector for his letter. *Thurloe*.

LIV. To the Duke of Venice.—While he always rejoices at victories gained over the common enemy of the Christian name, he has to state that the recent success of Venice against the Turk has wrought damage to sundry Englishmen, to wit, William and Daniel Williams and Edward Beale, whose ship the *Great Prince* trading to the Porte, has been carried off to Venice. Begg him to restore it. Westminster, Dec. 1655. *Milton*.

LV. To the King of France.—Samuel Mico, William Cockayne, George Poyner, and others, complain that their ship the *Unicorn* with a lading worth £34,000 was captured by the French Admiral in time of peace, and the Cardinal and Monsieur de Bordeaux admitting the English claim, Oliver urges that its restitution should be the first fruits of the revived amity between the two nations. Dec. 1655. *Milton*.

LVI. To the King of France.—Claims the restitution of an Irish ship. The French governor of Belleisle in the Bay of Biscay not only admitted into his port one Dillon a piratical enemy of England, but when Capt. Robert Vessey of the *Nightingale* fought Dillon and had him at mercy, the French aided the pirate's escape. 13 January 1656. *Thurloe*.

LVII. To the evangelical cities of Switzerland.—Is grieved to hear of their broken peace;—counsels them to maintain their old character for fortitude, though in presence of the canton of Schwitz where protestantism is counted a capital crime. His solicitude in their behalf is as great as if the conflagration had broken out in the English republic. January, 1656. *Milton*.

LVIII. To the Justices of the county of Devonshire,—commenting on the care which should be exercised in selecting juries during the Judges' circuits. 29 January 1656. Exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries by Dr. Romeo Elton of Exeter. *Gent. Mag.* July 1855.

LIX. To Charles Gustavus, King of the Swedes.—As friends can neither sorrow nor rejoice alone, he hails the birth of the King's son at the propitious moment when the kingdom of Poland was wrested from papal supremacy;—recalling the favourable omen that saluted Philip of Macedon when the tidings of Alexander's birth were accompanied by those of the conquest of Illyria. Feb. 1656. *Milton*. When the erudite Secretary submitted the rough draft of the above to

his master's scrutiny, we may imagine Oliver replying,—
 "All very fair, Master Milton; I am well content to subscribe it, for Charles Gustavus will no more credit me with the historical parallel which you have invented, than he did with the Sonnet to his predecessor Christina, when Andrew Marvell addressed her as *Bellipotens Virgo*, and sent it *in nomine Cromwelli*."

LX. To the King of Sweden.—Sends home with many commendations the Swedish envoy Peter Julius Coictus [Coyet] who has duly accomplished the affairs of his embassy. Westminster, 17 April, 1655. *Milton*. Oliver had knighted him as Sir Peter Coyet, and given him a fair jewel with his Highness's picture, and a chain worth £400.

LXI. To the King of Sweden.—A letter commendatory by the hand of the Swedish ambassador-extraordinary the Count Christiern Bundt, on the ratification of the Treaty. He will go back not without substantial tokens in acknowledgment of his high abilities. Westminster, July, 1657. These tokens took the form of £1200 worth of white cloth, his Highness's picture in a gold case of the bigness of a five shilling piece, encircled with diamonds, altogether worth £1000. The Count wore this jewel, fastened with a blue ribbon to his breast, so long as he was in sight, barging down the Thames.

LXII. To the King of Denmark.—The ship *Saviour*, belonging to John Freeman and Philip Travess, having been forfeited for evading the Elsinore tribute, through the perfidy of the captain to whom the owners had given money for that purpose, he asks for the recovery of the lading, though the ship be condemned. *Milton*.

LXIII. To John IV King of Portugal.—Sends back with sentiments of esteem and approval the lord John Roderigo de St. Meneses, Count of Pennaguiada, who had come over as ambassador-extraordinary to conclude a Treaty with England. Early in 1656. *Milton*.

LXIV. To the high and mighty States of the United Provinces.—Urges the long promised restoration of the ship *Edmund and John*, taken by a Flushing privateer five years back. 1 April, 1656. *Milton*.

LXV. To the Lord Deputy and Council of Ireland.—

Directs that a lease of Lough Neah be made to Sir John Clotworthy, in recognition of the services of Sir John and of his father Sir Hugh Clotworthy against the rebels in those parts. 13 May, 1656. *Thurloe*, V. 19.

LXV. LXVI. Two more demands for merchant ships detained by the French and the United Provinces. In May. *Milton*.

LXVII. To the Generals Blake and Montague at sea. Directs them to send ten ships to blockade Dunkirk and Ostend, whose corsairs had just seized twenty English ships, though convoyed by a Dutchman of 36 guns. Whitehall, 9 June, 1656. *Thurloe*. The English seamen were carried in triumph through the various towns of Flanders, their captors bragging that they had vanquished the English in a great sea-fight.

LXVIII. To the Lord Provost and Bailiffs of Edinburgh.—Urges them to pay the pension, £55, due, but lately withheld by reason of the troubles in Scotland, to Elizabeth Donn the daughter of John Heriot, founder of Heriot's hospital. 10 June, 1656. *Notes and Queries*.

LXIX. To the chief commanders in America,—having reference solely to Jamaica,—lamenting the want of zeal, and prompting to greater fortitude. 17 June, 1656. A long letter thoroughly Cromwellian. *Thurloe*, V. 129.

LXX. To the States of the United Provinces.—Laments the growing disunion between them and Sweden. 21 August, 1656. And the friendly answer of the States, announcing the return of their envoy Nieupoort to England. *Thurloe*, V. 330.

LXXI. To the King of the Swedes.—Entreats him to be at peace with the States of the United Provinces, now when the common enemy is conspiring to exterminate the Protestant name. If there be any thing wherein our labour, fidelity, or diligence, may tend to composure, we offer and devote all to the service. August, 1656. *Milton*.

LXXII.—LXXV. Three letters to John IV., King of Portugal and a fourth to the Conde d'Odemira or Count Mirano.—Having reference to the new Treaty, and demanding inquiry into the assassination of the English agent Philip Meadows. August, 1656. *Thurloe and Milton*.

LXXVI. To Louis King of France.—The French Admiral Giles de la Roche having captured the *Endeavour* and despoiled her owners of £16,000,—Oliver says,—“If piratical actions such as these be permitted to violate national compacts, the sanctity of treaties must fall to the ground; all faith and authority of princes will grow out of date and be trampled under foot. August 1656. *Milton*.

LXXVII. To Cardinal Mazarin.—Enlarges on the above case of robbery. He is addressing one whose prowess and prudence directing the affairs of France ought to place the matter quite within his reach. *Ibid*.

LXXVIII. To the States of Holland.—William Cooper a London clergyman, claiming a revenue of £300 a year which he says was promised to his father in law John le Maire of Amsterdam for the invention of a seal [or trade-mark?] from which the States had derived great advantage, the Protector hopes his case will be honourably entertained. Sep. 1656. *Ibid*.

LXXIX. To Louis King of France.—Though very unwilling to trouble his Majesty with the story of private wrongs so soon after the Treaty, he cannot shut his ears to the cries of his countrymen. Robert Brown a London merchant has landed a cargo of hides at Dieppe and been tricked out of his money. These violators of Treaties must be made examples of. *Ibid*.

LXXX. To John IV. King of Portugal. — A letter-commendatory of Thomas Maynard, the new resident at that court. October 1656. *Milton*. A few months later, on the death of John IV., the Protector sent a courteous salute to the youthful successor and to the Queen-mother, signifying, in the first place, his grief at the loss of his friend and ally, by whom the kingdom of Portugal had been rescued from the bondage and oppression of the King of Castile, and, secondly, congratulating the young Prince on his reputed heirship to his father's virtues. Turning to the Queen-mother, Mr. Ambassador magnified her excellent qualities, and hoped that the alliance between England and Portugal would be long maintained, to the benefit of the two nations and the damage of their respective foes. To his narrative of the above, forwarded to Mr. Secretary Thurloe, Maynard adds the story of a cowardly attack recently made on English seamen by a mob of Dutch and Portuguese, who pursued the

English into the water and struck at them with swords as they were swimming. "I beseech your Honour," says Maynard, "to acquaint his Highness of our many abuses; who I hope will pity our condition and not suffer us to be abused by a petty people, who could not have subsisted, but would have been all trampled under their enemies' feet this summer, if his Highness's fleet had not kept them from invasions by sea." *Thurloe*. Oliver's policy in utilizing Portugal as a set-off against Spain was ratified in Queen Anne's days by the great Methuen Treaty of commerce, and has been endorsed by every subsequent English Ministry.

LXXX. To John IV. King of Portugal.—In behalf of Thomas Evans, whose ship the *Scipio*, worth £7000 had been captured by the King's command. October 1656. *Milton*.

LXXXI. To the Senate of Hamburgh. — James and Patrick Hayes, who had been pronounced by sentence of the Hamburgh court the lawful heirs of their brother Alexander, and their cause advocated by King Charles of England, are nevertheless still defrauded by the great power of Albert van Eyzen. The claimants are now reduced to poverty; and if entreaty and fair means are to avail nothing, the severity of retaliation must take its course. Westminster. 16 October 1656. *Milton*.

LXXXII. To the King of the Swedes.—Dismisses Sir William Vavasour back to his Majesty's service, and hints that the knight's pay has long been in arrear. October, 1656. *Milton*.

LXXXIII. To Lewis King of France.—Reiterates the prayer of last May in respect of defrauded merchants. November, 1656. *Milton*.

LXXXIV. To Frederick III. King of Denmark.—Acknowledges letters brought by the hand of Simon de Pitkum, the Swedish consul: and urges friendly alliance with Sweden. December 1656. *Milton*.

LXXXV. To William, Landgrave of Hesse.—We would have answered your Highness' letters received nearly a year ago, but for our pressing affairs at home. For what could be more gratifying to us than messages received from a religious prince and the descendant of pious ancestors, having in view the peace of Christendom and crediting ourselves with the

like object? How far our own endeavours in that direction have succeeded, by exhortations, by sufferings, or by leading the way, but principally by the Divine assistance, the greater part of our people truly know and are sensible of in the deep tranquillity of conscience [*in summa conscientie tranquillitate sentiunt*, a remarkable declaration.] In Germany our agent Dury has long wrought in the same cause. But who can indulge the hope that the two communions of the Reformed and the Augustinian confession will ever coalesce into unity? Force may not do it, for force cannot consist with ecclesiastical tranquillity. Yet it were to be wished that they who differ in trifles would do so with more civility, and continue to love as brethren. But God will accomplish his own work in his own time. In the meanwhile you, most serene prince, will have left behind you a testimony of affection to the churches worthy of your ancestors and inspiring to your descendants. March 1657. *Milton.*

LXXXVI. To the Emperor of Russia, [or the Grand Duke of Muscovy, as he was then generally styled] Alexis, the son and successor of Michael Romanoff.—All men know how ancient is the friendship and how extensive the commerce between the English nation and the people of your Empire: but your Majesty's singular virtue outshining that of your ancestors, makes us encreasingly desirous to propound sundry views combining the good of Christendom with your Majesty's own interests; We have therefore sent the most accomplished Richard Bradshaw under the character of our Orator, to whom we beg you to grant free access to your person. April 1657. The English merchant-adventurers, who as far back as Queen Elizabeth's time had found means to establish a factory at Archangel, were allowed to enjoy preference-rights to trade as far south as Moscow. This went on till the period of our civil-wars; when Culpepper and other royalists having poisoned the mind of the Russian sovereign against the English republicans, the privilege was for a short period withdrawn. The Lord of Bye, in behalf of the Polanders, was thereupon dispatched to England in 1655 to stimulate a war of revenge on Russia and urge the English to take Archangel into their hands. The King of Poland took care to address Oliver as "*Serenissimus Princeps*"; but it needed very little sagacity on the part of the English merchants to perceive that such a policy would only be playing into the hands of their French and Dutch rivals. Besides, it had become known that the King of Poland had instituted in his dominions a public collection in aid of Charles Stuart. On

every ground therefore, decided Oliver, a firm friendship with Russia is the true and righteous policy of this nation. The Catholic Poles may be left for the Protestant powers of Transylvania and Sweden to deal withal.

LXXXVII. To the Duke of Courland.—Thanks him for forwarding the English ambassador Richard Bradshaw in his journey towards Muscovy: And prays in behalf of John Johnson a Scots captain of one of the Duke's ships which ran aground through the fault of the Duke's own pilot. March, 1657. *Milton*.

LXXXVIII. To the Consuls and Senators of Dantzic.—Though he observes that they are friends to the Poles rather than to the Swedes, he asks them nevertheless to liberate the Swedish captain Count Coningsmark, surprized at sea by the treachery of his own people. April, 1657. *Milton*.

LXXXIX. To Major-general Kelsey and Captain Henry Hatsell.—Mr. Jessop has made £5000 payable to them at Dover for the six regiments there embarking for Flanders under Sir John Reynolds. 4 May, 1657. *Thurloe* vi. 256.

XC. To Admiral Blake then at sea.—Instructions to send home defective ships, with other details;—accompanied with a characteristic letter in his personal capacity, rejoicing in the signal mercy experienced in the recent attack on the Spanish ships at Santa Cruz. He sends him a small jewel, and designs to acknowledge further the honesty and courage of the officers and seamen. 10 June, 1657. *Thurloe*.

XCI. To the Lord of Bordeaux, envoy extraordinary from the King of France.—In behalf of Samuel Dawson and other London merchants, whose ship the *Speedwell* had been carried into Bordeaux and sold by auction. August, 1657. *Milton*.

XCII—XCVIII. To Charles Gustavus King of Sweden.—Sends, as envoy-extraordinary, William Jepson a colonel of horse and a member of our Parliament, who will reveal what disturbance and grief of mind the war again breaking out with Denmark has occasioned among the friends of the orthodox faith. August, 1657. *Thurloe* VI. 478. Secret instructions delivered to Jepson. *Ibid.*—To Frederick William, marquis of Brandenburg, high chamberlain of the sacred Roman Empire, and a dozen other titles,—a letter commenda-

tory carried by the aforesaid William Jepson.—To the powers at Hamburgh, asking them to give William Jepson safe conduct.—To the powers at Bremen, a similar request.—To the powers at Lubeck, a similar request.—To Frederick, heir of Norway, Count of Oldenburgh, a similar request.—To the powers at Hamburgh, a similar request in favour of Philip Meadows going to Denmark.

XCIX. To Admiral Montague, sailing in the ship *Naseby*.—Assures him he is at perfect liberty to search Flushingers or other Dutch ships suspected of carrying bullion and other goods for the Spaniard. Hampton Court. 30 August, 1657. *Thurloe*.

C. CI. To Ferdinand, Grand-Duke of Tuscany.—Requests him to arrest William Ellis an English sea-captain, who, being hired by the Basha of Memphis to carry a cargo to the Grand Seignior, escaped with it to Leghorn, thereby exposing the Christian name to scandal before the Turks. Sep. 1657. A subsequent letter in December thanks the Grand Duke for his prompt action in the affair, and proposes that, the Turks being satisfied, the Englishman and his ship may now be liberated, "that we may not seem to be kinder to the Turk than to our own countryman."

CII. To Frederick William, Marquis of Brandenburg.—More fully than in the previous letter carried by William Jepson, enlarging on the Marquis's fortitude in the Protestant cause; and rejoicing in his adherence to the King of Sweden. Sep. 1657. *Milton*.

CIII. CV. To the Doge and Senate of Venice.—Congratulates them on a recent victory over the Turks, and hopes that the exchange of prisoners may bring about the release of Thomas Galileur formerly master of the ship called the *Relief*, who has now for five years been a slave. October 1657. *Milton*. Shortly after, the Protector sent ten frigates under Admiral Stokes to protect the Mediterranean trade, and therewith another letter to the Doge, who made courteous response and expressed the belief that the alliance between the African corsairs and the Turks at Constantinople would now be arrested. A third message to the Venetians commended to their favourable protection Richard Holdipp an English officer now appointed Consul of the Society of our merchants trading to the Peloponnesus. 20 April, 1658. *Thurloe*. VII. 83.

CVI. To the States of the United Provinces.—In praise of William Nieupoort their ambassador, who is returning to Holland for awhile, but designs to come back and resume his place in the English Court. A second letter commends George Downing as ambassador from England. November, 1657. *Milton*.

CVII. To the Marquis of Brandenburg.—Laying open the appeal of a sea-captain Thomas Dunn,—another case of mercantile spoliation. February 1658. *Thurloe*.

CVIII. To Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden.—Is glad to believe that the King of Denmark will speedily sue for peace, his temporary antagonism to Sweden having arisen not from his own inclination but from the artifices of the common foe, papal Spain. 30 March, 1658. *Milton*.

CIX. To the Council in Scotland.—Directs the barons of the Scottish exchequer to search and find out £600 a year of concealed estates for the furtherance of a Christian Ministry in the Highland language. 15 April, 1658. *Masson's Milton*. V. 346.

CX. To the evangelical cities of the Switzers. Condolets with them on the continual miseries of their neighbours the Piedmontese and the broken faith of the Duke of Savoy:—Hopes that peace and tranquillity in England may eventually leave him free to employ all his forces, studies, and counsels, in defence of the Church against the rage and fury of her enemies. May, 1658. *Milton*.

CXI. CXII. To Ferdinand, Grand-Duke of Tuscany.—Complains of another instance of fraudulent conduct towards two English merchants, to wit, John Hosier and Thomas Clutterbuck. April, 1658. In a second letter he says:—“We are grieved to learn how your Highness's constant expressions of friendship towards us have been falsified by the hostile treatment which our Fleet has recently received in your port of Leghorn, out of fear, as your servants confess, lest our enemy the King of Spain should be offended.” The outrages are then recited, and punishment demanded on the governor of Leghorn. *Milton*.

CXIII—CXVI. To the King of France.—Rejoices to hear that his Majesty had sat down in force before Dunkirk, and announces his intention of sending over Lord Fauconberg. See it in full at page 199.—Two to the Cardinal, and a more personal one to the King. *Ibid*.

CXVII. To Captain Stokes, commanding in the Mediterranean.—The French King having ordered a rendezvous of ships and men at Toulon in order to assail the Spaniard our common foe; you are to send thither five or six of your ships who are to act under the French Admiral. At the same time the commander of the said squadron of English ships is to carry his own flag as at other times, and in all respects to maintain the honour of the Protector and the Commonwealth. 31 May, 1658. *Thurloe*.

CXIX. To the King of France.—Returns thanks for the De Crequi embassy to London, and comments on the valour of the English troops at the battle of the Dunes. See it at large at page 220.

CXX. To Cardinal Mazarin.—Returns thanks for the complimentary message brought through the said embassy. See as above.

CXXI. CXXII. To the King of France.—Acknowledges the information that Dunkirk had been taken and then handed over to the English forces. See page 221. And a final one to the Cardinal, same date, thanking him for the good faith which had throughout characterized the recent transfer.

CXXIII. To Henry Cromwell, then in Ireland.—In behalf of cornet Richard Whalley son of the Protector's cousin, colonel Edward Whalley. The alliance of this family was through the marriage of Frances daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell (the Protector's grandfather) to Richard Whalley Esq. of Nottinghamshire. Colonel Edward Whalley the distinguished Parliamentary officer and a regicide, was a son of that marriage; and Richard Whalley whom this letter concerns was the colonel's second son. There were other children, but not much is known of them, except that the eldest, John, was a cornet of horse and sat in Richard's Parliament. A daughter too is known to history as Frances the wife of Major-general William Goffe, another of the regicides, who in companionship with his father-in-law Colonel Whalley lay concealed for so many years in New England. As this message to Henry seems to be the latest private letter yet discovered of the Protector Oliver, it must be given entire.

1 June, 1658.

HARRY CROMWELL.—I write not often to you. Now I think myself engaged to my dear cousin Whalley to lay my

commands upon you that you show all loving respect to his eldest son by his present lady, whom you are to receive in the room of his eldest brother, both into his command and into your affection. I assure you, though he be so nearly related to us, as you know, yet I could not importune on his behalf so heartily as now I can upon the score of his own worth, which indeed is as remarkable as I believe in any of ten thousand of his years. He is excellent in the Latin, French, and Italian tongues; of good other learning, with parts suitable; and, which completes this testimony, is hopefully seasoned with religious principles. Let him be much with you, and use him as your own. Being most serious in this desire and expecting a suitable return thereunto, I rest, Your loving father, OLIVER P.

P.S. My love to your dear wife and the two babes.

Cornet Whalley appears to have reaped immediate fruit from this recommendation, for he had a grant of more than 3000 acres in Kilkenny and Armagh. He married Elizabeth daughter of Richard Chappel of Armagh Esq. and is still represented. The above letter is in the possession of John R. W. Whalley, married to Louisa daughter of Dr. Townsend late bishop of Meath. See a letter signed "W. F. Little-dale" in *Notes and Queries*, 26 June, 1869.

CXXIV. To Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden.—In view of the daily stratagems of the common foe to Christendom, how acceptable would have been a more co-operative league with the Protestant princes, and especially with the King of Sweden. But the wicked and perfidious action of enemies at home in confederacy with Spain has hitherto thwarted the good design. Meanwhile, he invokes the Divine blessing on a continuance of his friend's military successes. Whitehall, June, 1658. *Milton*.

CXXV. To the King of Portugal, our friend and confederate.—John Buffield a London merchant having consigned goods to Antonio, John, and Manuel Ferdinando Castaneo, at Tamira, was on his voyage home assailed by pirates. Sundry Portuguese merchants believing him killed, have appropriated his goods and refuse to give account of them. Justice is therefore claimed in behalf of the poor man, now reduced to poverty. Whitehall, August, 1658. *Milton*. This appears to have been the last blow struck by the English Protector in the cause of his suffering countrymen.

To Colonel Berry, or other commander in chief in the co. of Lincoln.—The soldiers quartered in those parts having destroyed much game in the forests of Lincolnshire, in defiance of the Earl of Mulgrave's recent appointment as preserver thereof,—all such acts of depredation are strictly forbidden for the future. Whitehall, 20 Feb. 1655. *Bodl. Lib. Oxon. Rawlinson A. 261.* Furnished to *Notes and Queries* 17 Nov. 1860, by Edward Peacock, who states that the volume is composed entirely of letters and other official documents issued during the Protectorate.

Lady Katherine Ranelagh.

A letter of expostulation addressed to Lord Ranelagh in his lady's behalf, was one of the Protector's latest acts. It arose as follows. Katherine Boyle, sister to the Lord Broghil and to the still more renowned Hon. Robert Boyle, became shortly before the wars the wife of Arthur Jones viscount Ranelagh of Ireland. Her puritan faith, the exponent in her case of an exceptionally noble character, together with her friendship for John Milton, gave her in after years great influence in the councils of Cromwell, which she ever exercised in the behalf of the unfortunate. But her married life was very unhappy, and she was at last compelled, together with her children, to quit her husband's roof in a destitute condition. In this extremity she applied through her brother Lord Broghil for the intervention of the Protector; judging, to use her own expression, that an appeal to that authority and severity which he was known to exercise towards practices such as those of Lord Ranelagh would accomplish the utmost that either persuasion or advice could effect. A letter of expostulation and rebuke to the delinquent husband was thereupon obtained from his Highness, (would that it were extant), but it was now too late. In default of Oliver's letter, her ladyship's reflections on his death, addressed to Lord Broghil, may well bear recital.—“Dear dear Brother. I must own not to have received the news of his Highness's death unmovedly. Though, when I consider, I find it is no more than a repetition of the lesson I have often been taught of the vanity of man in his best and highest estate. And sure he that shall think that that very person who a few days before shook all Europe by his fame and forces, should not be able to keep an ague from shaking him” “cannot but see how wise a counsel that is which bids us cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils.”

"If the common charity allowed to dead men be exercised towards him, in burying his faults in the grave with himself and keeping alive the memory of his virtues and great aims and actions, he will be allowed to have his place amongst the worthiest of men. And that's but a poor place neither; for though fame be not too airy for opinion to live in, it is too little substantial for an immortal soul, in the exercise of its rational faculties, to find satisfaction in. I doubt his loss will be a growing affliction to these nations; and we shall learn to value him more by missing him, than we did when we enjoyed him,—a perverseness of our nature that teaches us in every condition wherein we are, therewith to be discontent, by undervaluing what we have and overvaluing what we have lost. I confess his performances reached not the making good of his professions; but I doubt his performances may go beyond the professions of those who may come after him. All this I say, not as grumbling at the wise and good hand which has taken him away."

Lord Broghil's esteem for the deceased went even beyond that of his sister. In a beautiful letter of his addressed to Thurloe on the occasion, he gathers what consolation he can from the example of King David at the death of his child, now that the agony of suspense was over. "In the cause of grief now before us," he adds, "I am the unfittest of any to offer comfort, which I need as much as any. But this one consideration of David's actings I could not but lay before you, it having proved an effectual consolation to me in the death of one I but too much loved."

The Lady's semi-sarcastic remark about Oliver's performances hardly corresponding with his professions, is a little perplexing, coming as it does from one who we fancy should have known him better, or at any rate been able to read his position with candour. Possibly her reference is to his failure in liberating religion from State influence, a view of things very likely to be derived from her intercourse with John Milton, for the poet's teachings constituted one of the fountains at which she habitually drank. This subject will be treated of in another place.

While Milton lived at Petty France, after the loss of his eyesight, Lady Ranelagh was the most valued of his visitors. Moreover she had in former years placed under his tuition, first a nephew, and then one of her own sons. Of letters passing between them, none are extant, but his personal testimony survives that she was "a most superior woman;" and when she went to Ireland in 1656, he "grieves for the loss of the one acquaintance which was worth to him all the rest."

Her latter days were passed in the house of her brother the Hon. Robert Boyle, until 1691, when they both died within a few days of each other. Bishop Burnet in a funeral sermon says,—“His sister and he were pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. For as he lived with her above forty years, so he did not outlive her above a week. Both died from the same cause, nature being quite spent in both. She lived the longest on the public scene, and made the greatest figure in all the revolutions of these kingdoms for above fifty years, of any woman of our age.” Such is the verdict of one who knew her well. With the mention of a small additional fact, her history may be concluded. She was allied to the Protectoral house by the marriage of her sister, Mary Boyle, to Charles Rich, the Earl of Warwick’s second son, whose nephew became Oliver’s son in law.

ANECDOTES.

On the value of anecdotes as *versus* the almanack form of history, Horace Walpole has a word. “I have sent,” says he, writing to Lady Ossory, “for the memoirs of Cromwell’s family [by Mark Noble,] but as yet have only seen extracts from it in a magazine. It can contain nothing a thousandth part so curious as what we know already,—the intermarriage in the fourth descent of Oliver’s posterity and King Charles’s,—the speech of Richard Cromwell to Lord Bathurst in the House of Lords,—and Fanny Russell’s reply to the late Prince of Wales on the 30th of January. They are anecdotes, especially the two first, worthy of being inserted in the history of mankind, which, if well chosen and well written, would precede common histories, which are but repetitions of no uncommon events.” 29 August, 1784.

Did Oliver publish anything before the breaking out of war?

The “*Histoire d’Olivier Cromwell*,” by M. Raguénct, printed in 1691, attributes to him the compilation and issue of a book in 1640 entitled “*The English Samaria*,” likening

the court of Charles I. to that of Ahab;—followed soon after by a volume entitled "*The Puritan Porteus*," in which the Houses of Parliament and the religious sects are treated with much sarcasm. They have been sought in vain among the Civil War quartos in the British Museum Library.



The Roaring Boys.

Sir Edward Baynton the Wiltshire knight of Bromham Hall used to say that Henry Martyn was incomparably good company, but he got drunk too soon. These two were chief among the "Roaring Boys," a class of persons who though hostile to churchmen, brought little credit to the Parliament's cause. A godly member once moved in the House that all profane and unsanctified persons should be excluded. Martyn replied,—“And all the fools likewise, and then we shall have a thin house.” Once having spoken in opposition to the elder Sir Harry Vane, he was concluding thus,—“But as for young Sir Harry” “Well, what about young Sir

Harry?" said those about him.—"Why, that if he grow old, he will be old Sir Harry," and sat down. Cromwell once in raillery addressed him as "Sir Henry Martyn." This was long before Oliver had himself risen into public notice. The witty Member rising and bowing, responded,— "I thank your Majesty. I always thought that as soon as you were King, I should be knighted." There was something very different from jokes passing between them at the dissolution of the Long Parliament.

The Soldier's Pocket Bible.

An account of the pocket-Bible printed by Cromwell's order for distribution among his men was some time back published by Mr. George Livermore of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who possesses one of the only two copies known to exist, the other being in the Brit. Mus. Library. As the issue of such a book has been unnoticed either by Mr. Carlyle or by the Protector's more recent biographer Mr. Sanford, the best plan will be just to reprint it entirely,—first, because it is in reality a very brief affair,—and secondly, because it may with some probability be accepted as Oliver's own compilation. "English bibliographers," observes Mr. Livermore, writing apparently in 1855, "have never been able till the past year to decide what edition of the Bible was furnished to Oliver's men; and the existence of the *Soldier's Bible* was unknown till I sent a description of it to Rev. Dr. Cotton, George Offer Esq., Henry Stephens Esq. and other eminent bibliographers." And even now, beyond the scant information furnished by the title page, we seem to know very little about its history or the measures taken for its distribution. That such a book was really in use, we learn from Richard Baxter who relates the story of a soldier receiving a shot near the heart, the fatal force of the bullet being arrested by its lodging in the Bible which he carried in his breast. And a very thin Bible it was too, being comprised in a sheet folded in 16 mo. An entire Bible, even in the most compact form then known, would have been far too bulky and far too expensive. Oliver's practical mind therefore suggested a selection of texts grouped into chapters under appropriate headings, and designed to meet those varied difficulties which the fortune of war was sure to present to men who like himself had a conscience. The version adopted (it has been said) is more generally that of the Geneva Bible than any other. The Puritan party had still a lingering attachment to that text,—not the less so because Archbishop Laud had made it

a high-commission crime to vend, bind, or import, a copy. The choice of passages in the *Soldier's Bible* indicates two things principally,—first, that Oliver and the men who wrought with him, thoroughly understood their cause to be that of light against darkness,—and, secondly, that they never for a moment doubted the triumphant issue of that cause. The title page of the copy in the British Museum bears the date of 1643, and a contemporary hand has added in manuscript “August 3rd.” Now, students of the Civil War are well aware that August 1643 marks the period of the Parliament's lowest depression. The brilliant affair of Roundway-down had enabled the royalists to enter the city of Bristol by little more than menace, and the entire West with the exception perhaps of Taunton seemed to be lying prostrate at the King's feet. But listen to Oliver's poems of victory by which he seems to overstep in anticipation the dark interval of another campaign.—“This was the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes.”—“For the Lord fought for Israel.”—“Now therefore our God we thank thee and praise thy glorious name.”

THE SOULDIER'S POCKET BIBLE:

Containing the most (if not all) those places contained in Holy Scripture which doe shew the qualifications of his inner man that is a fit souldier to fight the Lords Battels, both before he fight, in the fight, and after the fight;

Which Scriptures are reduced to severall heads and fitly applyed to the Souldiers severall occasions, and so may supply the want of the whole Bible, which a Souldier cannot conveniently carry about him:

And may bee also usefull for any Christian to meditate upon, now in this miserable time of Warre.

Imprimatur, *Edm. Culamy.*

Jos. 18.—This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou maist observe to doe according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and have good successe.

Printed at London, by G. B. and R. W. for G. C.

1643.

THE SOULDIER'S POCKET BIBLE.

A Souldier must not doe wickedly.

Deut. xxiii. 9. When thou goest out with the Host against thine enemies, keep thee then from all wickedness.

Luke iii. 14. The souldiers likewise demanded of him, saying: And what shall we do? And he said unto them: Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.

Levit. xxvi. 27, 37. And if you will not for this obey me, you shall not be able to stand before your enemies.

Deut. xxviii. 25. And the Lord shall cause thee to fall before thine enemies. Thou shalt come out one way against them, and fly seven ways before them.

A Souldier must be valiant for God's cause.

1 Sam. xviii. 17. Be valiant and fight the Lord's battles.

2 Sam. 10. Be strong, and let us be valiant for our people and for the cities of our God: and let the Lord do that which is good in his eyes.

1 Sam. xvii. 47. For the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.

A Souldier must deny his own wisdom, his own strength, and all provision for war.

Prov. iii. 5. Lean not to thine own wisdom.

1 Sam. ii. 9. In his own might shall no man be strong.

Psal. xlv. 6. I do not trust in my bow, neither can my sword save me.

Psal. xxxiii. 16. A king is not saved by the multitude of an host, neither is the mighty man delivered by much strength.

Psal. xxxiii. 17. A horse is a vain help, and shall not deliver in the day of battle.

Eccle. viii. 8. Man hath not power over death, nor deliverance in battle.

2 Chro. xx. 12. There is no power in us to stand against this great multitude, neither do we know what to do; but our eyes are towards thee.

A Souldier must put his confidence in God's wisdom and strength.

Ephe. vi. 10. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

Job xii. 13. For with him is wisdom and strength: He hath counsel and understanding.

Psal. lxxviii. 35. The God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto his people.

Psal. xlv. 4. God is our hope and strength and help, in trouble ready to be found.

2 Chro. xxv. 8. God hath power to help and to cast down.

Psal. lxxvii. 16. I will go forward in the strength of the Lord.

1 Sam. xvii. 45. Then David said unto the Philistine: Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield; but I come unto thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel.

A Souldier must pray before he go to fight.

Neh. iv. 9. Then we prayed unto our God, and set watchmen by them day and night, because of them.

Judg. xvi. 28. Then Sampson called unto the Lord and said, O Lord God, I pray thee think upon me; O God, I beseech thee strengthen me at this time, &c.

2 Sam. xv. 31. And David said,

O Lord, I pray thee, turn the counsel of Ahitophill into foolishness.

James i. 5. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask it of God.

Psal. cxix. 34 Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Psal. lxxxvi. 12. Give strength unto thy servant and save the son of thine handmaid.

Psal. xxxv. 12. Plead thou my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me: fight thou against them that fight against me.

Bring out the spear and stop the way against them. [*sic*]

Judg. x. 15. And the children of Israel said unto the Lord: We have sinned; do thou unto us whatsoever please thee; only we pray thee, deliver us this day.

A Souldier must consider and believe God's gracious promises.

2 Chro. xx. 20. And when they arose early in the morning they went forth to the wilderness of Tekoa; and as they departed, Jehoshaphat stood and said: Hear me, O Judah and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem: put your trust in the Lord your God, and ye shall be assured: Believe his prophets and ye shall prosper.

Deut. xx. 4. For the Lord your God goeth with you to fight for you against your enemies, and to save you.

Exo. xiv. 14. The Lord shall fight for you.

2 Kin. xvii. 39. Fear the Lord your God, and he shall deliver you out of the hands of all your enemies.

Dan. iii. 17. Behold our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the hot fiery furnace; and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O King.

1 Chro. xvii. 10. And I will subdue all thine enemies.

Isa. xli. 12. Thou shalt seek them and shalt not find them, to

wit, the men of thy strife: for they shall be as nothing; and the men that war against thee, as a thing of naught.

Isa. liv. 17. No weapon made against thee shall prosper.

A Souldier must not fear his enemies.

Deut. xx. 1. When thou shalt go forth to war against thine enemies, and shalt see horses and chariots more than thou, be not afraid of them, for the Lord thy God is with thee.

Deut. iii. 32. Ye shall not fear them, for the Lord your God shall fight for you; fear them not, for I have given them into thine hand.

2 Chro. xxxii. 78. Be strong and courageous: fear not, neither be afraid for the King of Ashur, neither for all the multitude that is with him: for there be more with us than with him: with him is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God, for to help us and to fight our battles.

Isa. vii. 4. Fear not, neither be faint-hearted, for the two tails of the smoking fire-brands.

Matt. x. 28. And fear ye not them which kill the body.

A Souldier must love his enemies as they are his enemies, and hate them as they are God's enemies.

Matt. v. 44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies.

2 Chron. xix. 2. Wouldest thou help the wicked, and love them that hate the Lord?

Psa. cxxxix. 21, 22. Do not I hate them O Lord that hate thee, and do not I earnestly contend with them that rise up against thee? I hate them with an unfeigned hatred, as they are mine utter enemies.

A Souldier must cry unto God in his heart in the very instant of the battle.

2 Chron. xiii. 14. Then Judah looked and behold the battle was before and behind them, and they cried unto the Lord.

2 Chron. xiv. 11. And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said Lord, it is nothing with thee to help with many or with no power.

2 Chron. xviii. 31. And when the captains of the chariots saw Jehoshaphat, they said, it is the King of Israel; and they compassed about him to fight; but Jehoshaphat cried, and the Lord helped him and moved them to depart from him.

A Souldier must consider that sometimes God's people have the worst in battle as well as God's enemies.

1 Sam. xi. 25. The sword devoureth one as well as another.

Ecces. ix. 2. All things come alike to all. There is one event to the righteous and to the wicked, to the good and to the clean and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth and to him that sacrificeth not. As is the good, so is the sinner; and he that sweareth as he that feareth an oath.

Jos. vii. 4. So there went up thither of the people about three thousand men and they fled before the men of Ai.

Judg. vi. 2. And the hand of Midian prevailed against Israel.

1 Sam. iv. 10. And the Philistines fought and Israel was smitten down and fled every man into his tent, and there was an exceeding great slaughter, for there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen.

Exo. xvii. 11. But when Moses let his hand go down, Amalek prevailed.

Sam. i. 16. My children are desolate because the enemy prevailed.

Souldiers and all of us must consider that though God's people have the worst, yet it cometh of the Lord.

Esa. xlii. 24. Who gave Jacob to the spoil and Israel to the robbers? Did not I the Lord?

Amos iii. 6. Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?

Judg. xlii. And the Lord sold them into the hands of Jabin King of Canaan.

Lam. i. 14. The Lord hath delivered me into their hands, neither am I able to rise up.

Lam. ii. 7. The Lord hath forsaken his altar. He hath abhorred his sanctuary: He hath given it into the hand of the enemy.

For the iniquities of God's people [they] are delivered into the hands of their enemies.

Deut. xxix. 24, 25. Then shall all nations say: Wherefore hath the Lord done this unto this land: how fierce is his great wrath. And they shall answer: Because they have forsaken the Covenant of the Lord God of their fathers.

Jos. vii. 10, 11. And the Lord said unto Joshua: Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face: Israel hath sinned, and they have transgressed my covenant which I commanded them.

Jer. xl. 2, 3. The Lord thy God hath pronounced this plague upon this place: now the Lord hath brought it and done according as he hath said, because ye have sinned against the Lord.

Jer. l. 6, 7. My people have been as lost sheep: all that found them have devoured them: and their enemies said, We offend not, because they have sinned against the Lord.

Lam. iii. 39. Wherefore then is the living man sorrowful? Man suffereth for his sin.

Therefore both Souldiers and all God's people upon such occasions must search out their sins.

Lam. iii. 40. Let us search and try our ways, and turn again unto the Lord.

Jos. vii. 13. Up therefore, sanctify yourselves against tomorrow, for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, There is an execrable thing amongst you, therefore you cannot stand against your enemies until ye have put the execrable thing from among you.

Especially let Souldiers and all of us upon such occasions search whether we have not put too little confidence in the arm of the Lord, and too much in the arm of flesh.

Jer. ii. 13. For my people have committed two evils: they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, to dig them pits, even broken pits that will hold no water.

Jer. ii. 37. Therefore saith the Lord, they shall go forth from thence with their hands upon their heads, because the Lord hath rejected their confidence: they shall not prosper thereby.

Jer. xvii. 5. Therefore thus saith the Lord: cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and withdraweth his heart from the Lord.

And let Souldiers and all of us consider that to prevent this sin and for the committing of this sin, the Lord hath ever been accustomed to give the victory to a few.

Jud. vii. 2. And the Lord said unto Gideon, the people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel make their vaunt against me and say, mine hand hath saved me.

Jud. vii. 7. Then the Lord said unto Gideon: By these three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hands.

Jud. xx. 15. And the children of Benjamin were numbered at that time out of the cities, six and twenty thousand men that drew sword.

Jud. xx. 17. Also the men of Israel besides Benjamin were numbered four hundred thousand men that drew sword.

Jud. xx. 21. And the children of Benjamin came out of Gibeah, and slew down to the ground of the Israelites that day two and twenty thousand men.

Jud. xx. 25. And the second day Benjamin came forth to meet them out of Gibeah, and slew down to the ground of the children of Israel again eighteen thousand men.

Jud. xx. 30. And the children of Israel went up against the children of Benjamin the third day.

Jud. xx. 43. And compassed the Benjamites about, and chased them at ease, and overran them; and there were slain of Benjamines eighteen thousand men.

Jud. xx. 44. And the Israelites gleaned of them by the way five thousand men, and pursued after them into Gidon, and slew two thousand men of them.

Jud. xx. 45. So that all that were slain that day of Benjamin were five and twenty thousand men that drew sword.

2 Chron. xiii. 3. And Abijah set the battle in array with the army of valiant men of war, even four hundred thousand chosen men. Jeroboam also set the battle in array against him with eight hundred thousand chosen men, which were strong and valiant.

2 Chron. xiii. 4. And Abijah stood upon the mount Zemeraim and said, O Jeroboam and all Israel, hear me.

2 Chron. xiii. 8. Ye think that ye be able to resist against the kingdom of the Lord which is in the hands of the sons of David; and ye see a great multitude, and the golden calves are with you which Jeroboam hath made you for gods.

2 Chron. xiii. 10. But we belong to the Lord our God, and have not forsaken him.

2 Chron. xiii. 12. And behold this God is with us as a captain : O ye children of Israel, fight not against the Lord God of your fathers, for ye shall not prosper.

2 Chron. xiii. 13. But Jeroboam caused an ambushment to compass and come behind them.

2 Chron. xiii. 14. Then Judah looked and beheld the battle was before and behind them, and they cried unto the Lord.

2 Chron. xiii. 15. And the men of Judah gave a shout ; and as the men of Judah shouted, God smote Jeroboam and also Israel before Abijah and Judah."

2 Chron. xiii. 17. And Abijah and his people slew a great slaughter of them, so that there fell of them down wounded five hundred thousand chosen men.

2 Chron. xiv. 8. And Asa had an army of Judah that bare shields and spears three hundred thousand ; and of Benjamin that bare shields and drew bows four hundred and fourscore thousand : all these were valiant men of war.

2 Chron. xiv. 9. And there came out against them Zerah of Ethiopia, with an host of ten hundred thousand and three hundred chariots.

2 Chron. xiv. 17. Then Asa went out before him, and they set the battle in array in the valley of Zephathah beside Mare-shah.

2 Chron. xiv. 11. And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord it is nothing with thee to help with many or with no power : help us O Lord our God, for we rest on thee, and in thy name are we come against this multitude. O Lord thou art our God, let not man prevail against thee.

And let Souldiers and all of us know that the very nick of time that God hath promised us help is when we see no help in man.

Gen. xxii. 14. In the mount will the Lord be seen.

Exo. xiv. 13. Then Moses said unto the people : Fear ye not, stand still and behold the salvation of the Lord which he will shew to you ; this day the Lord shall fight for you, therefore hold you your peace.

2 Chron. xx. 11. O our God, wilt thou not judge them ; for there is no strength in us to stand against this great multitude, neither do we know what to do, but our eyes are towards thee.

2 Chron. xx. 17. Ye shall not need to fight in this battle ; stand still, move not, and behold the salvation of the Lord towards you.

Deut. xxxii. 35, 36. Vengeance and recompence are mine ; their feet shall slide in due time, for the day of their calamities is at hand, and all things that shall come upon you make haste. For the Lord shall judge his people and repent towards his servants, when he seeth that their power is gone and none shut up in hold or left abroad.

2 Cor. xii. 11. For my power is made perfect through weakness.

Zach. iv. 6. For neither by an army nor strength, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.

Psal. xii. 5. Now for the oppression of the needy and for the sighs of the poor, I will up, saith the Lord. I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.

Esa. xxxiii. 10. Now will I arise, saith the Lord, now will I be exalted, now will I lift up myself.

Wherefore, if our forces be weakened, and the enemy strengthened, then let Souldiers and all of us know that now we have a promise of God's help which we had not when we were stronger ; and therefore let us pray more confidently.

Esa. xxxiii. 2. O Lord, have mercy on us, we have waited for thee ; be thou which wast their

arm in the morning our help also in the time of trouble.

Deut. xxxiii. 7. Hear, O Lord, the voice of Judah, and bring him unto his people : his hands shall be sufficient for him if thou help him against his enemies.

Psal. cxlii. 45. I looked upon my right hand and beheld, but there was none that would know me : all refuge failed me, and none cared for my soul. Then cried I unto the Lord, and said, Thou art my hope.

Psal. xxii. 11. Be not far from me, because trouble is near, and there is none to help.

Psal. xcvi. 8. Remember not against us our former iniquities ; but make haste and let thy tender mercies prevent us, for we are brought very low.

Psal. xxxv. 2. Lay hand upon the sword and buckler, and stand up for my help.

Psal. lxxix. 9. Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name.

And let Souldiers and all of us know that if we obtain any victory over our enemies, it is our duty to give all the glory to the Lord, and say—

Exo. xv. 3. The Lord is a man of war, his name is Jehovah.

Exo. xv. 6. Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power : thy right hand, O Lord, hath bruised the enemies.

Exo. xv. 7. And in thy great glory thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee.

Psal. cxviii. 23. This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Josh. x. 14. For the Lord fought for Israel.

Mic. vii. 7. Therefore will we look unto the Lord.

2 Cor. i. 10. Who delivered us from so great a death.

1 Cor. xxix. 15. Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee and praise thy glorious name.

Esra ix. 13, 14. And seeing that thou, our God, hast staid us from being beneath for our iniquities, and hast given us such a deliverance, should we return to break thy commandments?

Psal. cxvi. 9. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

Psal. cxix. 109. I have vowed, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

This is licensed according to order.

FINIS.

The Test of the Keyhole.

Sir John Goodricke of Ribstone Hall, who died in 1792, used to relate a narrative, which may with probability be associated with the siege of Knaresborough Castle in 1644, and which was told him by an antient midwife who had formerly been attendant on his mother. "When Cromwell came to lodge at our house in Knaresborough," said she, "I was then but

a young girl. Having heard much talk about the man, I looked at him with wonder ; and being ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed, I could not during the operation forbear peeping over my shoulder several times to observe this extraordinary person, who was seated at the far side of the room, untying his garters. Having aired the bed I went out, and shutting the door after me stopped and peeped through the keyhole, when I saw him rise from his seat, advance to the bed, and fall on his knees, in which attitude I left him for some time. When returning again, I found him still at prayer ; and this was his custom every night as long as he stayed at our house. From which I concluded that he must be a good man ; and this opinion I always maintained afterwards, though I heard him very much blamed and exceedingly abused."

"No, we should say," to quote a modern reviewer, "there would be no shaking this woman's faith in him. To her he would appear as what he was, genuine and transparent. How many of Cromwell's maligners, how many of us writers and readers, would stand the test of the keyhole?" *Eclectic Review*. *Date mislaid*. The story is told in the *Life of the Protector* by Mr. Oliver Cromwell of Cheshunt, who derived it from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He adds that the old lady in question, who it seems passed the later years of her life at Ribstone Hall, bore in youth the name of Eleanor Ellis. Her father's house in Knaresborough where Cromwell lodged stood in the High Street near what is now the Crown Inn. The house was rebuilt in 1764, but care was taken that the floor of the Cromwell-chamber should be preserved undisturbed. Eleanor Ellis was born in January, 1632, as testified by the parish register ; consequently she was twelve years old at the time of the never-to-be-forgotten visit. She afterwards married Mr. Fishwick, had several children, and died in 1714, aged eighty-two.

The Affatus.

There can be no doubt that throughout his public career Oliver was powerfully sustained by his soundness of heart. It is also on record that this confidence not unfrequently broke silence and found expression in what eye-witnesses were in the habit of terming "Impulses," and which he himself cared neither to suppress nor to conceal. Let us hear what John Aubrey the Wiltshire antiquary has to say about it. Under the head of "Impulses" he writes,—

"Oliver Cromwell had certainly this afflatus. One that I knew, and who was present at the battle of Dunbar, told me that Oliver was carried on with a divine impulse. He did laugh so excessively as if he had been drunk, and his eyes sparkled with spirits. He obtained on that occasion a great victory, though the action was said to be contrary to human prudence. The same fit of laughter seized him just before the battle of Naseby, as a kinsman of mine and a great favourite of his, Colonel J. P. [Pointz?] then present, testified." *Aubrey's Miscellanies*.

Singularly enough, Oliver's own account in after days of what was passing in his mind at Naseby amply corroborates the above.—"I can say this of Naseby," says he, "that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order towards us; and we a company of poor ignorant men to seek how to order our battle, (the General having commanded me to order all the horse,) I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory; because God would by things that are not bring to nought things that are; of which I had great assurance; and God did it."

This serene reliance on an ever present power is discoverable in his correspondence from the first. To the Committee of the Cambridge association in 1642, he says,—"Verily I do think the Lord is with me. I undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why. By night and by day I am urged forward in the great work."

And well did he need this buoyancy of spirit to carry him over the bogs and rough places of his life's campaign. "Withal, unexpectedly enough," says Carlyle concerning the Scottish King of men, "this Knox has a vein of drollery in him, which I like much, in combination with his other qualities; he has a true eye for the ridiculous . . . They go far wrong who think this Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all: he is one of the solidest of men." And they go equally far wrong to whom the English King of men is no other than a "gloomy brewer."*

* "And all that from the town would stroll,
Till that wild wind made work,
In which the gloomy Brewer's soul
Went by me like a stork."

Tennyson's Talking Oak.

Perhaps Aubrey thinks that the following was another illustration of the *Afflatus*, but he omits his authority for the unheard of atrocity. "Oliver," says he, "fell dangerously ill during his Scottish campaign of a kind of calenture or high fever, which made him so mad that in his rage he pistolled one or two of his officers who came to visit him." *Letters from the Bodleian*, ii. 358.

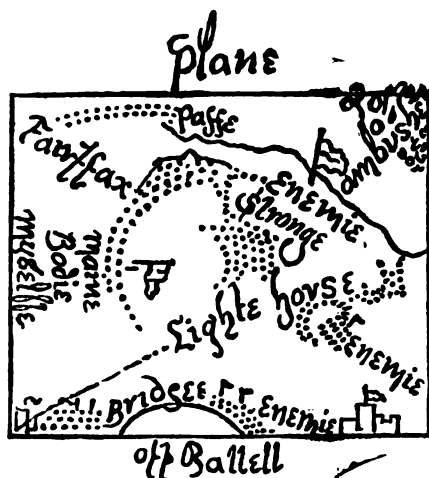
And as Oliver was, so in a subordinate measure were some of his comrades. Colonel Harrison, for instance, represents the class of enthusiasts who were ever prompt to anticipate victory in a psalm of triumph. Richard Baxter says of him that "he had a sanguine complexion, and was naturally of such a vivacity, hilarity, and alacrity, as another man is when he hath taken a cup too much. I once heard him in a battle when the enemy began to flee, with a loud voice break forth into the praises of God, with fluent expressions, as if he had been in a rapture."

Oliver's narrative of how he felt before the shock at Naseby may fitly introduce the next enquiry.

Who would venture to touch Oliver's bridle-rein ?

Seldom has character been more effectively delineated by a single master-stroke than when Lord Macaulay, in his *Review of Hallam's History*, was contrasting the relative conduct of King Charles and Oliver Cromwell in moments of peril. The scene is the field of Naseby,—the moment, the period of the fatal panic which was spreading in the royal army as the effect of the King's indecision and want of self-possession. The ignominious climax was reached when a Scottish nobleman begged the King not to run upon his own death, and taking hold of the royal bridle, fairly turned the horse round. Macaulay thereupon observes,—“No one who had much value for his life would have tried to perform the same friendly office, on that day, for Oliver Cromwell.”

Oliver as a draughtsman.



JOHN RUDOLPH GLAUBER, was the author of an old quarto entitled, "Philosophical Furnaces, or a new art of distilling, divided into five parts; whereunto is added a description of the tincture of gold, or the true *aureum portabile*; also the first part of the mineral work. Set forth and published for the sake of them that are studious of the truth. London, printed by Richard Coats, for Tho. Williams. 1651—52." In a copy of this work recently sold by auction (at Sotheby and Wilkin-

son's ?) there was found a pen and ink sketch of a plan of battle, subscribed "O. Cromwell," as per annexed fac-simile: and this signature was repeated at the beginning and end of the volume, the former dated 1653. The drawing looks, not so much like the delineation of a past battle, as the sketch of a suggested strategic movement in a battle just about to come off; indicating as we may suppose, where Fairfax is to "pass" in order to take the enemy in flank, and also where in another part of the field a body of horse are to break the enemy's line. The plan of action hardly corresponds with anything at Marston-Moor, for there Cromwell commanded the left wing and Fairfax was on his right. Neither does it tally with Naseby. Possibly it has reference to Winceby fight, in October 1643, where we are told that "Quarter-master-General Vermuyden with five troops had the forlorn hope, and Colonel Cromwell the van, assisted with other of my lord's troops, and seconded by Sir Thomas Fairfax."

His gallant behaviour to women.

The list of officers who fell on the King's side at Marston Moor includes the name of Charles Towneley of Towneley Esq. a Lancashire papist, connected with whose death we have a family tradition illustrative of Oliver's humanity. Towneley's wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Trappes, was, during the anxious period of the battle, waiting with her father at Knaresborough, where the news of her husband's death was brought to her on the following morning and prompted her to go and search for his body. On reaching the fatal field, where the attendants of the camp were stripping and burying the dead, she was accosted by a general officer, to whom she told her melancholy story. He heard her with great tenderness, but earnestly besought her to quit a place where, besides the distress of witnessing such a scene, she might probably be insulted. She complied, and he called a trooper, who took her *en croup*. On her way to Knaresborough she enquired of the man the name of the officer to whose civility she was indebted, and learnt that it was Lieutenant-general Cromwell. The lady survived till 1690, dying at Towneley, and being buried in the family chapel at Burnley, aged ninety one. The anecdote was told to Dr. Whitaker the editor of *Sir George Radcliffe's Correspondence*, by the then representative of the family to whom it had been handed down by his ancestress Ursula Towneley (a Fermor of Tusmore and aunt to Pope's Belinda,) who had it from the lady herself. *J. Langton Sanford's studies and illustrations of the great rebellion*, p. 611.

We may not forget that at this moment Oliver's own heart was sorely riven by a catastrophe which had befallen his eldest surviving son. See page 6. And to this son's death must further be added that of his nephew Valentine Wauton at Marston-moor. Finally, he was himself wounded at Marston-moor.

His discovery of a young lady in male apparel.

When last in Raby towers we met,
That boy I closely eyed,
And often marked his cheeks were wet
With tears he fain would hide.
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
Or saddle battle steed ;
But meeter seemed for lady fair,
To fan her cheek or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery rich and rare
The slender silk to lead.

His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
 His bosom, when he sighed,
 The russet doublet's rugged fold
 Could scarce repel its pride.
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
 To serve in lady's bower?
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
 A gentle paramour?

Scott's *Marmion*.

The parish register of Odstock in Wiltshire long contained, and perhaps still retains, some profane lines, under date 1644, supposed to have been the handiwork of Lord Henry Percy (of the Army-plot;) and attached to them is the following—*“Memorandum,—That this book was much abused by my Lord Percie's soldiers when they were quartered here in Odstock, 16 October, 1644.”* Not many months later, this same Lord Percy, together with fifty of his roystering knaves, was captured at Andover by Sir William Waller and Oliver Cromwell, who were then acting in conjunction, Cromwell being second in command. Sir William happened just then to be suffering from some temporary ailment, and therefore requested his subordinate officer to take his place as entertainer, and show all proper civility to their distinguished prisoner. Cromwell did so; and during the convivialities was not long in discovering that one of Percy's youthful attendants was possessed of a fairer countenance than usually fell to the lot of pages and rough-riders; but to make sure that his suspicions were correct, he proposed that the young man should entertain the company with a song. The song was sung, and the performer executed the task “with such a daintiness” as to leave no further doubt on Cromwell's mind, who soon after took occasion to turn to Lord Percy and to remark that “as his lordship was a warrior, he did wisely to be accompanied by Amazons.” It could hardly have been in the gentle page's presence that Oliver thus declared his mind. His habitual courtesy and gentlemanly breeding are sufficient warrant for this assumption,—the more so, as it is of Percy and of him alone we are finally assured that “it was with some confusion he did acknowledge that the youth was a damsel.”

Waller's vanity (it is to him we are indebted for the above anecdote,) must have been considerably gratified when, in after years, he could thus sit down in his chimney-corner and talk over scenes in which the great Protector had acted a part secondary to his own. Alluding to the impetuous manner in which Oliver swooped upon the regiment of Mr. Sheriff Long at Devizes in the spring of 1645, he says,—

"And here I cannot but mention the wonder which I have oftentimes had to see this Eagle in his eirey. He at this time had never shown extraordinary parts, nor do I think that he did himself believe that he had them; for although he was blunt, he did not bear himself with pride or disdain. As an officer he was obedient, and did never dispute my orders nor argue upon them. He did indeed seem to have great cunning; and while he was cautious of his own words, not putting forth too many lest they should betray his thoughts, he made others talk till he had as it were sifted them, and known their most intimate designs. A notable instance was his discovering in one short conversation with Captain Giles, a great favourite with the Lord General [Essex] and whom he most confided in, that although his words were full of zeal and his actions seemingly brave, yet his heart was not with the cause. And, in fine, this man did shortly after join the enemy at Oxford with three and twenty stout fellows."

Sir William Waller, notwithstanding his own *quondam* advocacy of "The Cause," died in the odour of sanctity, being interred beneath a stately monument in Bath abbey; but not before he had given good evidence of his re-conversion by persecuting a Quaker, and by displaying a dropping-down-deadness of homage on the restoration of royalism. Lord Mordaunt writing to the exiled Prince 30 March, 1659, says,—“Sir William Waller received your instructions with kissing the paper, and this expression,—Let him be damned that serves not this Prince with integrity and diligence.”

The faithful Valet.

"No man," says the proverb, "is a hero to his valet." This was never uttered in respect of Oliver Cromwell. During the severe illness which prostrated the Lord-General in Edinburgh, he was watched and tended by a most devoted French servant named Duret, one who heartily loved and appreciated him, and was in return treated with unreserved confidence. Cromwell not only committed to him the management of domestic affairs while campaigning, but during this illness he would receive food and medicine from no other hand. This unremitting assiduity on the part of Duret, involving as it did, protracted midnight watchings, had at length a fatal result for the watcher himself, and Oliver as he advanced towards recovery, had the intense grief to discover that his friend was rapidly sinking. It was now his own turn to act as nurse and spiritual consoler. Duret, for himself, cheerfully accepted his fate; he was quite satis-

fied to lay down his life in such a cause and for such a master; and he merely desired that the case of his mother, sister, and two nephews might be taken into consideration; they were still in France, and were in some measure dependent on his services. "I will look to that," said Cromwell. "My obligations to you are so great that it were impossible for me to do otherwise." Immediately, therefore, after Duret's death, a message was sent to the survivors, begging the entire family to come to England; and at the same time Cromwell gave to his wife, by letter, a full account of the affair, representing that she should treat the strangers on their arrival in London in a manner corresponding with her just sense of the merits and good offices of the deceased; and that as it was entirely to Duret's care, pains, and watchings, that he owed the preservation of his own life, she would proportion the kindness shewn to them to the love which she bore to himself as her husband. The Duret family at once accepted the invitation, and were welcomed into Mrs. Cromwell's household with the utmost cordiality. Madame Duret was of course promoted to her table, the sister became a maid of honour, and the two nephews occupied the post of pages. Cromwell had still an arduous campaign to complete, which kept him in Scotland for several weeks longer; and it was not until after fighting the battle of Worcester that he at last found an opportunity of revisiting the sanctuary of home, and of ratifying by his personal salutation the new domestic alliance. The scene at that moment must have been redolent of Christian pathos. The mutual tears and incoherent greetings had an eloquence of their own; for it was through the medium of his daughters who were better skilled in the French language than himself, that he testified to the old lady how he rejoiced at her arrival; assuring her at the same time that as she had lost her first son in his service, he would do his possible to fill the vacancy as her second son. Moreover he took pains to acquire sundry French phrases wherewith to salute her whenever they might chance to meet.

The name of Duret, which is not uncommon in the West of France, prevails principally in the Charente and in the Charente-Inferieure. Mr. Armand W. Duret of 93 St. Augustin's Road, London, N.W. claims descent from the physician of that name who attended Louis IX. Claude Duret, John Duret, and Peter Duret, are the names of authors, in the Brit. Mus. Library, ranging from 1623 to 1731, principally on medical topics.

The death-penalty for trifles.

While Oliver was detained in Scotland by the siege of Edinburgh, one of those scandalous legal atrocities, against which he habitually protested, was enacting at Oxford; where, on the nebulous charge of procuring miscarriage, a young girl was actually condemned to be hung. After the execution, a group of *quasi* experts were preparing to dissect her, when suddenly the lass waked up; and by the aid of, or rather perhaps in spite of, restoratives, she recovered perfect health. Carrington (the earliest biographer of the Protectorate) who relates the story, rejoices that the hand of God thus intervened to prevent a fatal termination,—“It not being His will or pleasure that during the government of the justest of conquerors there should an act of so high injustice pass as the barbarous condemning and putting to death so innocent a creature as the event proved this silly maiden to be.”

Says Oliver to his second Parliament.—The truth of it is, there are wicked and abominable laws which it will be in your power to alter. To hang a man for six and eight pence, and I know not what; to hang for a trifle, and acquit murder; is in the ministration of the law through the ill framing of it. I have known in my experience abominable murders acquitted. And to see men lose their lives for petty matters, this is a thing God will reckon for; and I wish it may not lie upon this nation a day longer than you have an opportunity to give a remedy.” *Speech V. Carlyle*. Yet more than a century after the utterance of the above, starving men and women swung in the Old Bailey for such offences as whitening copper coins in order to pass them as silver.

Church mutilation.

The following jest is attributed to Cromwell in a modern Description of Cork. In this beautiful city, the local historian informs us, the Lord General sojourned for a few days in 1650, and while there, converted the church-bells into cannon,—observing in reply to a remonstrance, that since gunpowder was the invention of a priest, he thought the best use for bells was to convert them into *canons*. “The jest of the Lord-General not having been either very humorous or very brilliant,” adds the writer, “it may be as well to preserve the only one, it is believed, perpetrated by him in Cork.”

This charge of belfry-spoliation has often been made by local antiquaries from ignorance of the law of medieval warfare on this especial point. The following mandate issued by King Charles after taking Bristol will explain the matter, and exculpate all parties.

"1643. August 7. Whereas by the custom of war, those places that stand out after summons to surrender, forfeit their bells to the General of the Ordnance, and the city of Bristol hath withstood our summons,—Therefore the churchwardens and parishioners of the various parishes in Bristol are hereby ordered to come in and compound for their bells,—We being unwilling that they should lose so necessary an ornament. And hereunto we expect their obedience as they or any of them shall answer the contrary at their perils.
CHARLES, R."

In like manner, it will be remembered (See page 234,) that Sir William Lockhart, while enumerating his expences on taking possession of Dunkirk, says, "I must also pay the cannoniers of the army for the bells of the town, which is their indisputable due at all rendition of places." Possibly the Cork legend was born of the fact that there really was at one time a proposition before the House for the demolition of some of the Cathedrals, and a suggestion made that in such cases the bells should be converted into ordnance for the fleet. It passed in the negative. *Commons' Journals*. 9 July, 1652. And a permission to the Mayor and Deputy Lieutenants of Exeter, in 1642, to cast their bells into ordnance, *in case of assault*, may be read in the *Lords' Journals*, V. 487.

But not only the capture of bells, but every other form of church-spoliation, wherever found in England, is habitually attributed to the personal agency of Cromwell. All else is forgotten but the destroying maul of this fabulous giant, whose solitary hobgoblin figure looming out of the dark ages, has put all other spoilers to flight. Of which indeed we may say that it is a doctrine so long and so firmly fixed in the sexton-mind as to be fairly excusable in a parochial cicerone; but it is not so excusable in other official persons of clerical grade, who ought to know better, but who make it a part of their religion to nurse the prejudice. It was rather the previous age, namely that of the Reformation, which witnessed these defacements. Concerning which, let a statement from Godwyn's *Catalogue of Bishops*, published forty years before the Civil War, be heard respecting Ely Cathedral (under whose shadow the Cromwells dwelt). Bishop Hotham, he tells us, "lieth entombed in a monument of alabaster that was some time a very stately and goodly building but now

[1601] shamefully defaced, as are also all other monuments of the church." One of these other monuments, that of Bishop Barnet, had lost its head. The modern guide at Ely, mindful of the historic vicinity of the rebel house, would probably give a very different explanation of the affair.

Whatever may have been the fanaticism of some few iconoclasts, no wanton destruction either in respect of churches, towns, or country-houses, is chargeable on the Cromwell family. It is even told of Oliver that when the Parliament dismantled Nottingham castle, he was heartily vexed at it, and told Colonel Hutchinson that if he had been in the House when it was voted, he would not have suffered it to be done. Nor indeed are the Parliamentarians, as a rule, to be credited with the house-burnings and town-burnings belonging to that period. Such actions were almost without an exception the work of the Royalists, and were frequently quite independent of the accidents or exigencies of war. This is not a statement loosely made, but is the result of a pretty close and prolonged investigation of the recorded facts. Prince Rupert, a ruthless foreigner, and one who acquired the sobriquet of Prince Robber, first set the example by burning Cirencester and Marlborough and devastating Fawley Court belonging to Bulstrode Whitelock. Then followed the destruction of Bridgenorth, unhousing 300 families and consuming £90,000 worth of property. Wooburn in Bedfordshire was treated in like manner in 1645, and in the year following the combined towns of Great Faringdon and Westbrook in Berkshire were burnt, to the value of £56,976 as appraised by judges of assize at Reading. These afflictions, together with the sack of Leicester, the Parliament endeavoured from time to time to mitigate by the action of a "Committee of Burnings" and by ordering public contributions for the sufferers to be made either throughout the realm or in a group of counties. In respect of Leicester, see the *Lords' Journals*, VII. 665,—the Bridgenorth affair, *Ibid.* IX. 657,—Great Faringdon, *Ibid.* X. 485. Consult also the *Commons' Journals*.

Yet, let but a tradition survive in any domestic history that the family estate was wrecked in the Civil Wars, and it will almost invariably be found that such tradition, under cover of popular ignorance, is made to do duty for the wrong party. The house, so the family annalist informs us, was burnt by the rebels, and the money estate was all lost in the royal cause. Take for instance the case of Drake of Ashe. The Drakes, like the families of naval heroes generally, went in roundly for the Parliament, and the petition of Lady Ellen Drake (*Commons' Journals*, V. 508) as well as a mass of

documents among the Composition Papers, all attest that the destroyer of the family mansion was the Cavalier Lord Pawlet, who had to make ample restitution for the same. Yet the modern annalist of the Drake family tells us that it was the work of the rebels. *Burke's extinct and dormant baronetage*. So of Duckett of Hartham, and many others.

The great fire of Marlborough.

Just a week after Cromwell's dissolution of the Long Parliament, the town of Marlborough in Wiltshire was accidentally devastated by fire. The proximity of the two events was not lost upon the royalists, one of whom wrote thus.—“The town of Marlborough was reduced almost to ashes on the 28th of April; an ominous commencement of this Incendiary's usurpation, whose red and fiery nose was the burden of many a cavalier's song.” *Heath's Chronicle*, 343.

Thomas Eyre, the mayor of the ruined town, promptly made his appeal to “the Lord-General Cromwell,” as to the one practical saviour spontaneously recognized by all parties; and the result was that by means of a public collection instituted throughout England and Wales, not many months elapsed before the town arose phoenix-like from its ashes. One of the houses to this day displays the date of 1654.

There was no town in England which from first to last throughout the struggle had given more pronounced adherence to the protestant and parliamentary cause. Cromwell, there can be no doubt, was thoroughly versed in the history of their trials and sacrifices; and by the aid of a shadowy tradition we may picture him visiting the place after the fire, making his inspection of the damage in company with Mr. Mayor, and observing that the old Town Hall (which from its isolated position had escaped destruction) was but an ignoble affair, offering to erect a new one at his own charges. The people of Marlborough were not unmindful of the benefit; and two years later, when another national subscription was set on foot by the Protector, namely that for the persecuted Protestants of Piedmont, they testified their sympathy for the object by gathering a far larger sum than was furnished by any other place in the county, Salisbury excepted.* An extract from the mayor's letter to Cromwell, in behalf of his fellow-townsmen, on the day after the calamity, will further

* The town of Marlborough, including its suburb of Preshute, contributed £45 13s. 3d. Salisbury gave £88 17s. 5d. No other town in Wiltshire gave so much as £15.

exhibit the correspondence of feeling between the two parties. —“Too much,” says he, “cannot be said for them; they being a people more generally well-affected than any town I know in this county. Yet being confident that your Excellency’s ear will be open to them, and also that you will be ready to act for them, I shall only in reference to them say thus much more,—that the very day when this affliction befel them, the godly people of the town and many of the country were together seeking God (according to your desire in your late Declaration) for His presence with you in your councils, that you might be endowed with the spirit of wisdom and counsel from Him, for the management of the great and weighty affairs before you, to the honour of His name, and the good and encouragement of His people in settling justice and righteousness in this nation,—being confident that this was the end you proposed to yourself in the dissolution of the Parliament. In the truth and reality of this I am so well satisfied that for my own part, as I shall not cease daily to pray for you upon the same account as is aforementioned, so I resolve, through the assistance of the Lord, to stand and fall with you, and according to my mean abilities, by all ways and means, with the hazard of my life and fortune, to give my utmost assistance to promote those ends which I thought it my duty to express. And having so done, shall remain, my lord, your Excellency’s humble and faithful servant, THOMAS EYRE.”

Not even the apologists for the Lord-general have sufficiently set forth the unanimity with which messages of congratulation and encouragement poured in upon him from constituencies, churches, and ships-crews, just after his daring act of dissolving the Parliament, and in anticipation of the select convocation which he was about to summon. To assist him in this latter enterprize, approved names were, at his request, forwarded to him from the various counties; and this circumstance furnishes us with an occasion, just for once, of placing in combination those of Oliver Cromwell and John Bunyan.

John Bunyan.

The address of 1653 to the Lord-General from Bedfordshire is signed by nineteen persons including John Bunyan. They express to him their joyful hopes that he would prove to be the hand of God in rescuing the many who had long groaned under the sad oppression of the late Parliament, [which means under Presbyterian intolerance.] And they recommend as suitable representatives of their county, Nathaniel Taylor and John Croke, being then Justices of the

peace for Bedfordshire, 13 May, 1653. The affair proves incidentally that John Bunyan was already a prominent man among the religious party of his county, which is the more remarkable as he was then only twenty-five years of age. Of the two gentlemen nominated as above, Nathaniel Taylor was accepted, but John Croke gave place to Edward Cater. The Convention thus organised, "the hundred and thirty eight notables," as they have been otherwise designated, was, perhaps, the best Parliament that ever sat, striving, says Carlyle, "earnestly, nobly, and by no means unwisely, as the ignorant histories teach. But the farther it advanced towards real Christianity in human affairs, the louder grew the shrieks of sham Christianity everywhere profitably lodged there." This is high praise, and is fortified by the fact that this Parliament voted the abolition of the court of chancery, taking marriage out of priests' hands, and sweeping away both tithes and advowsons. No wonder that the fashionable historians have ever since united in casting ridicule on this assembly, and calling it the Barebones-Parliament, though well aware that there was no such name on the list. But let Barbone alone. He, too, will have a resurrection.

His courtesy in dispensing with the ceremony of kissing hands.

"Our Lord Protector gave a noble audience to the Dutch ambassadors last Saturday. His part was just as the Kings' used to be, only kissing his hand excepted." *From an intercepted letter, March, 1654.* The testimony of the three ambassadors themselves, Beverning, Nieuport, and Jongestall, is still more graphic. After the final interchange of friendly expressions, in the banquetting-room at Whitehall,—“we presented unto his Highness twenty of our gentlemen, who went in before us, being followed by twenty more, to have the honour to kiss his hand. But instead thereof, his Highness advanced near the steps and bowed to all the gentlemen one by one, and put out his hand to them at a distance, by way of congratulation.” He seems to have yielded to the practice of kissing hands on a subsequent occasion, when a French embassy arrived in May 1654, but it is distinctly stated that the gentlemen “desired it.” *Cromwelliana*, 141.

It need hardly be added that the Protector was never under any temptation to degrade either himself or his fellow-countrymen by “touching for the King’s evil,”—for the very good and sufficient reason that the royal healer was himself alive, and resident in Holland, furnished with all the

orthodox attributes, and "hedged" about with the requisite "divinity."

In 1653, some person addressing him in St. James's Park, and omitting what was called "the homage of the hat," induced him to relate, with a smile, a circumstance which he remembered to have witnessed on the same spot some years back, when the late King was once walking there. The Duke of Buckingham on that occasion was advancing towards his Majesty without uncovering, whereupon an indignant Scot in the King's train at once struck off the Duke's hat.

But while Oliver gracefully waived the accustomed forms of personal worship, he was not solicitous to abate the innocent parade of sovereignty which might be supposed due to the nation's representative;—for instance,—“My lord of Leda gave his adieu yesterday to my Lord Protector, who sent his own coach of six white horses. Certain it is, as many told me, that none of the English Kings had ever any such. And with it, ten more [coaches] of six horses, with many cavaliers. So was Leda conducted and re-conducted; but what he did [at the interview] is not known.” *James Darcy to Dr. John Smith of Dunkirk, 13 June 1655.* See also Carlyle's narrative of the ceremonious reception of the Swedish ambassador in July 1655.

His love of animals.

The epicedium by Andrew Marvell says,

“All, all is gone of our or his delight
In horses fierce, wild deer, or armour bright.”

Writing to Cornet Squire just after Gainsborough fight, he says, “I will give you all you ask for that black you won last fight.” Two months later, Squire captures another horse, for which also he makes application,—“I will give you sixty pieces for that black you won at Horncastle, if you hold to a mind to sell him, for my son, who has a mind to him.” In after days Longland his agent at Leghorn and Sir Tho. Bendysh in Turkey busied themselves in procuring Barbary horses. Races continued in Hyde Park during the Protectorate; and Dick Pace, the owner of divers horses who live in racing chronicles, was the Protector's stud-groom. His adventure in the Park when attempting to drive his own coach-horses is too well known to need repetition. We therefore pass to the “wild deer” mentioned by Marvell. This probably refers to the twelve reindeer, which together with their two Laplander drivers, were sent by the Queen of

Sweden in 1654. *See Bulstrode Whitelocke's narrative.* Oliver is also said to have "fallen in love with the company" of Sir James Long of Wiltshire, a gentleman eminent as a naturalist. During the fighting days of 1645, this knight, then Sheriff of Wilts, was together with his entire regiment, jointly captured by Cromwell and Waller, near Devizes. Sir James is described by his friend Aubrey as orator, soldier, historian, and romancer, as excelling in the arts of fencing, falconry, horsemanship, and the study of insects,—in short, a very accomplished gentleman. The belligerents probably had not met since the scrimmage at Devizes placed Sir James in a private position, till one day when Oliver (now Protector) hawking on Hounslow-heath recognized his old antagonist, who we may suppose was engaged in the like pastime. The knight's discourse was so skilfully adjusted to the altered state of affairs, that Oliver forthwith fell in love with his company, and commanded him to wear his sword, and to meet him again when they should next fly their hawks. All which caused some of the stricter cavaliers to look upon Sir James with an evil eye. *Aubrey.*

His opinions on agriculture.

John Aubrey says,—“I heard Oliver Cromwell, Protector, at dinner at Hampton Court in 1657 or 8, tell the Lord Arundel of Wardour and the Lord Fitz-Williams that he had been in all the counties of England, and that the Devonshire husbandry was the best. And at length we [in Wiltshire] have obtained a great deal of it.” Hartlib, a Pole, who translated Child's Treatise on the agriculture of Flanders, obtained a pension from the Protector. It was, no doubt, the canals of Flanders which suggested the scheme for uniting the Bristol Avon with the Thames; which Captain Francis Matthew having illustrated with a map, the Protector would have put into execution, had he lived long enough. *Natural Hist. of Wilts.* A hundred and thirty years later, it was accomplished by John Rennie.

His natural eloquence.

Bishop Burnet, on the authority of Lieut.-gen. Drummond (afterwards Lord Strathallan) mentions that, in Drummond's presence, Cromwell engaged in a long discourse with a group of Scots commissioners, on the nature of the regal power according to the principles of Mariana and Buchanan; and Drummond's conclusion was that Cromwell had manifestly

the better of the commissioners at their own weapon and upon their own principles. Indeed, a modern French writer declares him to have been the only eloquent man in the kingdom. "En effet," says Villemain, "dans la Revolution Anglaise, il n'y eut qu'un homme éloquent, et c'est celui qui aurait pu se passer de l'être, grace à son épée,—Cromwell. Hormis Cromwell, éloquent parce qu'il avait de grandes idées et de grandes passions, la Revolution Anglaise n'inspirait que des rhéteurs théologiques, en qui la vérité du fanatisme même était faussée par un verbiage convenu." *Cours de littérature Française.*

Beverning, one of the Dutch ambassadors, writing home in 1653 says, "Last Saturday I had a discourse with his Excellency above two hours, no one else being present. He spoke his own language so distinctly that I could understand him. I answered again in Latin."

Touching the various schemes adopted during his brief tenure of power, for the advancement of learning, it is quite unnecessary to enlarge. A single passage from Anthony à Wood, a very unexceptional witness in a case of this nature, may suffice. In his biographical notice of Henry Stubbs, keeper of the Bodleian, who took his degree in the days of Owen, he remarks,—“While he continued under-graduate, it was usual with him to discourse in the public schools very fluently in the Greek tongue. But since the King's restoration we have had no such matter; which shows that education and discipline were more severe then than afterwards, when scholars were given more to liberty and frivolous studies.”

Interview with Archbishop Usher.

The Irish prelate was considerably his senior; and this circumstance combined with his fervid churchism enabled him to present a defiant front when in colloquy with the Protector, who nevertheless was most generously disposed towards him, and anxious to have a courteous interview. Usher's own account is that he at last consented to accept the invitation only lest further evil towards his brethren should grow out of his refusal. At their first meeting, the Protector's opening observations about advancing the Protestant interest in Europe appeared to the Archbishop little better than “canting discourse”; and as he was evidently too much of an enthusiast to take his (the Archbishop's) advice in the matter, a civil dismissal closed the affair. On the next occasion, the Archbishop, carrying in his hand

a petition for enlarged liberty to the clergy in the matter of preaching, found Oliver under the doctor's hands, who was removing a boil from his breast. After begging his guest to be seated, Oliver went on,—“If this core were once out, I should be quickly well.”—*Archb.* “I doubt the core lies deeper. There is a core at the heart that must be taken out, or else it will not be well.”—*Oliver*, “Ah, so there is indeed,” and sighed. The Archbishop finally gathering that the curb was not to be removed from the plotting portion of the royalist clergy, departed to his home in fierce grief, and placed on record his indignant judgment,—“This false man has broken his word. Royalty will now speedily return.” It is commonly added by his partisans, that at his death which followed shortly after, the Protector decreed a public funeral for him in Westminster Abbey, but left the family to bear the charges;—which Henry Cromwell's testimony indirectly shews to be destitute of all credibility. See also the *Mercurius Politicus*. March and April 1656.

An ecclesiastical squabble.

Richard Byfield the rector of Sutton in Surrey contested the repairs of the church with his patron Sir John Evelyn of Godstone. To put an end to the scandal, the Protector got them together in his presence; when Sir John charged the minister with reflecting on him in his sermons, which of course Byfield repelled. Oliver then addressed the belligerents in terms so pathetic that all present were in tears. Said he, “I doubt, Sir John, there is something indeed amiss. The word of God is penetrating; and if, as I suspect, it has found you out, you will do well to search your ways.” He succeeded in making them good friends before parting, and to mollify the knight's chagrin, ordered his secretary Malyn to pay him £100 towards the repairs. Byfield was afterwards one of the ejected of 1662. Had John Milton sat in the moderator's chair on this occasion, instead of Oliver, the award might possibly have been reversed. He had very little patience for clerical money claims.

The poisoned Letters.

Queen Christina the daughter of the renowned Gustavus Adolphus, having abandoned Protestantism and the Crown of Sweden at the same time, made the tour of Europe in the character of a fast young lady, occasionally giving currency to a little scandal by riding abroad in male attire, and still

further risking her public credit by conniving at the assassination of an Italian Marquis in her service. Letters from abroad make constant allusions to her escapades. One writes,—“The King [Charles II.] and his brother are gone to visit the Queen of Sweden. All possible means are used to divert her from wintering here; but it is thought nothing will do with her who glorieth in her late action of causing one of her gallants to be murdered in her sight in the gallery of Fontainebleau.” Moreover, my lady-errant would fain have ridden a tilt at the Lord Protector himself, whom she was everywhere defaming. To play the part of another Judith towards him would, perhaps she thought, be a service well pleasing to her new-found friends the Jesuits. At any rate the proposal might possibly be made to approximate towards a practical jest at a moment when he was the most prominent object in Europe. She once asked Lockhart to enclose in one of his despatches a letter from herself to the Protector, professedly in behalf of some unfortunate Catholic prisoner in Ireland; but Lockhart having his suspicions awakened after the letter was gone, sent forward a warning note to Thurloe, suggesting that any papers arriving from the Queen of Sweden addressed to his Highness, should first be read and then burnt. This letter of warning, like so many others, was intercepted by Stuart emissaries, yet its purport reached the Council. In May 1657 she sent over an agent, le Sieur Philippi Passerini, who was announced to deliver dispatches into the Protector’s hands, and to clear up and explain to him various late passages in her government, especially the affair of the murdered marquis;—all which looked so very suspicious to the Protector’s Council that they entreated him to decline the interview. He laughed at their fears; but as the presence of a translator would be necessary, he consented that Mr. Secretary Whitelocke should fulfil that office. Whitelocke undertook it, assuring the Protector that he was quite prepared to encounter the poison-test by being the first to handle the papers. Poisoned letters, poisoned gloves, poisoned perfumes, had at that period a strong hold on the superstitious mind. In the present case the wandering Queen had probably nothing more tragic in view than a small addition to her stock of gossip. Of Lockhart himself a report was circulated at the time of his death that he had fallen a victim to a pair of poisoned gloves; and Bishop Burnet mentions poisoned snuff as one of the suspected agencies in accelerating the death of Charles II. So Dryden in his prologue to *Cæsar Borgia* says,

" You know no poison but plain ratsbane here ;
 Death's more refined and better bred elsewhere.
 They have a civil way in Italy,
 By smelling a perfume to make you die ;
 A trick would make you lay your snuffbox by."

His patronage of music and painting.

The Protector of England had many personal traits in common with the Continental Reformer Martin Luther. Zwingle's zeal in destroying pictures and organs in the churches of Zurich has often been contrasted with the conduct of Luther who systematically protected and honoured art. As Carlyle has said,—“Death defiance on the one hand, and such love of music on the other ; I could call these the two opposite poles of a great soul. Between these two, all great things had room.” And again,—“Who is there that in logical words can express the effect that music has on us?—a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that.” *Hero worship.*

Cromwell's order that Dr. Wilson should regularly give his music lecture at Oxford, though passed over by Walton, is commented on in an essay in the *Edinburgh Review* No. 193. John Hingston, a scholar of Orlando Gibbons, after being in the service of Charles I., became organist to Cromwell at a pension of £100 a year, and instructed his daughters in music. His portrait was in the music school at Oxford. *Braybrooke's Pepys*, 10 Dec. 1667. The first step towards the revival of dramatic music after the wars, took place in 1653, in the performance of Shirley's mask of Cupid's death ; and three years later Davenant obtained a license to open a theatre for operas. A modern chronicler of the town of Tewkesbury, while gossiping about its Abbey, narrates as follows.—“The organ now placed in a gallery between two of the pillars in the nave, beneath which is the principal entrance to that portion of the church appropriated for divine service, is not more distinguished for its exterior appearance and great powers than for the singularity of its history. It originally belonged to Magdalen College, Oxford. Oliver Cromwell, who was fond of music and particularly of that of an organ, which was proscribed under his government, was so delighted with the harmony of this instrument, that when it was taken down from its station in the college, according to the puritanical humour of the times as an abominable agent of superstition, he had it conveyed to Hampton Court, where it was placed in the great gallery for his amusement. It remained

there till the Restoration, when it was sent back to Oxford; but another organ having been presented to the college, it was in the year 1737 removed to Tewkesbury." The local Cicerone of Tewkesbury further avers that this was the instrument on which John Milton was in the habit of performing for the delectation of the Protector's family,—a perfectly possible case; and were it authenticated, a very welcome fact; for it would be the furnishing of one instance, in the absence of any other, of Cromwell and Milton being sometimes found in personal communion. That such a scene has been idealized in pictorial works is true enough, and with this illusion perhaps we must rest content.

At the sale of Charles I.'s pictures, Oliver secured the cartoons of Raphael to the Nation for £300; and fifty years later, William III. took measures for their preservation and restoration. In the interval they had a narrow escape. Charles II. was on the point of selling them to Louis XIV., and it was all that the Lord Treasurer could do to save them from the clutches of Barillon. Probably Danby found by some other means the money they were to have raised. *Report on the Cartoons. Times 31 Dec. 1858.* Yet we fancy that even Charles II. would hardly have thrown away the chance which in more modern days presented itself to an English prime-minister of securing the entire collection of paintings in the Pitti Palace. When the French republican armies were overrunning the north of Italy and commencing their wholesale system of plunder, the Grand-Duke of Florence offered this magnificent gallery to the English nation for the comparatively small sum of £100,000. But English money just then was running out, as from a sluice, in support of church-and-king maxims, and Mr. Pitt had his scruples about diverting its course in favour of such inferior objects. *Chambers's Edin. Jour. 24 April 1852.*

When the Dutch envoys arrived in March 1653 to settle the terms of peace, they seem to have brought over with them some of Titian's paintings. The intercepted letter of a royalist (name unknown) has the following.—"One that was present at the audience given in the banquetting-house told me that Cromwell spent so much time looking at the pictures that he judged by it that he had not been much used heretofore to Titian's hand." *Thurloe, II. 144.* Might we not rather say that, the more he had seen of Titian, the longer he loved to linger?

Beyond the pencils employed to execute the portraits of the members of his family, there is not much evidence of Oliver's patronage of living artists. Three entries in the

Exchequer accounts for 1657—8 refer to a sum of £150 paid "to Mr. Francis Clyne for the designing of two stories by the tapestry-men." He also engaged a naval painter named Isaac Sailmaker, a pupil of Gildrop, to execute a sea-view of the English fleet as it lay before Mardyke during Sir John Reynolds' assault on that fort in 1657. See page 191. Sailmaker lived to paint the naval fight between Sir George Rooke and the Count de Toulouse.

On the 22 Feb. 1649, Lieut. Gen. Cromwell reports from the Council of State.—That divers goods belonging to the State are in danger of being embezzled, (with other matters,) Whereupon it is,—Ordered, That the care of the public library at St. James and of the statues and pictures there be committed to the Council of State to be preserved by them." *Commons' Journals*.

The goods here referred to were the pictures, statues, household furniture, and other personal estate of the late King; which the House thereupon ordered to be inventoried, appraised, and sold. The sale soon afterwards commenced, and went on till August 1653. The prices were fixed, but if more was offered, the highest bidder became the purchaser. Part of the goods were sold by inch of candle. The buyers, called "Contractors," signed a writing for the several sums; but if they disliked the bargain, they were at liberty to withdraw from the engagement on payment of a fourth part of the sum stipulated. Among the contractors appears Mr. John Leigh, who, 1 August 1649, buys goods for the use of Lieut. Gen. Cromwell to the value of £109 5s.; and on the 15th are sold to the Rt. Hon. the Lady Cromwell goods to the amount of £200. [This last mentioned must have been the Baroness of Owkham, or possibly a Countess of Ardglass]. But no sooner was Oliver in possession of the supreme power than he not only put a stop to the sale, but detained from some of the purchasers goods for which they had contracted. Such at least was the affirmation made in a petition addressed, after the Protector's death, to the Council of State, by Major Edward Bass, Emanuel de Critz, William Latham, and Henry Willett, in behalf of themselves and divers others; in which they represent,—“That in the year 1651 the petitioners did buy of the contractors for the sale of the late King's goods, the several parcels thereunder named, and did accordingly make satisfaction unto the treasurer for the same. But forasmuch as the said goods are in Whitehall, and some part thereof in Mr. Kinnersley's custody in keeping, the petitioners do humbly desire their Honours' order, whereby they may receive the said goods, they having been great sufferers by the late

General Cromwell's detaining thereof." The goods specified are hangings and statues, the latter adorning the gardens at Whitehall. This charge against the Protector of something little short of felony is one which there are probably now no means of adjusting. Had the petitioners made their appeal during his lifetime, we might have had an honest explanation. See Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*

"Oliver Cromwell at Hampton-Court" is the title of a paper lately contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* by John B. Marsh, containing a survey of the state of the palace and park just before the Restoration, and an account of the drawing up of an Inventory of their contents by the Sergeant at arms Mr. C. Dendy and Mr. John Embree. Derived from the State Paper Office. But as the association of the works of art there with the Protector's memory is no more than an accident which he shares with his predecessors and successors, Mr. Marsh's facts, though highly interesting throughout, hardly claim more specific notice in this place than may be supplied by a few random extracts.

According to tradition, Cromwell's bed-chamber was upon the ground-floor, and had in the time of Charles I. been used as a day-room,—the same room where it is said the King with some of his children was once standing at the open window when a gipsy woman solicited permission to tell the children's fortune. The King refused; whereupon she handed him a small mirror, in which with terror he beheld a severed head. To give the legend rotundity, she is further credited with a prophecy that when a dog should die in that room, the King's son would regain his throne,—all which came to pass,—the dog being Cromwell's favourite.

What is supposed to have been the King's own bed-room remained unoccupied and unfurnished during the time of Cromwell.

The Earl and Lady Fauconberg's bed-room had been stripped before the inventory was taken; but we are told that in one of their rooms, formerly occupied by the Duke of Richmond, the walls were hung about with old green perpetuano; and there were two black stools, three folding-stools, and one foot-stool covered with old green cloth. The Lady Frances Cromwell, widow of Mr. Rich, had "lodgings" formerly the late King's cabinet room. Then followed a list of the furniture, all which had belonged to Charles I. There were three rooms used by Lady Claypoole as nurseries; one was at the end of the passage leading to the tennis-court; a second was a portion of the Armoury, a room hung round with striped stuff; and the third was a room formerly occu-

pied by the "Bishop of Canterbury," which, from its furniture and hangings, must have been the largest and the best. This chamber contained one of the few looking-glasses remaining in the palace (four only occurring in the entire inventory,) and is described as "One large looking-glass in an ebony frame, with a string of silk and gold."

Colonel William Cromwell and John Howe the preacher had bed-rooms adjoining each other. Howe's room is "hung round in grey-striped stuff, and contains one standing bed, with feather-bed and bolster, two blankets and a rug. The furniture of the like striped stuff. One bed had a head-cloth and four curtains. Dr. Clarke lay not far from Mr. Howe, and in his room were one half-headed bedstead, one deal table, and a form. Colonel Philip Jones, the comptroller, occupied as a bed-room that which had formerly been the lord chamberlain's." The lodgings of all the personal attendants of the above are also fully described. "In a room below stairs, where the servants dine, formerly called the vestry," there are five tables and eight forms.

The gardens boasted of various sun-dials, a large fountain surmounted with a brass statue of Arethusa, and divers objects in marble. In the privy-garden there was a brass statue of Venus, ditto of Cleopatra, and marble statues of Adonis and Apollo. Of these, the Venus is the only one now remaining, which the modern palace guide calls Diana. George II. is credited with having removed the others to Windsor.

Hampton Court has been greatly altered since Cromwell's time. The Great Hall of course remains, in which were two organs, the larger one a gift from Cromwell's friend Dr. Goodwyn, president of Magdalen College, Oxford; but the traditions of this part of the building belong to Wolsey's entertainments and subsequent dramatic pageants, rather than to any scenes in the Puritan Protector's life. The Mantegna Gallery, with its vast pictures representing the triumphs of Julius Cæsar (purchased by Charles I.) it is reasonably thought must have often attracted his notice; though this is mere conjecture. But in respect of the Armoury, there is ground for thinking that the collection of specimens may have been in great part the result of his personal taste, for Andrew Marvell tells us that he delighted in bright armour.

"Here Edward VI. was born, and here his mother Jane Seymour died. Here Queen Mary and Philip of Spain spent their dull honey-moon, and here Queen Elizabeth held her Christmas festivities. Here James I. sat as Moderator,

and listened to the arguments of Presbyterians and Churchmen, and here Queen Anne his wife died in 1618. Here Charles I. and Queen Henrietta passed their honeymoon, and here Charles I. was kept a prisoner previous to his trial and execution. Here Mary Cromwell was married to Earl Fauconberg in 1657, and here in 1658 died little Oliver and his mother the Lady Elizabeth Claypoole; while almost at the same time Cromwell himself was seized with the illness which eventually terminated in his death.

The Thanksgiving-Day in 1654.

Oliver's scheme for amalgamating the republics of England and Holland might, in the then state of Europe, have had brilliant results in furtherance of his peculiar Protestant policy, in which also the possession of Dunkirk would have proved a concurrent factor of high value. There were few persons with whom apparently he more loved to converse than with the Dutch Envoy Beverning, who, more than any of his English Council, had an intelligent apprehension of the countless personal and provincial conflicts with which the north of Europe was torn and distracted. How would these two worthies have smiled at the fears which Charles II.'s advisers professed to entertain when they told him that Dunkirk was untenable. Even the Dutch by themselves, could they have outbidden France in 1662, would have retained the place to this day. But such a master-stroke as Oliver contemplated was not written in the book of fate; and we must be content with recording the sagacious policy which had to confine itself to a mere trade-concordat with his neighbours. It formed in fact the opening act of his foreign diplomacy; and we owe it to Raguenet's History of Cromwell (as a sort of set-off against its numerous absurdities), that his elaborate description and delineation of the medals struck in Holland on that occasion, testify to the value which the States set upon a good understanding with the English Protector. Not less pronounced was the English Protector's own appreciation of the event, as witness the following "Declaration, on the appointment of a day of thanksgiving for peace with the United Provinces of the Low Countries."

"Who can deny that this nation has been the recipient of blessings in which the arm of the Almighty has been signally manifest. Enquire of all the other nations, and without doubt each will testify that the Lord by his wonderful providences seems to say to England, Thou art my first-born and my delight among the peoples. And now He hath crowned

all His former benefits by giving us this peace with our neighbours of the United Provinces; not only thereby stopping the effusion of blood. but supplying new forces by which we may mutually defend one another. And as all this demands renewed acknowledgment, We have judged it proper to appoint the ensuing second of June to sing His praises and to record our thanks for the blessing of peace.

“Nor let us forget on this day His other recent mercy. The land which of late was so parched and arid as to threaten us with famine and to cause the beasts of the field to languish for want of pasture, has now been so watered with showers that it promises more abundant fertility than ever, wherein we may trace the operation of His mercy; first, causing us to lift up our hearts in prayer, and immediately after pouring down this salutary rain; that we may turn towards Him, and quit the sins which have hitherto had dominion over us. And our desire is that the faithful ministers who shall on that day speak to the people, will call these things to their remembrance. In expectation of which, we conclude with the words of the Psalmist in the 107th Psalm. “Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men,”—with the seven succeeding verses descriptive of the wilderness being turned into watersprings, &c. [*From a French copy.*]

While England and Holland were thus rejoicing for the peace, it was complained of by a writer from the Hague, that the two English preachers there, Mayden and Price, abstained from any reference to it in their sermons, but in their prayers maligned the Protector

The rain referred to in the above proclamation had been preceded by a national fast, and it was one of the stories of the hour that “a notorious obstinate cavalier,” who had business in the country, being asked why he was in such hot haste in calling for his horse and his boots, made answer, that whatever the present power prayed for, they had; and he was anxious to be off before the ways were too foul for travelling. *Cromwelliana*, 138.

Oliver's wound.

The proclamation offering a large reward for killing the Protector, issued in 1654 by Charles II. has been duly noticed by Carlyle. Though no adventurer ever laid claim to the glittering reward promised, there was a certain young gentleman who lived to taste the royal bounty in consideration of the inferior feat of wounding Oliver in battle. This

was Marcus Trevor Esq. who declared himself the author of the sword-thrust which drew his blood at Marston Moor; and Trevor's claim being allowed at the Restoration, he was (two years later) created Viscount Dungannon. At the Archaeological Meeting at Shrewsbury in 1855, a modern Viscount Dungannon displayed from Brynkinault the original patent, being a richly emblazoned document in which Richard St. George Ulster King of arms grants to the first Lord Dungannon a lion and a wolf as supporters, and recites that King Charles II. taking into consideration the faithful services of his beloved councillor Mark Trevor Esq. and particularly his valiant action at the battle of Marston Moor, where, after many high testimonies of his valour and magnanimity, he that day personally encountered that arch-rebel and tyrant Oliver Cromwell and wounded him with his sword, had created the said Mark Trevor Viscount Dungannon. Dated 20 Sep. 1662. See also the Pécages under the article *Downshire*.

The story of his being shot at by Miss Granville, on his passage into the City to dine with the Lord Mayor in 1654, has been discussed more than it merits. Raguenet, who was the first to print it, in his French History of the Protector, says that he derived it from the MS. of M. de Brosse, docteur de la faculté de Paris, an eye-witness of the event; which MS. he was ready to show to any one who desired it. According to our French authority, the young lady's lover, who was brother to the Duke of Buckingham, had fallen at the battle of St. Neot's by Cromwell's own hand. Hence her long-nursed revenge; and until the above opportunity presented itself, she practised pistol-shooting at a picture of Oliver. As the cavalcade passed her balcony on its way to the City, she discharged her weapon at something more substantial than his picture, but the shot took effect only on the horse of his son Henry Cromwell; whereupon she delivered herself in an appropriate tragic speech; and her attendants assuring those who were sent to arrest her that her mind had long been in a disordered state, the scene shifts to Grocers' Hall, where my Lord Mayor must have been verily guilty of thoughtless discourtesy if he failed to congratulate his Highness on his recent escape. On this point however the reporters are unaccountably silent, though otherwise the day's proceedings are graphically described in the *Perfect Diurnal* of Feb. 6 to 13.

Even that (so styled) amiable gentleman, Mr. Secretary Nicholas, saw no impropriety in the plan of assassination. "We have here seen," says he, writing to Lord Culpepper

from Bruges "a most excellent treatise entitled, *Killing no murder*, dedicated to Cromwell, shewing both Scripture and many reasons that it is not only lawful but even necessary to kill him, being an usurper and a tyrant who ought no more to have any law than a wolf or a fox; and I hear that Cromwell is no less fearful than Cain was after the murder of his brother Abel."

Fairfax's desertion.

One of the deep sorrows of the Protector's latter days was the alienation of former friends. His secretary Thurloe, who perhaps more than any other of those about him, could estimate its depressing effect, is frequently quite touching in his narratives to Henry Cromwell of "the great man's" trials. He could bear with comparative indifference the barking of Cornet Day and John Sympson, who, preaching, as it was called, no farther off than Allhallows church, assailed the Government as "the thieves and robbers of Whitehall." But when more creditable divines resisted his project for the admission of Jews into the country, and in a variety of ways checked his intelligent patriotism, Thurloe writes,—“I do assure you his Highness is put to exercise every day with the peevishness and wrath of some persons here. But the Lord enables him with comfort to bear the hard speeches and reproaches he is from day to day loaded with, and helps him to return good for evil, and goodwill for their hatred;—which certainly is the way to heap coals of fire on their head, to melt them and bring them into a better frame and temper.” And again shortly after,—“His Highness meets with his trials here at home, of all sorts; being under daily exercises from one hand or another. I wish he may not have occasion to say, My familiar friends in whom I trusted have lift up their heel against me. These things should make him and all his relations to depend the more upon God, and to take heed of all carnal confidences. Trials work patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. That hope will never make ashamed, but all hope in men will.”

Here is one of Carlyle's sketches. "Colonel Hutchinson, as his wife relates it, Hutchinson, his old battle-mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, much against his will,—Cromwell follows him to the door, in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style, begs that he would be reconciled to him, his old brother in arms; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers, dear to him from of old. The rigorous Hutchinson,

cased in his Presbyterian formula, sullenly goes his way."

Among trials of this nature, Fairfax's desertion must have especially encreased his sense of isolation and tested his magnanimity. Thomas Lord Fairfax, enriched by the forfeited spoils of the profligate Duke of Buckingham, had an only daughter, Mary, who though very unattractive in appearance, it was thought might be utilized to bring about a reconciliation with the royal exiles, and at the same time ensure the settlement of the newly acquired estates. The young lady's mother, who was a Vere, was probably the contriver of this precious scheme. Whether or not Buckingham had previously made overtures for the hand of Frances Cromwell, as commonly reported, must ever remain doubtful, but we may be quite sure that it was with no sort of reference to that transaction that Cromwell viewed the Fairfax intrigue with disgust and pity; for in this he did but share the sentiment of all the honest party. The marriage nevertheless was performed with great splendour at Nun-Appleton in Yorkshire, (in Sep. 1657, which was only a few weeks before that of Frances Cromwell with Lord Rich;) and Fairfax then posted off to London to have a talk with the Protector about it. Thurloe can best tell us what passed. In a letter to Henry he says,—“I suppose your lordship hath had a full account of the Duke of Buckingham's marrying the lord Fairfax's daughter. My Lord Fairfax was here this day, 27 Oct. with his Highness to desire favour in behalf of the Duke and his new wife, the Duke being now sought for to be committed to the Island of Jersey. His Highness dealt friendly with him, but yet plainly; and advised him to do that now which he should have done before, that is, to consult with his old friends who had gone along with him in all the wars, as to what was fit for him to do; and no longer listen to those who had brought him into this evil, but to regard them as enemies both to his honour and his interest. My Lord Fairfax laboured to justify himself as well as he could. He was willing to believe that the Duke was a better man than the world took him to be;—and so his Highness and he parted.” [abridged] And the parting appears to have been final, and the alienation complete. Those who watched the ex-General stalking from the presence-chamber, took notice that he cocked his hat and cast his cloak under his arm, in a style which he was wont to adopt when his wrath was roused. He lived to see verified the words of his brother in arms, that both honour and interest had been bartered for this specious alliance. A few years later, his promising son in law, in furtherance of an intrigue with the Countess of Shrewsbury,

slew that lady's husband in a duel; and father Fairfax outlived the event. As for his own dear daughter, nought but neglect and obloquy fell to her share as a matter of course.

"It is high time," observes a recent critic, "that the great and good Lord Fairfax, as Mr. Markham calls him, should be made to appear in his true contemptible light"; and he refers, among other authorities, to Fairfax's own "*Apologia*", which, it is averred, clears his memory from not a single blot. *Notes and Queries*, 24 Feb. 1877. Possibly true enough. But what, it may be asked, is the use of parading one defaulter when the entire population was in full march back to Egypt? Though otherwise the spectacle is not unsuggestive which presents to view one historic name after another dropping away from the once beloved "Cause" and hiding itself in ignominy, as if to leave the Cyclopean figure of the Puritan King unapproachable in its solitude.

A singular medal, known as the Cromwell and Fairfax medal, is preserved at Brussels, and was first published in England by Mr. Henfrey. The obverse bears a head of Cromwell wearing a sort of imperial crown. The head is double, and when reversed, represents that of a demon. In front of the faces is the word Cromwel. The surrounding Dutch legend (*Den een mens is den anderen siin duivel*) means "This one (Cromwell) is the evil genius of the other" (Fairfax). The reverse has a head, representing Fairfax in a Puritan hat, reversible in like manner and then displaying a fool's head with cap and bells; and opposite the faces the word Farfox. The circumscription in this case (*Deen sot is den anderen siin gek*) signifies, "This simpleton (Fairfax) is the other's (Cromwell's) fool or dupe." *Numismata Cromwelliana*.

Praise-God Barbone.

Large indeed is the amount of capital which satirists have made out of this quiet citizen's name, occurring as it does in Cromwell's first Parliament. To make the matter worse they tampered with his surname; and Barbone (which in its legitimate form points to some Lombardy ancestor, some importer of felts) became Barebones. Well, let it be granted that phrases taken from the Bible constituted the Christian names of the Ironsides, for historians and novelists from Hume down to Scott and Macaulay appear to cherish the fancy: but let it be remembered at the same time, that if Corporal *Hew Agag in pieces* fought in the Civil War, he must have been so christened by the clergy of James I.'s time;

though no one ever heard of him till he came to "push of pike" in 1642. But how stands the fact? Joseph Besse, in his history of the first forty years of Quakerism, chronicles about 17,280 sufferers. You may look up and down the weary columns of his index, and, with some very few exceptions, see among the men none but honest George, Henry, Thomas, and Co.—and among the women, simple Susan, Mary, or Elizabeth;—just such a list as modern times would furnish, with this exception, that in those days people were content with a single name, instead of the two, three, or more, which it is now the fashion to inflict on the children. The half-dozen which strike the eye as peculiar in Besse's List are *Temperance Hignell*, *Provided Southwick*, *Mercy Chase*, *Shunamite Pack*, and *Faith Sturges*;—and these are literally all that a pretty close scrutiny can detect in that long long list of martyrs for conscience sake. We do indeed find among them scattered instances of such classic or aristocratic names as Barbara, Cassandra, Honora, Lucretia, Lionel, Marquess, Maximilian, Peregrine, Polyxena, Reginald, Sebastian, and Ursula; but as for the ridiculous inventions fathered upon the age by the aforesaid satirists, they are simply moonshine. Had the thing really prevailed, it would not have escaped the notice of that keen observer Dr. John Earle (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury) the author of *Microcosmography*. In drawing his character of "A she precise hypocrite", he says, "She rails at other women by the names of Jezebel and Dalilah, and calls her own daughters Rebecca and Abigail; and not Anne, but Hannah". And this is the hardest thing that the microcosmocal doctor could find to say about the baptismal names of the nonconformists of 1640. Even when Sir John Danvers of Culworth named his three daughters Temperance Justice and Prudence, he was but adopting a practice in use to the present day; for do we not still rejoice in attributing all the virtues to the ladies? and does not the sisterhood still survive among us of Charity, Constance, Faith, Grace, Honour, Patience, Philadelphia, and the like?

But some odd names undoubtedly existed?—Granted.—And another thing also must be granted,—that if the whole tribe of them were ferreted out, they would occupy a marvellously small space. Here follow a few authentic cases—*Hate evil* Nutter, a New England elder, and a great persecutor of the Quakers in that colony.—*Gracious* Franklyn, the master of Heytesbury Hospital.—*Consolation* Fox, a captain in Fairfax's last army.—*Pious* Stone and *Manna* Reeve, two of Cromwell's early troopers, mentioned in the *Squire papers*.

—Sir *Faithful* Fortescue, a Parliamentary officer who proved very unfaithful at Edgehill.—*Accepted* Frewen, Archbishop of York, and his brother *Thankful* Frewen.—*Increase* Mather, a New England divine.—*Mirth* Waferer, clerk. *Lords' Journals*, iv. 250. *Live well* Chapman, a bookseller rebuked in the *Mercurius Auticus*, 9 Aug. 1660, for vending a book of fanatical anecdotes; And this name even then was looked upon as so unusual as to prompt the editorial remark, "possibly acquainted with *Praise God* Barebone." In the old Baptist chapel-yard of Southsea, is a monumental stone to the memory of *Repentance* wife of Thomas Smith. If the curiosity-monger thinks these are not sufficiently racy, he may reap a larger crop from Bunyan's allegories, or from Lacy's *Old Troop* and other comedies of Charles II's time. In real life he will hardly find them.

Oliver's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Here follows the mason's receipt of wages for exhuming the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, at the Restoration of Charles II, as copied by Dr. Cromwell Mortimer, secretary of the Royal Society.

"May the 4th day. 1661. Rec^d then in full of the worshipful Sergeant Norfolk, fiveteen shillings for taking up the corpes of Cromell and Ierton and Brasaw. Rec. by mee, John Lewis."

For a full account of the expulsion from the Abbey of these and sundry other of the buried heroes of the Commonwealth, the reader is referred to the classic pages of Dean Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. The following appear to have escaped the execution of the warrant;—Elizabeth Claypoole, the Earl of Essex, Grace wife of General Scott a regicide, General Worsley, and George Wilde lord chief baron of the Exchequer.

Over the breast of the Protector was found a copper plate double gilt, engraved on the one side with the arms of the Commonwealth impaling those of the deceased; and upon the reverse, this legend, "*Oliverius Protector Reipublicæ Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ. Natus 25^o Aprilis Anno 1599. Inauguratus 16^o Decembris 1653. Mortuus 3^o Septembris Anno 1658, hic situs est.*" This plate, together with the canister in which it was enclosed, was appropriated by Mr. Sergeant Norfolk of the Heralds College above mentioned, who at first imagined it to be gold. From him it descended, through his daughter Mrs. Hope Gifford of Colchester, into the hands of

the hon. George Hobart of Nocton in Lincolnshire; and from that family it has again passed into the possession of the present Earl of Ripon and De Grey.

For "the savage ceremonial", as Dean Stanley terms it, "which followed the Restoration", the Dean has himself made what atonement he could by placing a large prostrate tablet in the centre of the apse of Westminster Abbey, engraved as follows—

IN THIS VAULT WAS INTERRED

OLIVER CROMWELL. 1658

AND IN OR NEAR IT

HENRY IRETON. HIS SON IN LAW. 1651

ELIZABETH CROMWELL HIS MOTHER. 1654

JANE DESBOROUGH. HIS SISTER. 1656

ANNE FLEETWOOD.

ALSO OFFICERS OF HIS ARMY AND COUNCIL.

RICHARD DEANE. 1653

HUMPHREY MACKWORTH. 1654

SIR WILLIAM CONSTABLE. 1655

ROBERT BLAKE. ADMIRAL. 1657

DENNIS BOND. 1658

JOHN BRADSHAW. PRESIDENT OF
THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE. 1659

AND MARY BRADSHAW. HIS WIFE.

THESE WERE REMOVED IN 1661.

"Ubi nunc sapientis ossa Merlini?"

The bones of Oliver share the honour which has apparently been common to heroes of the first class, from Moses downwards,—that of becoming the subject of fierce debate and endless conjecture. Dryden said of him, "His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest", and perhaps Dryden for once was right. At any rate no attempt will be made in this place to marshall the rival claims, either of the aforesaid urn, or of the River Thames, or the field of Naseby, or the vault of the Claypooles at Northampton, or the crypt beneath Chiswick Church close to the residence of the Fauconbergs, or the Fauconbergs' home in Yorkshire, or lastly, of the storm-fiend who howled through the two nights or more preceding his death. But inasmuch as it is pleasant to meet with any corroboration of the filial devotion of Lady Mary Fauconberg, of which indeed there was never any reasonable doubt, but which the royalists have sometimes sought to tarnish, an exception will be briefly made in favour of the Newburgh tradition; as the one also which, more recently than others, has invited public attention. The following passage from an account of Sir George-Orby Wombwell's home-life at Newburgh is quoted from the *World* of 11 Sep. 1878.

"There is, however, a mightier memory than that of Laurence Sterne associated with Newburgh. In the long gallery is a glass case containing the saddle, holsters, bit, and bridle of the greatest prince who ever ruled in England. The saddle and holster cases are by no means of puritan simplicity, being of crimson velvet heavily embroidered in gold. The pistols are of portentous length and very thin in the barrel; and the bit is a cruel one, with the tremendous cheek-pieces common two centuries ago. Doubtless the Lord Protector liked [to keep] his horse like his Roundheads well in hand. Not quite opposite to these relics hangs the portrait of a lady clad in dark green and demureness. This serious-looking dame is Mary Cromwell, wife of the second Lord Fauconberg. It was she who with keen womanly instinct, sharpened yet more by filial affection, foresaw that, the Restoration once achieved, the men who had fled before Oliver at Naseby and Worcester would not allow his bones to rest in Westminster. At dead of night his corpse was removed from the vault in the Abbey, and that of some member of the undistinguished crowd substituted for it. In solemn secrecy the remains of him of whom it was said 'if not a king, he was a man whom it was good for kings to have among them' were conveyed to Newburgh where they

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credible, and every portion of its internal evidence is so far favourable as to make it impossible to gaze on the relic without deep emotion. The history of its transmission and of its present condition has been exhaustively treated by the late C. Donovan Esq. in two numbers of the *Phrenological Journal* for 1844. There is also,—“An account of the embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell at Shortlands Ho. in Kent, by Colonel Sir James Edward Alexander,” in the *Transactions of the Glasgow Archæological Society*, Vol. II. p. 35. The following scanty notice must suffice—

The upper half of the skull has been sawn off. This was for the purpose of embalming. The lower half being then filled with the spicy composition, long since concreted, it has come to pass that this portion of the head, including the lower jaw, and the pike passing through it all, is cemented into one mass,—a state of things which it has been asserted could not be predicated of any other known head; since the long exposure of thirty years would in ordinary cases have detached the lower jaw and destroyed the fleshy covering. And whereas the crown of the skull would be pushed off by the upward action of the pike, this difficulty was met by piercing the crown with a central hole, through which the pike then passed, and appeared above the skull. Phrenologically speaking, the head has no large or small organs, all being nearly alike well developed; consequently it is absolutely a large head; the circumference over the occipital bone and round the superciliary region being 22 inches; in life it would have been 23. The spot where the well-known wart over the right eye was placed, is indicated by a small cavity in the bone, the excrescence having dropped away. The ragged remains of hair, which is of a reddish chesnut, and which covers the jaw, corresponds with the account of his remaining unshaved during the anxious weeks passed at Lady Claypoole's bedside, and with the remark made by his relations when they saw the post-mortem plaster-cast, that his habitual practice had latterly been to preserve a clean chin. The elder Mr. Wilkinson, writing in 1827, says,—“This head has been in my possession nearly fifteen years. I have shewn it to hundreds of people, and only one gentleman ever brought forward an objection to any part of the evidence. He was an M.P. and a descendant by a collateral branch from O. C. He told me, in contradiction to my remark that chesnut hair never turned grey, that he had a lock of hair at his country house which was cut from the Protector's head on his death-bed, and had been carefully passed down through his family to his own possession, which lock of hair was

perfectly grey. He has since expressed his opinion that the long exposure was sufficient to change the colour." [In the *Dublin University Magazine*, April 1843, it is stated that a lock cut from Charles I's head, when washed, was of a bright brown colour, though it is known to have been of a grizzled black in life. The embalming materials probably wrought the same effect in both.] The ground on which the sculptor Flaxman pronounced in its favour was the squareness of the lower jaw, a marked speciality in the Cromwell family. Oliver Cromwell Esq. of Cheshunt, after comparing it with the mask taken after death, expressed himself satisfied; while Dr. Southgate Librarian of the British Museum, and Mr. Kirk the Medallist, reached the same conviction from their knowledge of the Oliverian coins and medals.

Oliver on the stage.

Shakspeare, a modern sentimentalist has declared, would have found but sorry material for his characters in the Puritan age. Let Shakspeare alone for the choice of his materials. One thing is certain :—he would not have fallen into the weakness common to all the English dramatists and novelists who have hitherto taken Oliver in hand,—that of making a fool of him. We should at least have had homogeneity, and not a being made up of discordant and irreconcilable elements. On the Continent he has been dramatized (with what success we cannot say) by Victor Hugo and Victor Séjour, and no doubt by various Germans. The earliest attempt in our own country must have been *Cromwell's Conspiracy*, a tragi-comedy by a person of quality, 1660. Since then he has been experimented upon by a large tribe of Lilliputians beginning with Green and ending no one knows where. Macready appeared as the son of the Protector in a play by Searle called *Master Charles*, in five acts. To the dramatic works of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is appended an Ode entitled *Oliver's Dream*, based on the popular tradition of a gigantic female figure drawing his bed-curtains aside when he was young, and predicting his final greatness. Then we have *The Rebellion*, a tragedy by T. Rawlings,—*Cromwell*, an historical play in five acts, by James Matthews Leigh, 1838, —*Oliver Cromwell*, an historical tragedy, by Alfred Bate Richards, dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, 1872. He figures largely in Scott's *Woodstock*, and other novels, generally as a coarse blustering hypocrite. Let us now view him in the character of a Caliban or something worse.

In Devonshire the common people seem to have been so well and fruitfully instructed in English history by their spiritual masters and pastors, that the Protestant Emperor came at last to be remembered only as the incarnation of everything that was revolting and hideous. Throughout the country generally it is no great wonder that the 29th of May, being the anniversary of Charles II's restoration, or oak-apple day as it was called, should have long been kept as a holiday; but the extraordinary form of revelry to which allusion is now made, survived in the town of Tiverton till far into the present age. An eye-witness of the scene, writing in the *Leisure Hour* for 1853, gives us a graphic description of what he there saw so recently as 1810, and the following (in an abbreviated form) is no doubt a truthful narrative.

In our boyhood, when the Peninsular war was raging, we chanced to reside in the neat and picturesque market-town of Tiverton on the banks of the Exe. In the year 1810 and of course for many generations previously, the 29th of May was as complete a holiday in this town as it could ever have been in any part of England since the first year of the Restoration. At early dawn the whole town was awakened by the furious clanging of church-bells; and instead of rising to pursue their usual occupations, they had to turn out and sally forth into the neighbouring fields and woods to procure branches of oak wherewith to decorate the fronts of their houses. Woe to the luckless or drowsy tradesman who by the usual hour of commencing business had not metamorphosed his shop-front into a green bower. Amid this leafy garniture King Charles was personated by stuffed dolls wearing tinsel crowns and sitting astride on the branches of the oak. Some of the townfolk went so far as to cover a portion of their oak-leaves with gold leaf; while gilt or silvered oak-apples glittered on the hat or in the button-hole of all who could afford them. In those times there was neither city nor rural police, the only peripatetic delegate of authority being the parish constable, and he, for reasons best known to himself, never ventured to put in an appearance on oak-apple day. The whole town, in short, was at the mercy of the mob; it was a day on which ruffianism was at a premium; the greatest ruffian being invariably selected from among a hundred or more candidates to enact the part of Oliver Cromwell. This historical person made his annual resurrection about eleven o'clock, by which time it was supposed that all necessary business had been transacted, and after this hour no female dared venture forth.

The apparition of Oliver was the signal for flight wherever he came. Imagine a brawny six-foot man, naked to the waist, his face begrimed all over with a mixture of lamp-black and oil, and surmounted with a huge wig dripping with grease. To his waist was attached a capacious bag containing several pounds of the mixture with which his own skin was anointed. This was Oliver Cromwell; and his mission was to catch hold of any and everybody that he could overtake, and by forcing their heads into his bag, declare them "free of his commonwealth,"—a privilege which was remitted only on condition of their coming down with a money ransom, the amount depending on the good will and pleasure of the savage who held them in his grasp. As a fleet and powerful fellow was invariably chosen to play Oliver, and as he was sure to become irritable after enduring for some time the assaults of the mob who pelted him and swilled him with water, it was necessary to take measures to prevent him from becoming, in the excitement of the chase, too indiscriminate in the bestowal of his favours. This was accomplished by tying round his waist a stout rope about fifty yards long, the end of which was in charge of his "Cabinet Council," consisting of half a dozen congenial spirits, who would moderate his pace or pull him up suddenly when in pursuit of unlawful game, such for instance as the parish doctor, or a magistrate whom curiosity might unwittingly have drawn within the realm of danger. That they were not very fastidious in these exceptional cases may be gathered from the fact that the writer once saw the clerical incumbent of the parish made captive. This was the Rev. Caleb Colton (the author of *Lacon*) who was of course well known to every individual in the town. The reverend gentleman suffered hideously from the grasp of the "Protector," and only escaped a dive into the grease-bag by the prompt payment of a guinea. Thus Oliver held undisputed possession of Tiverton until five o'clock in the afternoon, when his reign was at an end, and he was led off to retirement, and to count and enjoy the fruits of his labours.

This Tiverton frolic is in its details sufficiently suggestive of its origin. The object had in view by those who established the first greasy Oliver and set him running was to make prey of the real or supposed adherents of the deceased Protector. By identifying these with nonconformists of every shade of opinion, a double object was gained, and thus the whole affair was felt to be essentially a church-pastime, in full and fitting accordance with the policy which drove out of the Anglican establishment two thousand of its best ministers,

and which subjected the entire country for two decades to "the reign of the harlots." The memoirs of the late William Brock, Baptist minister, who came from that part of England, supply a narrative of personal annoyances to which his youth was subjected, sufficiently indicating that the old prejudice had lost little of its virulence far into the present century.

Cromwellian personal relics.

Of these, as may well be supposed, there is a large crop. In briefly cataloguing them, it will be best to begin with the heir-looms of the Cromwell family preserved in the custody either of Mrs. Bush of Duloe rectory (see page 45) or Mrs. Huddleston of Bishops-Teignton, or in the Prescott family of 13 Oxford Square, W. The portraits at Duloe are as follows.

1. John Thurloe, secretary to the Lord Protector, painted by Dobson.
2. General Stewart, uncle to the Protector.
3. Elizabeth, daughter of the Protector Richard.
4. Richard, fifth son of Major Henry Cromwell (see page 35.)
5. Sarah Gatton, wife of the above.
6. Eleanor Gatton, Mrs. Hynde, sister of the above.
7. Oliver, son of Richard Cromwell of Hampstead. (see page 38.)
8. Morgan Morse Esq. of page 41.
9. Mrs. Morgan Morse.
10. Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII. very fine, on panel, by Mabuse.
11. William III, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.
12. Artemidorus Cromwell Russell, of page 45;—father of Mrs. Bush.
13. Mr. Russell of Hereford, grandfather of the above.

The portraits at Bishops-Teignton are as follows—

1. Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector, by Walker.
2. Elizabeth Bouchier, wife of the above, by Sir Peter Lely.
3. Henry Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; by Christian Dusart.
4. Mary Cromwell, wife of Earl Fauconberg, by Michael Dahl, the Danish painter.
5. Frances Cromwell, Lady Russell, by John Riley.
6. Major Henry Cromwell, son of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by W. Wissing.

7. Hannah Hewling, wife of the above, by Winnig.
8. William Cromwell, of Kirby Street, fourth son of Major Henry Cromwell: by Jonathan Richardson.
9. Thomas Cromwell, seventh son of Major Henry Cromwell, by Richardson.

10. A family group, comprising Richard Cromwell, fifth son of the Major—Sarah Gordon, his wife with an infant son in her lap,—two daughters, Elizabeth in blue and Anna in red,—Mrs. Letitia Thornhill in yellow,—Mrs. Eleanor Grace in white,—the widow of Mr. Rob. Thornhill.—Mrs. Hinde making tea: painted by Richard Phillips.

11. Richard Cromwell, Protector: by Walker.
12. Oliver Cromwell, of Cheshunt, Esq. the last who bore the name; dying in 1821.
13. Elizabeth, second daughter of the Protector Oliver, wife of John Claypoole.

The following objects are in the custody of the Prescott family.

Oliver Cromwell's mask,—Henry Cromwell's helmet,—Long-Parliament hat, wide brimmed,—Spurs,—O. C.'s powder-flask,—Another helmet,—Seal of Lord-Lieut. of Ireland,—O. C.'s private seal,—Four pieces of padded armour,—Pedigree,—Pair of leather leggings,—O. C.'s stirrups,—Eight swords, one serpentine,—Mourning sword belonging to the last Oliver Cromwell Esq.—Dagger,—Henry Cromwell's bible and prayer-book,—Piece of the pear-tree planted by O. C. in the garden of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge,—Piece of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree,—Portrait of Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex,—Ditto, Henry VIII.,—O. C.'s father and mother,—Charles I., in needlework,—John Pym,—Richard Cromwell,—Do. in locket,—Lord and Lady Thomond,—Nicholas Skinner,—Hatchment carried at the Protector's funeral,—Small gilt edged diary,—Banner,—Oliva pacis,—Small cannon ball,—Medicine-chest,—Large Tuscan cabinet in ebony, of elaborate design, for perfumes; presented by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to his Highness, on the arrival of his portrait in Florence,—Small picture of Mary daughter of Nicholas Skinner, widow of Thomas Cromwell, who died in 1813, at the age of 104, see page 40.—Various Lives of the Protector and miscellaneous papers, in cabinet.

His Highness's coach appears from an entry in the *Commons' Journals* 28 May 1660, to have been transferred to the service and use of Charles II.; or that such at least was the design, though from a passage in the first vol. of *State Poems* p. 266, it seems to have eventually reached the hands of Lord Hollis. Mark Noble tells us (but this was a hundred years

ago) that a large barn built by Oliver at St. Ives still [1785] goes by his name; and the farmer renting the estate still marks his sheep with the identical marking-irons which Oliver used, having O. C. upon them. State-coach and marking-irons—Lord Hollis ought certainly to have secured both.

Respecting the articles which descended through Mary Cromwell, Mark Noble has the following,—“The present Earl of Fauconberg (1785) possesses some valuables which were the first nobleman’s of that title, and presented to him by his Highness, his lordship’s father in law. Amongst these are a sabre worn by Oliver at Naseby. His head is engraved upon the blade, with this inscription, ‘*Oliver Cromwell, General for the English Parliament, 1652*’—above it, *Soli Deo gloria*,—below it, *Fide, sed cui vide*. On the other side of the blade is the same head and inscription, and a man on horseback, with the words *Spes mea est Deo*, and *Vincere aut mori*.” A similar weapon is described in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1793 p. 209, belonging to some other party. This may suffice for the O. C. swords, which might fill an armoury. The horse-furniture at Newburgh has already been described at page 341. But the Fauconberg collection long included an object of still greater interest, which has now passed into the possession of the Earl of Chichester. This was Oliver’s pocket-bible, an edition printed for the assignees of Robert Barker in 1645, bound in four thin volumes for portability, and having Cromwell’s autograph at the beginning of vol. iii, thus, “O. C. el. 1645”, and the words “*Qui cessat esse melior cessat esse bonus*.” Each volume also contains “*Lord Fauconberg his book, 1677*.” Lastly must be mentioned Lady Mary’s knife fork and spoon in a chagrin case, which she derived from her father, and which she bequeathed to Miss Plaxton, from whom they passed to her descendant Mr. Tho. Beckwith of York, painter and F.A.S.

Mr. H. R. Field, formerly of the Mint, now, 1879, of Munster Lodge, Teddington, possesses the portrait of Elizabeth Bouchier the Protector’s mother, by some Dutch master,—a marble bust of the Protector,—several original letters,—various articles belonging to his medicine chest,—one of the brass breast ornaments worn on the belt of his troopers,—Gillray’s caricature representation of George III inspecting a miniature of Cromwell,—collection of drawings of many of the relics formerly at Brantingsay, but now held by the Prescott family.

At the thirty days’ sale, in 1806, of Sir Ashton Lever’s museum, lot 3901, consisting of Oliver’s helmet and gorget, a back and front, a left arm pouldron, and a buff doublet,

was bought by Mr. Bullock for five guineas. They were presented by a descendant of General Disbrowe to Mr. Busby, who gave them to Sir Ashton. Lot 3481, described as "a three-quarter bust in armour cut in white paper," and regarded as the work of his daughter Mrs. Bridget Fleetwood, is now in the United Service Institution, where also are divers other Cromwelliana—A clock, London-make, now in the Philadelphia Library, and regarded as the oldest clock in America, is called Oliver Cromwell's clock. His watch, delineated in a print in the *Gent. Mag. Dec.* 1808, is now in the British Museum. His oval brass snuff-box was minutely described in *Notes and Queries*, 29 Oct. 1864. At an Archæological meeting in York, Sep. 1846, another watch turned up, a repeater, maker's name Jaques Cartier; exhibited by Mr. F. H. Fawkes of Farnley Hall near Otley, together with the original matrix in silver of a seal for the approbation of parish ministers. Mark Noble believed himself to be the happy possessor of the Protector's steel tobacco-box. His boots, with many other articles, are shewn to visitors at the Chequers in Buckinghamshire; while a rival pair of boots formed part of Mr. Mayer's Museum at Liverpool, together with a cocoa-nut cup mounted in silver; and there is a silver shoe-buckle in the rooms of the Edinburgh Antiquaries. Mrs. Inigo Thomas of Ratten, the lady mentioned at page 150, had his brooch. Even his finger-ring was found in 1824 at Enderby near Leicester, having a pointedly cut diamond between rubies, and O. C. on each side of the rubies. Inside the ring were the words *For the Cause*. *Gent. Mag. July* 1824. Thomas Dickenson Hall Esq. of Whatton Manor, Co. Notts, has his silver drinking cup, with a cover. The numerous articles inherited by the Dickenson family were likely to be genuine, as they came through the Claypooles, see page 275. An aunt of Daines Barrington formerly rejoiced in the possession of an intricate lock, manufactured in Scotland, but attached to a chamber-door in Whitehall. Other possessors of relics are or were, Mr. Goodall of Dinton Hall, Ailesbury,—Sir Peter Dick of Sloane Street, Chelsea,—and the owner of the armoury in the chapel of Farley Castle the antient seat of the Hungerfords in Wiltshire. The above list, copious though it may appear, is far from being exhaustive, and a small space must still be claimed for objects more strictly belonging to the Protectress's department. It remains then to state that at a recent sale of porcelain belonging to Miss Wroughton of Wilcot near Devizes, one lot was styled Oliver's,—probably a set of Delft earthenware, which was popular in England from 1600 to 1660. And when about the same time the

antique furniture of Chavenage-house near Tetbury was sold by auction, amongst various Oliverian relics, his quilt in drap satin and needlework, trimmed with silk fringe, was sold for £3. A similar quilt of Ireton's fetched one guinea. Nor must an article belonging to Ireton's wife, Bridget Cromwell, be overlooked. This is a brass-mounted pair of bellows adorned with scroll-work and flowers encircling a portrait of her father,—exhibited by Mr. Burkitt at the Archæological meeting in 1845. Lastly, some culinary vessel, a kettle it is believed, is cherished by Sir Charles Reed of Hackney, derived through his wife from her father Edward Baines Esq. of Leeds.

Portraits of Cromwell.

This is a province which one may well tremble to invade. Inclusive of effigies in marble, metal, ivory, porcelain, plaster, and wood, it embraces the heroic, the grotesque, the mythological, the infernal, but never the celestial. We may say, in brief, that the mania for possessing some portraiture of the man of the hour culminated in Oliver's reign, and the epidemic ran through Europe. There is a gentleman resident in the Paragon at Hackney, Mr. De Kewer Williams, the pastor of an Independent church, whose Cromwellian museum in one respect at least may be presumed to be emphatically unique, for it included, when last catalogued, 233 different engraved portraits of him,—180 being English, 39 French, 7 Dutch, 6 German, 1 Italian; and by this time the collection is doubtless still further enriched. Other items in this gathering are portraits in oil (one apparently an original;) miniatures on various grounds and bas-relievos of every material, a statuette of considerable age, possibly contemporary, besides coins, medals, seals, silver lockets, a large ivory tankard, the carving around which represents the dissolution of the Long Parliament; all the best historical engravings in which Oliver takes part, inclusive of caricatures native and foreign; and lastly a book-case of characteristic device, containing a selection of rare works illustrative of his career, in various languages.

As any attempt to catalogue or to criticize the painted portraits of Oliver would be a Sisyphean task, a few random notations must suffice. It may be safely said that not one of them incarnates the moral majesty which captivated the eyes of Carrington, Andrew Marvell, and other appreciative observers. The reason is obvious; not one of the artists was equal to his subject. Symon in his two earliest medals makes

a near approach, and Cooper among miniature painters has surpassed all his fellows, and fortunately the plaster-cast taken immediately after death survives. The heads 1 and 6 in Plate I. of Henfrey's *Numismata Cromwelliana* convey, beyond all doubt, a truer representation of Cromwell in middle life than can be found elsewhere.

"How much of morality," observes Carlyle, "is in the kind of insight we get of anything; the eye seeing in all things what it brought with it the faculty of seeing! To the mean eye all things are trivial, as certainly as to the jaundiced they are yellow. Raphael, the painters tell us, is the best of all portrait-painters." *Hero-worship*. And was it not a dictum in which Northcote and Hazlitt concurred, that a painter can impart to the features of his sitter no more intellect than he possesses himself? By the like reasoning it may be inferred that, had the manual dexterity of a Carrington, a Marvell, or a Carlyle, been the faithful exponent of their moral sympathies, a standard would have been minted, which the very best of Mr. De Kewer Williams' three hundred specimens can but faintly shadow forth.

In the execution of his picture of the Dissolution of the Long Parliament, Benjamin West was anxious to examine a miniature of great repute, then belonging to an antient lady, a member of the Russell family. "Lord Russell" is described as the mediating channel through whom permission to inspect was, after much difficulty, obtained. But permission was only one step in advance. Sundry preliminaries had to be observed, for which the painter was hardly prepared. The box containing the miniature lay at the lady's banking-house; and whenever it was brought to her own home, the servants were all put into livery as for a State-reception, and visitors were required to appear in Court-dress. Benjamin West's Quaker prejudices revolted against the sword and other paraphernalia belonging to that costume; but deeming it best to waive his objections for the nonce, he was duly ushered along with others into the lady's bedroom, where she appeared propped up with pillows and dressed with plumes and jewels. The box was now opened, and Mr. West had at last the satisfaction of holding the Protector's miniature in his hand. A glance sufficed to verify the report of its excellence. He had never before seen, he said, so expressive a likeness of "Cromwell." At the word Cromwell the old lady's eager hand had plucked the jewel from his profane grasp and replaced it in its casket. With an agitated voice she declared that Mr. West could not again be permitted to handle it. "You must know," she added, "that in my presence he is

never spoken of but as my Lord Protector." Lord Russell here interposed, and after suitable apologies and explanations obtained for Mr. West the privilege of another long inspection, in the course of which the courtly painter found sundry opportunities for magnifying the name and virtues of our Lord Protector. After the lady's death, he made another effort to see it, through her executors; but all the information he could get was that when the box was recovered from the bankers, the picture was absent and was supposed to have gone abroad. Thus it seemed hopelessly lost, but Mr. West was of opinion that the beauty of its execution would ensure its restoration to the light. *Notes and Queries*, 15th July 1865. Possibly its subsequent history may be read in a statement occurring in a letter to the present writer, written in 1848 by the late Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, to the effect, that the best portrait of Oliver he had ever seen was "a miniature in the hands of Sir Augustus Foster, who had purchased it at Turin. It was by Cooper, and had belonged to some of Oliver's descendants." As to the lady herself, who paid such affectionate homage to his memory, she may be conjecturally identified with one of the two members of the Russell family who successively filled the office of bed-chamber woman to the Princess Amelia—page 107.

The portrait (life size) in Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, was probably the last taken from life, for it represents him worn and faded, from the fatigues of office and in-door life. It was presented to the College in 1766, by Thomas Hollis the antiquary, who accompanied the gift with two unsigned letters, as follows.

"To the Master and Fellows of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

An Englishman, an assertor of liberty, citizen of the world, is desirous of having the honour to present an original portrait in crayons of the head of O. Cromwell, Protector, drawn by Cooper, to Sidney Sussex College in Cambridge. London, Jan. 15, 1766.

I freely declare it, I am for old Noll;
Though his government did a tyrant's resemble;
He made England great, and her enemies tremble.

It is requested that the portrait should be placed so as to receive the light from left to right, and be free from sun-

shine. Also that the favour of a line may be written on the arrival of it, directed to Pierce Delver, at Mr. Shore's, book-binder in Maiden Lane, Covent-garden, London."

Second Letter.—"A small case was sent yesterday by the Cambridge waggon from the Green Dragon, Bishopsgate Street, directed to Dr. Elliston, Master of Sidney Sussex College Cambridge, free of carriage. It contains a portrait which the Master and Fellows of that College are requested to accept. London, Jan. 18, 1766."

How and when the donor's real name was discovered is uncertain; but the letters were so characteristic that it could not long remain a secret. Thomas Hollis died in 1774, but we learn from his *Memoirs* that it was known in 1780. *Notes and Queries*, 24 Feb. 1872.

Sculpture—"And then the honour? Alas, yes;—but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of yours; may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue? than say, There it is." *Hero-worship*.

In the year 1845 the question, Shall Cromwell have a statue? was much debated in *the Times* and other daily papers,—quite a formidable crop of letters arriving from all parts of the kingdom, written by opponents as well as by favourers of the proposition, but all evidencing the deep interest which lies smouldering in the heart of Englishmen, ever prompt to kindle into a flash at the mention of his name.

A marble bust was executed some few years back by Matthew Noble—commissioned by Thomas Bazley Potter of Manchester, who was anxious to present it to the Reform Club.

For some weeks in [1872?] the plaster-cast of a colossal statue of Oliver stood opposite the Houses of Parliament. The head was good, but the dress was faulty in every particular; arising from the desire, so common among sculptors, to subordinate the generic outlines of costume to muscular expression,—a fatal error when imported into that picturesque age of stiff buff-jerkins, slashed doublets, and capacious boots. The statues of French heroes of the same period at Paris and Versailles are systematically free from this affectation.

National Flags.

Mr. Henfrey observes, writing in 1875, that there seems to be only one example of a Commonwealth flag now in existence in this country. It was the standard hoisted during that period on the flagstaff at Chatham dock-yard, and it is

still preserved at the private house of the Captain-Superintendent of the dock-yard, Captain Charles Fellowes, C.B. It is there deposited in a curious chest of carved cypress, taken by Sir George Rooke out of a Spanish galleon in Vigo Bay in 1704, and which was used for holding colours. The following notice of it occurs in the *Kentish Gazette*, 11 January, 1822.

"Cromwell's Standard.—When his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester visited the dock-yard at Chatham a few days since, he was shown Cromwell's Standard, supposed to be the only one remaining in the kingdom. Its antient simplicity and good preservation excited the attention of his Royal Highness. When his late Majesty visited the yard in 1781, it was shewn to him, and he expressed a desire that particular care might be taken of it. The flag is red, twenty one feet by fifteen; having on it St. George's Cross, red on a white field; and the Irish harp, yellow on a blue field, the shield surrounded by branches of palm and laurel."

Respecting which memorandum, Mr. Henfrey further observes that the writer errs in calling it Cromwell's Standard, since it carries the arms of the Commonwealth of England and Ireland only, which differ considerably from the bearings of the Protectorate. On the 18 May 1658 an order of Oliver's Council directed,—“That the Standard for the General of his Highness's fleet be altered, and do bear the arms of England Scotland and Ireland, with his Highness's escutcheon of pretence according to the impression of the great seal of England,—and that the jack-flags for the flag-officers of the fleet and for the general ships of war of his Highness be the arms of England and Scotland united, according to the antient form, with the addition of the harp, according to the model now shewn;—and that the Commissioners of the Admiralty and Navy do take order that the Standard and jack-flags be prepared accordingly.” The Standard thus determined on, bore quarterly, first and fourth, *argent*,—the cross of St. George, *gules*, for England; second, *azure*, a saltire, *argent*, being St. Andrew's cross for Scotland;—third, *azure*, a harp, *or*, stringed, *argent*, for Ireland. On an escutcheon of pretence, in the centre were the paternal arms of Cromwell, *sable*, a lion rampant, *argent*.

The National Ensign was in all probability down to 1658 the flag of St. George introduced by the Commonwealth in 1649; but by the order above quoted we learn that the old union jack bearing the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew was revived, with the singular alteration of placing the Irish harp “over the centre” (as Mr. Henfrey

supposes) of the flag. This altered union-jack was of course disused upon the restoration of Charles II, nor was Ireland again represented in the union flag until the reign of George III, when the cross of St. Patrick was added to the jack on the union with Ireland, 1 January, 1801. During the short period between the resignation of the Protector Richard and the return of the King, the Standard was probably that of the Protectorate with the Cromwell escutcheon omitted. The ensign was perhaps the union jack as altered in 1658. *From a paper by H. W. Henfrey on the Commonwealth flags.* In the matter of colours, costumes, and badges, worn by the several companies of the fighting armies, in the early stages of the war, much information is supplied in the life of Admiral Deane by his descendant John Bathurst Deane.

Numismata Cromwelliana, or the medallie history of Oliver Cromwell, illustrated by his coins, medals, and seals. Dedicated by permission to the Marquis of Ripon, "the eminent statesman, the patron of archæology and art, and a descendant of the Cromwell family." By William Henry Henfrey, author of *A Guide to English Coins*, Member of the Numismatic and other learned Societies. 4to. 1877. This fascinating volume is an exhaustive treatise on a department of our history, concerning which, notwithstanding the extant account of Simon's works, little before was known. With a copious history of minting operations during the period in question, it supplies also the biographies of the artists engaged, and is rich not only in scientific data but in contemporary anecdote. The pictorial delineations, which are of extraordinary beauty, being the product of the Autotype company, include all the English specimens, and also foreign imitations and Dutch satirical pieces. In presence of so finished a work of art, it would be an impertinence to treat its details in a touch-and-go style. Beyond therefore a notice of the Dunbar medal, but little further attempt will be made to rifle its contents.

Oliver's numismatic history commences with the victory of Dunbar, 3 Sept. 1650. Two days after the news of that event reached the House, a resolution was passed for a general distribution of memorial pieces to the army; and constitutes the first instance in English history of the same medal being granted to officers and men alike, as is our present practice. Nor was it ever done again till the battle of Waterloo in 1815, when a distribution of silver medals was in like manner made to every man present at the action. Relics of this kind in commemoration of great men and great events have of course been common time out of mind, but in the whole

space of our own history preceding the battle of Waterloo, the Commonwealth of the Dunbar era stands alone in the gift of this form of decoration to every man of every grade in the army.

It was proposed that the Dunbar medal should exhibit on the one side a view of the Parliament sitting, and on the other an effigy of the victorious general, backed by a distant view of the army, and superscribed "THE LORD OF HOSTS," which had been the battle-cry on the occasion; and Thomas Simon the renowned medallist was sent down to Scotland, to convey to him the wishes of the House, and to make the necessary studies for the bust. Oliver expressed his cordial approval of the design, except that he wished his own portrait to be left out; but as this would not be listened to, Simon went back to London furnished with those materials which have issued in that representation of the General in middle life which we instinctively feel to be the true one; well executed in the Dunbar medals, but still better expressed in the Inauguration medal. Both are represented in Plate I. of the autotypes in Mr. Henfrey's work.

In executing the reverse for the smaller of the Dunbar medals, namely the view of the Parliament sitting, Simon used up a die which he had formerly engraved for the Meruisti medal. This was a medal which had been ordered in 1649 to decorate several sea captains who had done good service to the Commonwealth; and it had on the obverse the Commonwealth arms in the form of the English and Irish shields suspended from an anchor, and the word MERUISTI. These, with their gold chains, were ready for delivery in 1653, and Cromwell having in the meanwhile become Protector, he had the pleasure of personally presenting them to Generals Blake and Monke, to Vice-Admiral Penn, Rear-Admiral Lawson, and others.

Of the Cromwellian coinage generally, Mr. Henfrey, after reciting the eulogies of various numismatic authorities, concludes with those of B. Nightingale and R. Stuart Poole, the latter being the Keeper of the Coins in the British Museum. Says Mr. Nightingale,—“They have always been considered the most truthful, graceful, and highly finished specimens of modern medallic art. Indeed they have never been surpassed by any productions of the English Mint. Perhaps we might say they have never been equalled.” Mr. Poole says,—“The great Protector's coins, designed by Simon the chief of English medallists, are unequalled in our whole series for the vigour of the portrait, a worthy presentment of the head of Cromwell, and the beauty and fitness of every portion of the work.”

But beautiful as the Protector's money was, it had but a very limited circulation. As he died within a few months after the great coinage of 1658, the specimens then afloat would very naturally be hoarded as memorials of him and as curiosities. Samuel Pepys tells us that even so early as 1662 Cromwell's pieces were prized and bought up by connoisseurs. From the circumstance that no specific mention is made of them in Charles II's proclamation calling in the Commonwealth money, it has even been argued that they were never in public circulation. This, Mr. Henfrey does not admit, and thinks, with Sir Henry Ellis, that it must have been deemed quite unnecessary to prohibit in a proclamation the currency of coins which had virtually gone out of sight.

Oliver's seal on the death-warrant of the King differs from that which he commonly used, inasmuch as the demi-lion holds a fleur-de-lys instead of a javelin or ring. The same seal follows Harrison's name. Perhaps he was without a seal at the time, and Cromwell standing by, lent him his. The published fac similes of the warrant do not correctly represent this seal.

Oliver's Drummer boy Horrocks.

The Manchester Guardian in 1843 published the narrative of a visit to James Horrocks then living in the neighbourhood, at the age of a hundred and twenty years more or less. The fact which principally gave interest to his history was that his father had been a drummer in Oliver's army. Now, as these officials are sometimes enlisted at a very tender age, it may be fair to suppose Mr. Horrocks senior to have been about fifteen years old at the time of the Protector's death. This will give 1643 as the year of his birth, and eighty years as his age when he became the father of James Horrocks. To pave the way for a visit to the old gentleman (which however was not put in execution) a letter was sent by the present writer to the Editor of the Manchester paper, and the following reply was received from the "Guardian Office, 1 Sep. 1843—Sir. In reply to yours of the 30th ult. I can assure you that the facts relative to James Horrocks may be depended upon; having been collected by our own local correspondent from the old man himself only a few days before the account appeared in the *Guardian*, when the patriarch was in precisely the state described. Yours truly. J. HARLAND."

Horrocks having long lived on his own estate of Hill-end, preferred in his closing days to share the shelter of his daughter Mrs. Haslam's roof at The Nook in Harwood, three

miles from Bolton. At this time his principal infirmity was partial loss of sight; in other respects he retained considerable vivacity. A visitor once remarking, "Mr. Horrocks, you must have been tall as a young man", he started from his chair, and planting himself by the side of a six-foot man, replied, "Not much shortened yet."

Of other late survivors among Oliver's veterans may be mentioned, first, Alexander McCulloch, residing near Aberdeen at the time of his death in 1757 aged one hundred and thirty two years.—Second, Colonel Thomas Winslow of Tipperary, who accompanied Oliver in the famous expedition to Ireland in 1649. His death occurred in 1766 when he had reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty six. And thirdly, we may apparently add the name of William Hiseland (or more probably Hazeland) a native of Wiltshire, who died in 1732 aged one hundred and twelve. He was twenty two when he fought for the Parliament at Edgehill; after which he bore his part all through the Civil wars, was in William of Orange's army in Ireland, and closed his services under the Duke of Marlborough; having borne arms for eighty years. He outlived his two first wives, and married his third at the age of a hundred and ten. In addition to his college pension, the Duke of Richmond and Sir Robert Walpole solaced his later years with the further allowance of a crown a week. His tomb at Chelsea Hospital bears the following inscription.

Here rests WILLIAM HISELAND,
A veteran if ever soldier was.
Who merited well a pension,
If long service be a merit :
Having served upwards of the days of man.
Antient, but not superannuated.
Engaged in a series of wars
Civil as well as foreign ;
Yet not maimed or worn out by either.
His complexion was florid and fresh,
His health hale and hearty,
His memory exact and ready ;
In stature he excelled the military size,
In strength surpassed the prime of youth.
And what made his age still more patriarchal,
When above one hundred years old,
He took unto him a wife.
Read, fellow Soldiers, and reflect
That there is a spiritual warfare
As well as a warfare temporal.
Born 6 August 1620 } Aged 112
Died 7 February 1732 }

John Phillips who died at Thorn near Leeds in 1742 at the

age of a hundred and seventeen, could relate that when he was constable of his parish in 1653, being the first year of the Protectorate, and his own age at that time being twenty eight years, he punished two of the Cromwellian soldiers for disorderly conduct, by clapping them in the town-stocks [at Leeds?];—Cromwell, when he heard of it, merely expressing the wish that every one of his own men had but half John Phillips' courage. The old man retained his teeth, his sight, and his hearing, to the last, and was able to get about till within a few days of his death.

Does the following name point to any family alliance with the Protectoral house? Colonel Cromwell Massey, who early entered into the East India Company's service, fought his way through many perils. In 1780, at Perinbancum, he, together with Sir David Baird and two hundred officers, was taken prisoner by Hyder Ali and confined in dungeons at Seringapatam till the tyrant's death. His captivity lasted three years and nine months. He retired in 1800 and died at St. Lawrence, Ramsgate, 8 September 1845, aged one hundred and three years. Let the above cases of longevity be accepted subject to all the modern doubts expressed in *Notes and Queries* or elsewhere. No attempt to certify will here be made.

Panegyrics.

It would be a long task to recount all the complimentary tributes in Latin and English verse which the genius of Oliver evoked. The collection known as the "*Musarum Oroniensium ELAIOFORIA*" is the memorial of the general joy which greeted his Peace with the Dutch; and if to these we add the poems occasioned by his death, the authorship is seen to embrace some of the most illustrious names of the age. But above them all, as elaborate and affectionate testimonies, must be classed the panegyrics of John Milton and Andrew Marvell, Milton's contributions including not only those which bear his name, but also, by general belief, the florid address presented in 1654 by the Portuguese ambassador Don Juan Roderick de Saa Meneses, written in latin, and said at the time to be the composition of the ambassador's chaplain a learned jesuit. If the writer of this latter essay had not known every word of it to be true, its praises might almost be pronounced fulsome. There is a sketch in it of the General's treatment of his men in time of war which is evidently founded on something better than mere

hearsay, and accounts for the devotion which the army felt towards him. We must make room for a portion of it—

“No General was ever more tender of his soldiers. You loved them abroad in the battle, and at home in their quarters as your own children. You watched carefully against all their inconveniences, enquired into their necessities, anticipated their demands and forestalled their discontents. A man under you might be displeased, but certainly he could not complain. Did a soldier lie before you wounded with a random shot? You leaped from your horse, ran up to him, and took a part of his grief to yourself. If he wanted a bed, you spread under him your own cloak, which, for the affection it was done with, felt softer than down. To another you offered your arms, and laid him folded in them to your breast, and out of your inborn love more nobly animated him with the throbbings of your heart. You pushed not your horse with greater force to the destruction of an enemy, than you checked and pulled him back to preserve your own soldier. In the battle you inured your hand to slaughter,—in the camp, to preserve life. You judged no man to be your enemy longer than he exercised both hatred and arms against you. While he retained that attitude and refused to surrender, you drove, you bore him down ;—when he was fallen and overcome, you raised and cherished him.”

After summoning in review, for the Lord General's emulation the respective virtues of a long list of antient heroes, the writer then concludes,—“To sum up all, inspect yourself. You alone are sufficient to express the virtues of them all. Comport yourself as you have hitherto done ; for you are he, who unless you deviate from yourself, cannot be a bad man ; —if you imitate yourself, cannot but be the best.”

Lastly, to give Andrew Marvell a turn, who was but an indifferent poet, we forgive the halting rhymes which were made the vehicle of so sincere a homage. Well has he pictured the mingled awe and affection with which the appearance of the great man was watched for every morning by the members of his household, as he came forth from domestic privacy to shed the aroma of holy peace through the palace and awaken among his co-workers the necessary fortitude for another day's toil. Andrew, as he sat writing Latin dispatches from Milton's dictation, was a close observer of the family life. He was particularly struck with the wholeheartedness of the man, how he passed with equanimity from the council-chamber to some conclave of prayer or praise ;

“Whose meanest acts he would himself advance,
As ungirt David to the ark did dance.”

He gives us to perceive that among the Protector's daughters it was Frances (herself lately become a widow) who watched his declining days and endeavoured by song to lull his cares to sleep. Lastly, he looks upon the hero sleeping in death, and thus he sings.

I saw him dead. A leaden slumber lies
And mortal sleep over those wakeful eyes.
Those gentle rays under the lid were fled,
Through which his looks that piercing sweetness shed.
That port which so majestic was and strong,
Loose and deprived of vigour stretched along,
All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan.
How much another thing.—No more that man!

The Tryers.

Oliver Cromwell was a man of prayer. To his honest apprehension the hand of Providence was throughout his career as distinct and palpable as the sun in the heavens. To retain the benefit of this sure defence, it followed that the only possible course open to him was that of childlike obedience. Along this path he moved with the serene confidence only known to the sons of faith, and the power of (what men call) his genius, was born of the innocence of his heart. Personal supremacy was valuable only as it furnished the means for carrying out those maxims of religious liberty, civil order, and Protestant ascendancy in Europe, which he often told his brother-sovereigns abroad were the terms of his divine commission. In Rome he discerned the chief enemy to the liberties, the prosperity, and the piety of mankind; and in nations devoted to her sway, the strongholds of tyranny and vice. In face of such a state of things, he was not called upon when smitten on the one cheek to offer the other also. That might be a personal duty. Possibly it might not be a national duty. Nationality was an element not of his creation, but it was a factor which went for a great deal in the history of human progress, and he found himself by the will of Heaven in possession of a national sword. Without adopting the fiction of a christian nation, he had to ask himself the question why that sword was placed in his hand as a Protestant potentate in the then state of Europe? His answer to that question was, as we know, a systematic plan of aggression against papal influences abroad. By parity of reasoning it appeared to him just and right to exercise the same law of force at home; and he exercised it so far as to meet and ratify the

universal craving for an outward and visible profession of Christianity, but combining therewith absolute toleration for all doctrines that were not opposed to the Nation's peace. To him, as to Milton, the attainment of those ends was a more important object than the symmetry of the machinery. The respective views of the two men in matters ecclesiastic may or may not have coalesced in some executive details, but Milton had the good sense not to stand in arrest of the Protector's decision under the circumstances of the hour. Milton was born to be a theologian; Cromwell was born to be a governor. Milton's views of church-organization were manly, apostolic, and evangelical; and when looked at from the private christian's stand-point, they were all-sufficient. But Cromwell had to look at the matter from the ruler's stand-point, and this was a very different affair. He had to sweep a politico-ecclesiastic horizon which was charged with thunder-clouds, an horizon of far wider reach than that of Milton's model church which only asked to be guided back into apostolic order.

The period between the battle of Worcester and the dissolution of the Long Parliament was greatly occupied by national discussions on what was called "the propagation of the gospel", a term embracing the whole question of the alliance of church and state, the selection of pastors, and the maintenance of the old system of tithes *versus* a declaration of absolute voluntarism. Committees were sitting, books printed, petitions presented, proposals entertained,—in all which Cromwell was a patient worker and watcher; and we must therefore conclude that when he reached the conviction that England was not yet ready for the experimental adoption of Milton's theories, he had weighed the matter with all the powers he possessed.

Now, it has often been stated that his resolution to maintain the parochial clergy by force and arms was the one point in which he thoroughly disappointed John Milton and his brother voluntaries. It may be so. Perhaps he much more disappointed himself. But before surveying the difficulties of his position, let us clear the ground by first disposing of Richard Baxter's objections. It was the recorded opinion of this divine that Cromwell systematically prepared the public mind for his own personal exaltation by first stimulating the religious extravagances of the hour in order that himself might be welcomed as the patron and restorer of order; and that having attained his end, he trusted thenceforward to the policy of doing good, for his continued security,—“that the people might love him, or at least be willing to have his

government, for that good". So then we are to understand it was all in furtherance of his own interest. Any solution will satisfy Baxter rather than admit that the Protector adopted the course which he deemed most righteous for righteousness' sake. But to those of us who believe that Cromwell possessed what the Scriptures term "a single eye", the crooked policy here attributed to him is altogether inadmissible. To a dignitary like Baxter who caused Quakers to be put in the stocks at Kidderminster, and to other ministers who shared his sentiments of clerical domination, the Protector's decision, one would think, might have been sufficiently palatable, let the motive be what it might. It was the amount of toleration which went along with it which the Presbyterian champion so resented. No man loved better than he did the order and power implied in the phrase "church and state", and liberty of conscience consequently took in his estimation the place of rank heresy,—liberty of the lay-conscience, that is to say; for ministers were the only true guides of opinion. "If", says he, referring to the early stages of the struggle, "there had been a competent number of ministers, each doing his part, the whole plot of the furious party might have been broken, and king, parliament, and religion preserved". By the furious party here are meant the anabaptist soldiers who in the days of his army-chaplaincy had so often outraged his official dignity by controverting his dogmas of church polity, and laughing at his baptism of infants.

But leaving Baxter to learn in his after schools of tribulation the lesson of mutual forbearance, we may now look at some other of Oliver's difficulties, and in so doing, take an introductory glance at the actual state of English churches. They comprehended then, to begin with, the entire population. Every one who had been made a christian by baptism could claim a legal right to, so called, church-privileges; by which fiction it came to pass that church discipline was, as it always must be under the circumstances, a farce. When Peter Ince, one of the conscientious pastors of South-Wilts, ventured to restrict communion by instituting a character-test, all the parish rose in arms. The church was theirs, not his. Still more dire must have been the confusion and clash of tongues when the incumbent happened, as was sometimes the case, to be a baptist. Such was the nature of parochial church life which Cromwell had to deal withal, a system wrought for ages past into the very fabric of society, one which he had no hand in initiating, and which he certainly had no power to arrest. Church-discipline then must for the present be

regarded as unattainable, even if it had ever been possible to bring it within the reach of an ecclesiastical police,—and congregations must be treated not as christians, but as citizens. Cromwell knew as well as any one that churches of the primitive age had their organization in their own hands, but he also knew that as soon as they learned to look to earthly authority in support or recognition of their spiritual status, from that moment they became merged in surrounding influences. Their spiritual status was quenched in their citizenship, and forthwith became, if not a myth, at least an undefinable quantity outside of the legislator's notice. Milton with the daring of youth had once said, "a commonwealth ought to be but as one huge christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man." The aspiration was poetic, it was even prophetic and biblical, but as yet it was far enough out of sight in England; and when he and Cromwell found at last an opportunity of giving to their endeavours a practical shape, the reform had to drop down to the regulation of parish churches; and how to exalt and purify even these by legislative action, it was felt could only be a very superficial affair.

But in addition to them, the legislator had also to recognize the existence of other gatherings of christian men. From the days of Constantine downwards, catholic unity had forcibly preserved the peace in this respect; but protestantism is the nurse of sects, and as England and Scotland were protestant, so the sects abounded. They could not be obliterated. Nay, putting aside the bitterness of rivalry kept alive in them by the action of paid teachers, they are a healthy symptom of life. In any case then let them enjoy a common share of that protection which is their undoubted right as citizens though not as spiritual persons. Even Milton could not withhold this amount of governmental support.

By this principle therefore Cromwell appears to have guided his course. The various religious parties were given to understand that they had perfect liberty to think and let think. He attempted neither to define nor to defend the theological position of any one of the belligerents, but he was resolved if possible to keep them one and all from cutting each others' throats. How this amicable neutrality could be secured when the beneficed clergy retained the power of summoning the civil sword in defence of their tithes, could never have been very clear. Apparently there was at present no mode of escape out of the dilemma; but so far as the circumstances of the case permitted, he became what has been termed "a despot for freedom of conscience" paradoxical as it may

sound. Could a succession of Cromwells be counted on, the system of compromise thus put into action might possibly retain some healthy efficiency, and the religious freedom which he secured in spite of the parochial clergy, be indefinitely perpetuated. Still it was but a compromise, a temporary expedient adopted in hope of something better turning up; and so far as his own conscience was concerned in the matter, it is satisfactory to know from his repeated declarations that he believed he had pursued the right course.

Was there any other prominent object to be considered? Yes, there was the selection and payment of ministers. Here also, if legislation would but consent to sit still and ignore the existence of christianism, Milton's conclusions were irresistible. And as England then was, another conclusion also was irresistible,—every parish would become in succession the seat of civil war. Those who are familiar with the schedules of estates called “particulars,” which the royalists had to furnish when they compounded for their “delinquency,” will have observed how frequently the rural rectories were in the hands of laymen, who, while they kept the tithes to themselves and maintained the fabric of the church in repair or disrepair as the case might be, met the ecclesiastical wants of the people by paying a small stipend of from forty to seventy pounds to some curate or vicarius, who was very much at their mercy. And as were the royalist landowners, so were all other landowners. Now, let it be conceived for a moment what would have been the result of tearing up such a system as this in countless parishes where there could be no possible agreement in doctrinal matters, and consequently no concord in the choice of a pastor,—at a time too when the Quakers were perambulating every village in the realm and sowing broadcast the seeds of ecclesiastical revolt. Was it not better to allow the right of presentation to remain for the present with the landowners or other patrons, and qualify the evil by subjecting the nominees to the strait-gate of examination? So Oliver appears to have reasoned.

And this brings us at last in sight of the county courts of arbitrators, called Tryers or expurgators, and by the episcopal party “*basanistai*” or tormentors,—selected from professors of different protestant creeds, lay and clerical, and appointed to pronounce on the fitness or otherwise of candidates for incumbences. They were not altogether a new institution,—Acts for the ejection of scandalous and insufficient divines having been on the statute-books ever since the time of James I. See the *Commons' Journals* as far back as 22 June 1604, but under the Commonwealth the system was brought

into more rigorous practice. This was what Professor David Masson in his *Life of John Milton* so repeatedly terms "Cromwell's State-Church," but which after all means no more than this, that he met the helpless cry for a paid pastorate by furnishing the best article within his reach; and in furtherance of this object it must be admitted that his supervision was anxious and incessant. In Marchmont Needham's book published in 1657 entitled "*The great accuser cast down*," we are told that "His Highness, having near one half of the livings in England one way or other in his own immediate disposal by presentation, he seldom bestoweth one of them upon any man whom himself doth not first examine and make trial of in person. Save only that at such times as his great affairs happen to be more urgent than ordinary, he useth to appoint some other to do it in his behalf. Which is so rare an example of piety that the like is not to be found in the stories of princes."

And then, touching the sources of income, how to find a substitute for tithes was felt to be a bottomless question. There was some talk of experimenting in Ireland, and gathering tithes into a common fund for re-distribution among incumbents, but it came to nothing. Oliver evidently shrank most sensitively from the injustice of any plan which looked like pauperising the regular clergy. On this ground he fought their battle from first to last. He told the House that the best among the clergy would heartily welcome some more gracious scheme of support, if such could be found; but until that happy discovery were made, tithes were unavoidable. To fall back on universal voluntarism he thought would be unfair treatment towards the ministers.

But let Cromwell's solicitude as the father of his people be what it might, was not the above plan tainted with the old inherent vice of withholding from the churches the right to choose their own pastors?—*Answer*. It certainly was the withholding of that right from the parishioners in the mass, whether they were christians or not. And if we wish to know how the exercise of such right would be likely to work, we have only to look at those parishes where the popular election of their rectors or ministers still prevails in England. Though blood may not be actually spilt as was the case in some of the earlier battles between bishops, the spectacle is equally unedifying. What then, it will be asked, is legislation to do in such a case? After an experience prolonged for two centuries since Oliver fell asleep, we might be tempted to utter a summary sentence very much at variance with his plan of action. But in judging of that plan so far as he was impli-

cated, we have to remember that in the Reformation era through which his own youth had passed, the protestant conscience was absolutely saturated with the divine mission of a stationary preaching clergy. Ever since the hour of his conversion he had been prominent in their advocacy; and to give them a fair chance now that he had the power was clearly with him a point of conscience. The most advanced christian thinkers of that day were as yet very far from taking the ground which John Foster (the Essayist) occupied a hundred and fifty years later when he started the suggestion that all ecclesiastical organizations were useless and mischievous, and the sooner they were dissolved the better. Pure protestantism, or the biblical principle of light against darkness had never before found herself in the seat of authority, at least in England. The metaphor which represents the champion of puritanism with a sword in one hand and a bible in the other is a perfectly just one; for though puritanism was something more reformed than the Anglican reformation, it was that something still pronouncing itself by the aid of governmental force. The main difference lay here, that in place of subsidizing a church of priests, the monopoly was transferred to a church of pastors. These had now to be put upon trial; and in spite of the check delivered by the re-ascent of the Anglican church to the supreme power, the experimental preaching dynasty of the sixteenth century has gone on ever since. Should it have to resign its functions to something better, it will not, in the meanwhile, have lived in vain.

Here the defence of Oliver's church scheme must come to an end. If we say that, in presence of the moral upturnings through which the nation had passed, he saw no other method whereby to ride the angry storm, let it be accepted as an admission that he was able to read his position better than we can read it for him, though it leave untouched the counter axiom that no civil power has ever yet shewn itself sufficiently pure to become the earthly representative of the kingdom of righteousness. How far he was himself aware of the false position held by subsidized divines may be partly gathered from his own explicit disavowal of their exclusive charter; and this in fairness ought to be now added.—"Where do you find in Scripture," he had said to the Scots ministers, "a ground to warrant such an assertion that preaching is exclusively your function? Though an approbation from men hath order in it, and may do well, yet he that hath no better warrant than that, hath none at all. I hope He that ascended up on high may give His gifts to whom He

pleaseth; and if these gifts be the seal of mission, be not you envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy." To the Irish prelates and priests he had further said.—

"I wonder not at discontents and divisions where so anti-christian and dividing a term as clergy and laity is given and received; a term unknown to any save the antichristian church and such as derive themselves from her. *Ab initio non fuit sic.* . . . It was your pride that begat this expression; and it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up;—that by making the people believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might, for their penny, purchase some sanctity from you; and that you might bridle, saddle, and ride them, at your pleasure; and do (as is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their laity, keep the knowledge of the law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, This people that knoweth not the law are cursed."

These revelations of his personal convictions give us some insight into the conflicting elements through which he had to steer his course. It was impossible, for example, that he could be deaf to the woes and wailings of the Quakers,—flogged, imprisoned, and robbed by tithe-gatherers. We know in fact that a very fair list could be exhibited, were there time, of kindnesses and deliverances wrought not only by himself but by members of his household in behalf of the sufferers. Some (not all) of the Quaker annalists have been very unjust towards him in this matter, attributing to him personally what was due to the tyranny which, in that age of local government, magistrates at a distance from London were able to exercise with impunity. Where he could not legally interfere was in those violations of established order in which some of the more audacious Quakers indulged. It matters little. The Quakers meanwhile were quite right in attributing to his governmental sanction the ugly machinery of a dominant clergy, under which they suffered most cruelly. He became, we can hardly doubt it, more fully sensible of the reigning evil when failing health and foreign complications left him no further time for organic reforms.

The effect on the ministers themselves was still more morally disastrous. They supported the Protector's authority so long as it lasted; and then, as one man, fell prostrate at the feet of returning royalism, having done their utmost to bring it about in pure dread of the encroachments of Quakerism. And their official representatives and successors to the present hour revile the Protector and all his works.

The crucial test of the Act of Uniformity proved the per-

sonal worth of many of them as men and as christians, and so far forth reflected credit on the system which placed them in office; and if that crucial test did not at once bring the expelled Two Thousand round to the platform of John Milton and the Quakers, it at least gave positivism to those principles which by a slower routine will eventually show that platform to be the only honest and victorious one. Strange was the destiny of the puritan-poet! Led, like his illustrious friend the puritan captain, away from the path which he had originally chosen, into other scenes and controversies which were necessary for his mental education, he proved in his own case the wisdom of that friend's axiom,—how feeble is human forecast when compared with the faith which asks where the next footstep shall be planted. If the Civil War had brought forth no other fruit than John Milton's controversial writings, the crop might well challenge the benediction of all succeeding ages. His polemics were as far in advance of the pulpit of his day, or of our own either, as the intelligent patriotism of the Protector went ahead of the crochets of his parliaments. Not a few of his compatriots of the present generation have this conviction profoundly seated in their hearts, and their own forced and temporary inaction is rendered just supportable by the thought that the words of the master ready stand, waiting like Sampson's foxes, so soon as the Philistines' harvest shall be fully ripe, to run in and set the field on fire.

For two hundred years the exaltation of John Milton's poetry has been made by his pseudo-admirers the means of smothering his authority as a divine. In an epic or lyric form he may be tolerated in the most fastidious drawing-room,—pictorially edited or plain,—illuminated or obscured, as the case may be, by distracting quotations from heathen writers or the microscopic revelations of commentators. There is only one proviso to be observed,—his orthodox writings must never be bound up with his apocrypha.

But this apochryphal divinity of John Milton will yet be the death of idolatry. Absorbing all that was crystalline in George Fox, all that was practicable in puritanism, and all that was gallant in good citizenship, he sets forth Christianity as hostile indeed to lawless tyranny, but in no sense uncongenial with national self-assertion,—rather indeed as the sole guarantee of a people's advance. Priestcraft by a law of necessity withers beneath his touch, and God's true heroes stand out in celestial relief. The sacerdotalists to a man instinctively recoil from his pages; but they will never be permitted to forget that the anatomist who has gibbeted

their cause and their martyrs too in perennial infamy, was the sublimest of poets and the ripest of scholars, the most logical controversialist and the most finished latinist, a man of childlike faith, serenest valour, and harmonious soul. Vain is it for one traducer after another to tell us how he was ignominiously "vomited forth of the University," or to picture him as destitute of natural affection. His position in the heavens is fixed and eternal. His imperial friend and himself stand out as the Castor and Pollux of a storm-ridden sky, nor has their lustre yet reached its culmination. Oliver once threatened that the guns of England should be heard under the walls of the Vatican. The guns of England in those days, simple puritan guns though they were, were sufficiently eloquent to awake in the sacerdotal breast the desire, as John Dryden expresses it, "behind more Alps to stand, although an Alexander were her guard." [*Pope Alexander VII.*] But may we not, even as Thomas Carlyle has suggested, anticipate for England a grander destiny than even Oliver Protector contemplated,—a destiny we may say to which the policy of the first Oliver only pointed?—though touching its external shape, conjecture has very little to offer beyond the general assumption that it will be the outcome of intense personality, and the total abandonment of clerical proxyism as the plausible buffer which selfishness loves to interpose between itself and the pressure of reform. To upset religious masquerading and dissolve the Long Parliament of hirelings may confidently be expected to be the function of the second Oliver, whether he incarnate unity or a multitude; and this is why his advent is so steadfastly resisted and so suspiciously watched. The first Oliver made a ghastly breach in the enemy's wall. That breach was deftly stopped with wind-bags, and garnished as heretofore with "men in buckram," to the delight of English patricians and prelates. Oliver the second will scorn to attempt the old breach; he will blow the citadel into the air. The enforcement of universal toleration in fact hardly expresses the capacity of his programme. What if he should go much farther than this, and in the name of civic empire decree the suppression of all articulate dogma whatsoever and the consequent dissolution of all churches? Should it even come to this, the prospect need not alarm. The catastrophe may turn out to be nothing short of a blessing in disguise. There would not be a christian less in the land; while thousands would be startled from a treacherous slumber into healthy activity on discovering that the ecclesiastical roof-tree no longer provided a hiding-place from individual responsibility.

But stopping short of this issue, it may be safely predicted that if the re-conquest of the age to Christianity prove unattainable by the church of pastors, such result will never be reached by the church of priests. It is not a new faith that the world needs, but the ancient faith detached from its organisations, from its clericalism, from its superstitions, and from its political relations. Already has many of the protestant ministers and delegates of Switzerland given in their adhesion to a system which ignores the canonical definitions of church life; and ere long may expect to see multitudes more of them, armed with the fortitude of the ejected Two Thousand of England, rejoicing to cast off the incubus of a false position and share the freedom which neither themselves nor their flocks have ever tasted. Christianity knows nothing of any such class. Laymen, but summons all alike to accept and fulfil the vocation of priests and of heroes. "If hero mean *sincere man*," says Carlyle, "why may not any one of us be a hero? That were indeed to raise again 'the shout of a king hushed in England's camp ever since the memorable third September."

The abandonment of the false psychology which has long brooded like a nightmare over teachers and taught cannot but conduce mightily to the setting free of an enlarged tentative philanthropy. With the extinction of religious caste "the conspiracy of silence" will also pass away, as no longer needed to daunt or to quench the impetuosity of enquirers. And when Pauline theology is discovered to be the property, not of a William Tyndale or of John Milton here and there, but the birthright of an emancipated generation, Christian men will look back with simple astonishment to think they should so long and so patiently have submitted to the tyranny of mediæval strategy.

These concluding remarks are based, in great part, on an essay by Dr. E. Petavel-Olliff, one of the Genevan pastors, forming the

Introduction to a work recently published in Paris, entitled *Christianisme sans églises*, from the pen of Henry Dunn.

Kindred Cromwells.

The village church of Cromwell St. Giles, co. Nottingham lies five miles north of Newark,—“simple worshippers,” says Carlyle, “still doing in it some kind of divine service every Sunday. From this, without any ghost to teach us we can understand that the Cromwell kindred all got their

name in very old times indeed. From torpedo rubbish records we learn also without much difficulty that the Barons Cromwell were summoned to Parliament from Edward II's time downward,—that they had their chief seat at Tattershall in Lincolnshire, and that there were Cromwells of distinction, and of no distinction, scattered in reasonable abundance over that Fen-country " *Letters and Speeches*.

And such was truly the case two hundred years ago; but now the baronies have dropped out of the Peerage books; and even among commoners, the old familiar name may almost be sought in vain. In respect of the titles of the Barons Cromwell and Earls of Ardglass, the last male representative was Vere Essex Cromwell who died in 1687. The Barony of Cromwell then descended to his daughter Elizabeth Cromwell, in which rank she assisted at the funeral of Queen Mary II and the coronation of Queen Anne. She married Edward Southwell, Secretary of State for Ireland, and had issue one son Edward Southwell, who marrying Katharine daughter of Edward Watson, Viscount Sondes, and sole heiress of her brothers Lewis and Thomas Earls of Rockingham, left a son Edward Southwell, who in right of his mother succeeded to the Barony of De Clifford. Her ladyship died in 1709, and the Barony of Cromwell is now supposed to be vested in the sisters and co-heirs of Edward Lord de Clifford, son and successor of Edward Lord De Clifford mentioned above.

The Nottinghamshire branch.

John Cromwell of Magd. Col. Camb. one of the ejected divines of 1662, was a native of Barnby-moor in Nottinghamshire. He is described as a tall comely person of a healthful constitution; but was principally noted at college for his studious and serious deportment, and as a preacher he was thought to rival Dr. Owen. His anxiety "to enter on the Lord's vineyard" was so early expressed that it required the expostulations of his friend Dr. Tuckney to induce him to complete his studies and in the mean time to practise village preaching near Cambridge. He first settled at Royston, till on the death of Dean Topham, the Protector Oliver presented him to the rectory of Claworth in Nottinghamshire, and at the same time made him the offer of £200 a year if he would act as chaplain to Henry Cromwell in Dublin. Mr. Cromwell replied that he thought the office of preaching the higher preferment of the two. So he remained in England, and

occasionally officiated at Court with considerable approval, especially on the occasion of the fast for success against the Spaniards in 1658. This it will be remembered was an occasion of remarkable devotional outflowing; see page 212, when not only was John Cromwell a prominent agent, but the Protector himself must have taken part. This may be fairly gathered from Andrew Marvell's language. Speaking of the Protector's faith in prayer, he manifestly refers to this prayer-meeting in the following lines,

" And where the sandy mountain Fenwick scaled,
The sea between.—yet hence his prayer prevailed.
What man was ever so in heaven obeyed
Since the commanded sun o'er Gibeon stayed?"

[Marvell's "sandy mountain" refers to the sandy hillocks or dunes near Dunkirk. And the fact that Roger Fenwick alone is mentioned by the poet indicates the high estimation in which that officer's conduct at the battle of the Dunes was held. See page 207.]

Soon after the Restoration, a rival claimant to Mr. Cromwell's rectory unsuccessfully sought to eject him by virtue of a title direct from the King. But though Mr. Cromwell thought proper to resist an usurpation of this nature he fell prostrate before the Uniformity Act of 1662; and after that crisis, his life was a prolonged experience of tribulation. On a charge of complicity in what was called "the Yorkshire plot," he lay in prison at Newark for several years, till the Duke of Newcastle interfered and put his accusers to shame. Often had he petitioned in vain to be brought to trial; for it was well known that the only offence chargeable upon him was the name he bore. On recovering his liberty he appeared to throw off to some extent the diseases contracted in prison, and passed some time in Norwich where he was the object of general esteem, though not without his trials. He was dining one day with Bishop Reynolds together with a group of divinity students: Mr. Cromwell and the Bishop conducted the conversation alone, and on the former's quitting the room, the Bishop rose to attend him. At this the young men laughed; but the Bishop having first rebuked their incivility towards one who was his guest, added,—"Thus far I can aver, that Mr. Cromwell has more solid divinity in his little finger than all of you have in your bodies." Experiencing a return of the maladies engendered by his prison life, Mr. Cromwell sought change of air in his native village of Barnby-Moor, but reached the place only to die, April, 1685. What family relationship he bore to the Protector is not certified. Mark Noble observes that "it was prudent in him

to deny it;" though we may be quite sure that if he did disown consanguinity, he was merely stating a fact, and had a better reason than prudence. Nor does there seem any reason why he should not be credited with the paternity of the "Oliver Cromwell, gent" who appears in the list of pollers for the knight of the shire at Nottingham in August, 1698 *Harl. MSS* 6846, and who crops up also as a father in the parish register of Bassford in the same county, thus,—“John, the son of Oliver Cromwell, gent, and Mary his wife, born 2 June 1696.” That the family was non-conformist is suggested by the birth and not the baptism of this son being recorded at Bassford. On this account it might not be so safe to link-on to this branch, Samuel Cromwell the medical doctor of Mansfield, Notts. seeing he belonged to Sidney Sussex College, and his son William in 1708 was entered of the same college. This Samuel must be the same person who in 1682 published at Leyden *Disputatio de tumoribus in genere*.

And where shall we place Oliver James Benjamin Cromwell Esq. mentioned by Mark Noble as an extensive landowner in the counties of York and Leicester in the early part of the next century? None of his five children, according to Mark Noble, carried on the descent; yet Cromwells from Leicester are still extant. Oliver Cromwell of Leicester who died about 1869 was father to the late William Cromwell of Windsor, whose widow (born Maria Cox) still lives there, 1879. Her eldest son is Oliver Cromwell of 17 Trafalgar Square, Peckham, besides other children, among whose numerous offspring the name of Oliver is not destined to die out just yet.

Cromwells of Wiltshire and of the city of Bath.

The name occurs in the old parish registers of Potterne Keevil, Stanton-Barnard, and Seend near Devizes; supposed to derive from Sir Philip Cromwell an uncle of the Protector. See *Edmondson*. Mark Noble says, “There is a family of Cromwell of Bromsgrove who came from Devizes. Their father hated the name of Cromwell because of Oliver the Protector.” The *History of Devizes*, edit. 1859, relates a duel which took place there in 1800 between a veteran Colonel named Campbell and a young wild-drake known as Lieutenant Cromwell, arising out of a dispute about a recruit whom Cromwell, by paying his “smart money” for him, had induced to back out of his first engagement in the Colonel’s troop, and to re-enlist under himself. In the meeting which ensued, the lieutenant received a slight wound in the face;

upon which Campbell shook hands with him, said he was a brave young fellow, but must take care another time. The senior officer's conduct on this occasion in accepting a challenge from one whom he might have reported and disgraced, was much applauded at the time.

Cromwells have long been known in Bath in connexion with the stone quarries of that district. Peter Cromwell, whose works were at Combe-down, and who had an extensive business in Bath during the last century, was buried at old Widcombe church, about 1800, aged 92. Of his sons, three in number, Oliver, James, and Peter; Oliver was the only one who married. He left one infant son, William, born in Bath, 1783; who became the father of the present William Cromwell, born at Twerton in 1820, and now 1879 living in the Station Road close to Anerley station. He has a family.

Another branch derives from Edward Cromwell of Bath, whose sons were 1st, Oliver Cromwell, a master-mason now residing at 16 St. James's Parade, the father of Oliver Cromwell the pharmaceutical chemist of Brixton-Rise. 2nd, William Cromwell, who died about 1854, a Baptist preacher belonging to Widcombe chapel, and very popular among the neighbouring churches of Westbury, Frome, Warminster, Trowbridge, and Devizes. "*The joys and sorrows of a pastor's life*" is the title of his Memoir, by C. W. Banks.

Allied to this branch is John G. Cromwell, M.A. Principal of St. Mark's College at Chelsea and hon. Canon of Durham, who states that his great-grandfather William Cromwell was admitted to the freedom of the City of London as a master-mason or builder, in 1787.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1777 has the following—"Died, on the 15th Mr. Oliver Cromwell, aged 92; thought to be the only descendant left of the family of the well-known Oliver Cromwell." Subsequent writers in that and other periodicals, referring to this gentleman, who appears to have been resident at Hampton Court park, disprove his descent from the Protector, but seem unable to exhibit his real antecedents. While this discussion was going forward, the veritable representative of the Protectoral house, viz. Oliver Cromwell of Brantingsay, Cheshunt, was in his thirty-sixth year.

"Mr. Cromwell" (christian name not given) a wealthy brewer of Hammersmith, who died Dec. 1816, commenced business in a very modest way, carrying out his own beer to his customers; and after he became the owner of the Creek-brewery, scorning to assume any airs of gentility either in dress or manner. He always dined in company with the men

in his employ; and even when friends joined the party, he helped his own servants to meat first. Heated by an altercation with a merchant at the Corn-exchange, to whom he had sold a thousand quarters of malt but refused to deliver more than three hundred, he was taken suddenly ill on his way home, by the breaking of a blood-vessel as was supposed, and died in a corn-chandler's shop in Tottenham Court Road; his fortune of £40,000 descending to two brothers.

Thomas Cromwell, Ph. D. and F.S.A. minister of Newington-green Unitarian chapel, published many tracts and addresses in advocacy of liberal principles, 1840—1860; among others, a masterly treatise on the Soul, designed to expose the fallacy of basing the hope of an hereafter on the popularly prevailing notions of soul, spirit and mind—pub. 1859. He dates from Canonbury, where he is believed to have died, a widower, about the year 1872.

Thomas Kitson Cromwell, the antiquary, whose writings on topography took the form of "*Excursions*", 1830 *et seq.* published also an *Early History of Ireland, The Druid, a tragedy*, and *The Protector Oliver's Life and Times*.

John Gabriel Cromwell is the name of a modern constructor of elementary school books.

Oliver Cromwell of Carolina published in 1828 a feeble poem entitled *The Soldier's Wreath*, in celebration of General Jackson's defence of New Orleans.

Mrs. C. T. Cromwell was the author of *Over the Ocean, or glimpses of travel in many lands*. New York, 1849.

Sidney Cromwell published in New York *Political Opinions* in 1776. At the present hour the surname of Cromwell is apparently more prevalent in America than in the mother-country. It has penetrated even into California.

Cleveland's Memoirs. In 1736 there came out in Dublin a dull book in two vols. entitled *The Life and entertaining adventures of Mr. Cleveland a natural son of Oliver Cromwell*, written by himself; with reflexions on the heart of man in all its varieties of passions and disguises. Also some particulars of Oliver's private history never before made public. The book could never have been regarded as other than a feeble forgery. The writer's mother, described as Elizabeth Cleveland the daughter of one of the officers in charge of Hampton-Court, is moreover declared to have been originally a favourite of King Charles I.! The list of subscribers to the work shews them to have been mainly Irish, and there are no Cromwells among them.

The Protector's brothers and sisters.

Oliver had two brothers, Henry and Robert, both of whom died in infancy ;—and seven sisters, Joan, Elizabeth, Catharine, Margaret, Anna, Jane, and Robina. Of these, Joan, born in 1598, died at the age of eight. Of the other six who reached maturity a brief account here follows.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL, born in 1593, died unmarried in 1672 and was buried within the communion-rails of the chancel of Wicken. An interesting letter to her finds its place in the last edition of *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*. Mr. Carlyle thus introduces it,—“By accident, another curious glimpse into the Cromwell family. Sister Elizabeth of whom, except the date of her birth and that she died unmarried, almost nothing is known, comes visibly to light here,—living at Ely in very truth, as Noble had guessed she did, quietly boarded at some friendly Doctor's there, in the scene and among the people always familiar to her. She is six years older than Oliver,—now and then hears from him, we are glad to see, and receives small tokens of his love of a substantial kind. For the rest, sad news in this letter,—Son Ireton is dead of fever in Ireland; the tidings reached London just a week ago.

For my dear Sister Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, at Dr. Richard Stand's house at Ely. These.

Cockpit. 15 Dec. 1651.

DEAR SISTER. I have received divers letters from you. I must desire you to excuse my not writing so often as you expect. My burden is not ordinary, nor are my weaknesses a few, to go through therewith; but I have hope in a better strength. I have herewith sent you Twenty pounds as a small token of my love. I hope I shall be mindful of you. I wish you and I may have our rest and satisfaction where all saints have theirs. What is of this world will be found transitory, a clear evidence whereof is my son Ireton's death. I rest, dear Sister, your affectionate brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. My Mother, wife, and your friends here remember their loves.

CATHARINE CROMWELL, the Protector's third sister, born 1597 married Roger Whitstone, (descended from a Peterborough family) who served in the British forces in the pay of Holland,—where also most of her children were born, and

where he himself is supposed to have died some time before his brother-in-law's rise to power. The widow and her children then returned to England,—Henry the eldest of them serving as a sea-captain under Admiral Stokes; but neither he nor his three brothers appear to have left descendants; and the same must be said of their sister Levina, who in 1655 was married to Major Richard Beke of Buckinghamshire. This young lady is referred to as being near death, in the postscript of a letter by Lord Fauconberg, quoted above at page 219. From another document here following we gather that on the Whitstone family returning from abroad, the widow and her daughter Levina shared for some time the dwelling house of her brother Oliver at the Cockpit, and in that document Mrs. Whitstone is stated to have been "his best beloved sister."

Among the troops of petitioners besieging the throne of the restored Charles, figures Lady Baker (widow of Sir Thomas Baker of Exeter,) who, while recounting the sacrifices which she and her husband had made during the wars, indulges in a long narrative touching her own correspondence with the Cromwell family, undertaken as she represents solely with a view to plead the King's cause. She had commenced proceedings by forming the acquaintance of Mrs Whitstone, "Cromwell's best beloved sister," at the time when the family was living at the Cockpit in Westminster, in order to obtain through her means a personal interview with her brother, expressing to her dear friend the confident hope that if she could only get speech of my Lord General, she doubted not to render him the happiest man alive. In pursuance of this object she was so far successful on one occasion as to induce Mrs Whitstone to carry a request in to her brother, who was no farther off than in an adjoining room; but Mrs Whitstone, after a talk with him, came back with tears in her eyes, saying that he was the dearest brother in the world, and she would never forgive herself if through her means any injury should befall him. In short, my Lady Baker was given to understand that many thought her a dangerous person, an insinuation which she repelled with laughter, asking whether they thought that because she was a big woman, she must therefore be full of ammunition? Henry Cromwell now enters the room, desiring to know the object of the lady's mission; and after a renewed colloquy with his father, revives her hopes of a personal audience. But a personal audience is not yet attainable; her benevolent solicitude is again met with a message of dismissal and a recommendation to put her thoughts upon paper; and so ended this

experimental test. But shortly afterwards she again waited in appointment in Mrs Cromwell's chamber, and begged Mrs Whitstone's language to announce her arrival. Mrs Cromwell, who had not yet left her private apartments, returned answer that it was out of no disrespect to Lady Baker that she was not in ready to receive her, but the fact was that she and her lord had not slept that night: she would nevertheless let him know that Lady Baker was come. The long-looked for opportunity seemed now at last within reach: but alas, instead of my lord General coming forward to greet her, he was represented by two of his officers, to wit, Parkington and Flenner,—to whom of course she stoutly refused to give any explanation: she had not come to see them, and she had nothing to communicate. Mrs Whitstone now urgently recommended her departure, suggesting that very possibly there might be something brewing against her. Lady Baker, wishing to be supposed accessible to fear while in the discharge of her duty, was proceeding to walk into the garden, where she found her progress again checked by a guard of musketeers: and it required more than one additional messenger yet, to persuade her to quit the premises.

It could not have been long after this affair that the widow Whitstone married Colonel John Jones, one of the regicides, who suffered the penalty of high-treason on the King's return;—from and after which event, the lady also sinks out of history. Mark Noble observes respecting her,—“She is said to have been very unlike to her brother the Protector.” Unlike in person, this probably means; for, mentally, we have no reason to think there was any lack of mutual resemblance among the members of that devout household.

MARGARET CROMWELL, the Protector's fourth sister, born 1601, was married to Colonel Valentine Wauton (or Walton) of Great Stoughton, co. Hunts, a member of a family which for generations back had been in cordial alliance with the Cromwells, and by this marriage the old friendship seemed more than ever confirmed. In one respect only, namely in silent disapproval of the Protectorate, did Wauton's friendship suffer abatement. On the return of royalism, Colonel Wauton, as having been one of the most impetuous of the late King's judges, could of course expect no mercy, and he accordingly retired to some spot in the Low Countries, where he died in the following year, the victim as was supposed of disappointment, anxiety, and dread. His first wife Margaret Cromwell had been long dead; and his children

must have found themselves great sufferers by the total confiscation of their father's estates. These children appear to have been,—1. George, born 1620, died in infancy.—2. Valentine, born 1623.—3. Another George, slain at Marston-moor.—4. Robert, a London mercer, ruined by a contract to supply nearly £7,000 worth of cloth at Oliver's funeral. He married a daughter of Colonel Pride.—5. Anna, born 1622.—And perhaps, 6. Lieut. Ralph Wauton, who fell in Scotland serving under Monke.

ANNA CROMWELL, the Protector's fifth sister, born in 1603, was married to John Sewster of Wistow, co. Hunts, Esq. and was buried at Wistow in 1646, her husband surviving her thirty six years. They were a quiet unambitious race, and the "particular regard" which the Protector entertained towards them was no doubt based upon the puritanism common to both houses. The children, six in number, were,—1. John, of whom presently.—2. Robert, buried at Wistow, 1705.—3. Lucy, 1631.—4. Robina, named after her aunt, became the wife of Mr. Ambassador Lockhart.—5. Catharine, died in infancy, 1642.—6. Anna, died in infancy, 1647.

John Sewster, eldest son and heir, died in 1680 (the year before his father), leaving two daughters who both married but had no issue. The family pictures descended to Mr. Cowley of Fenny-Stanton.

JANE CROMWELL, the sixth sister of the Protector Oliver, born in 1606, married, 1636, John Disbrowe, afterwards one of the Major-generals of the Protectorate, and a member of the Upper House. The family was seated at Eltisley, co. Camb. and were very prominent puritans in matters both ecclesiastical and civil. John Disbrowe was stoutly opposed to his brother-in-law's acceptance of the kingly title; he was also a main agent in upsetting the Protector Richard. At the Restoration he went abroad, but was summoned back by the proclamation of 1665, requiring certain refugees to report themselves. He lived to exult in the Revolution of 1688 which virtually banished the Stuart race; and it is thought that after the death of his wife Jane Cromwell, he married a second time; but we have now only to take note of that lady and her offspring.

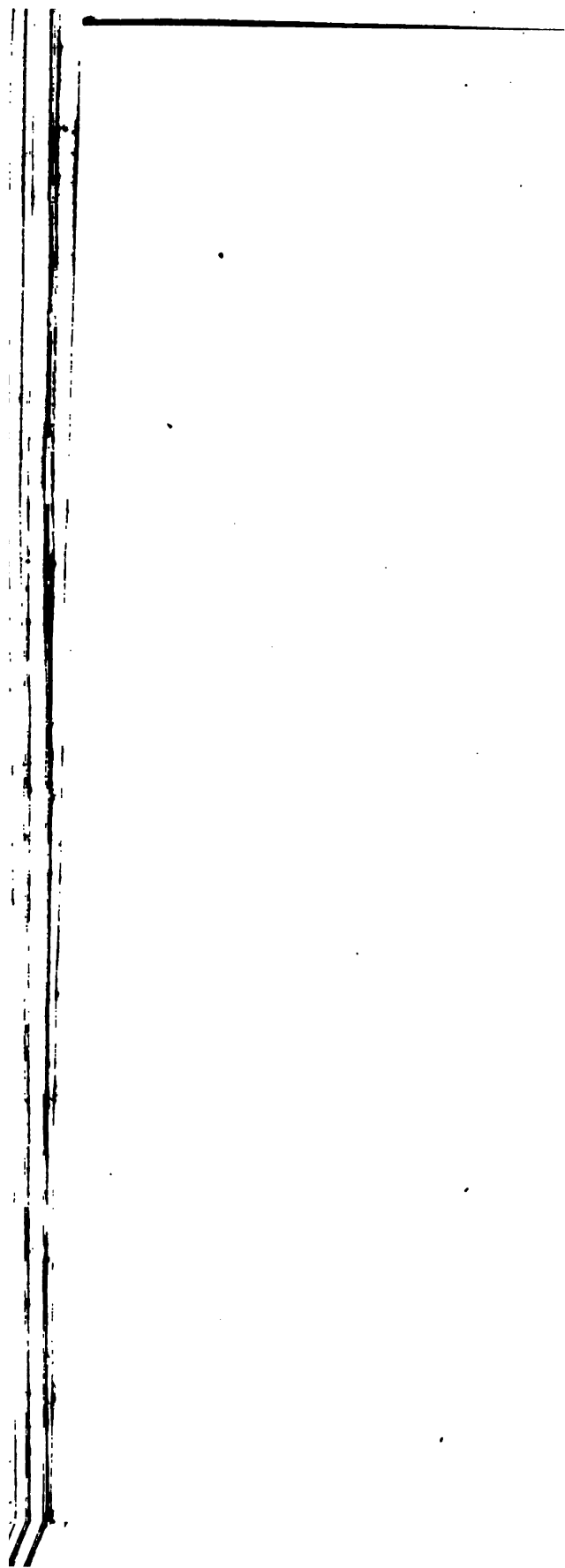
Lady Jane Disbrowe is believed to have died about the year 1656, as various letters from her husband at that period, while he was executing his Major-generalship in Wiltshire, refer to her failing health, and solicit permission to return home. Her family, Mark Noble informs us, consisted of

one daughter who died unm. and seven sons. John Richard Valentine and Benjamin are four of the names. Valentine seated at Bocking in Essex, had, with others, Sarah, who became the mother of Mr. Edward Bright a provision merchant of Maldon in Essex, long celebrated as "Gree Bright" from his enormous size. Taking into calculation the weight which he was supposed to have acquired subsequent to his latest scaling, Mr. Bright must have reached before his death, forty four stone, or 616 pounds. His portrait has been frequently engraved; but the most curious print respecting him is one published in 1750, in which seven Maldon men are being buttoned into his vest, of which the annexed etching is a reduction to half-size. The particulars related in this and a companion plate giving his portrait at full length, are that after his decease a wager was proposed between two gentlemen of the place (Mr. Codd and Mr. Hants) that five men of the age of twenty-one, then resident at Maldon, could not be buttoned into his waistcoat without breaking a stitch or straining a button; but that upon trial, on 1 Dec. 1750, in the house of the widow Day, *the Black Ball* in Maldon aforesaid, not only the five proposed, but seven men, were with the greatest ease included. One of the betting gentlemen addresses his friend thus,— "Sir, you'll allow that to be fair", to which the other replies,— "I do, Sir, to me beyond imagination".

Mr. Bright was descended from families who both on the father's and on the mother's side were much inclined to corpulency. At twelve years of age he weighed ten stone four; and thirteen months before his death, forty one stone ten, independently of his clothes; height nearly five feet ten inches,—round the chest he measured five feet six inches,—round the arm two feet two inches,—round the leg two feet ten inches. He ate and drank with freedom, and exhibited till shortly before his death great activity; his general health being good till he became subject to slight inflammation in the leg, which however was easily reduced by scarification and bleeding. On such occasions it was usual for him to lose two pounds of blood at a time, of which he was no more sensible than an ordinary man is of the loss of twelve or fourteen ounces. There was an amiable mind in this overgrown body. He was of a cheerful temper and benevolent disposition, a kind husband, a tender father, a good master, a friendly neighbour, and a very fair honest man. He would have been universally lamented but for the conviction that life had become a burden to him, and that he was known to look forward to his death as a happy



*Seven men buttoned into the waistcoat of
EDWARD BRIGHT.*



release. His last illness, which took an inflammatory form, lasted about fourteen days. His coffin was three feet six inches broad at the widest part, and three feet one and a half inches deep. People flocked from all the country-side to witness its interment. It was drawn to the church on a low-wheeled carriage by ten or twelve men, and lowered into the grave by machinery. [From an account drawn up by T. Coe, physician of Chelmsford, for Dr. Cromwell Mortimer, secretary to the Royal Society, and inserted in Noble's Protectorate. Dr. Mortimer was the son of John Mortimer Esq. of Somersetshire, by a daughter of Samuel Saunders Esq. of Derbyshire, who named this son "Cromwell" in memory of his first wife, Dorothy, youngest daughter of the Protector Richard. *See page 21.* Daniel Lambert lived much longer than Edward Bright, and at his culminating point attained the weight of 739 pounds].

Though the Disbrowes have branched off into several families bearing other names, the patronymic still finds place among the Upper Ten Thousand. Colonel [George?] Disbrowe held the office of distributor of Queen Charlotte's bounty to the poor of Windsor. The Rt. hon. Sir Edward Cromwell Disbrowe, who died in 1851, was Minister at the Hague. His body was brought to England.

ROBINA CROMWELL, the Protector's seventh and youngest sister, was married to Dr. Peter French, a puritan divine, canon of Christchurch, Oxf. who died in 1655 during the dominion of his brother-in-law. In the following year she became the wife of another divine, the learned and eccentric Dr. John Wilkins, afterwards bishop of Chester;—time of her death unknown. By her first marriage she had one daughter, Elizabeth, married in 1664 to John Tillotson afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The prelate's children were three in number,—1. A son who died in early manhood.—2. Elizabeth, died unm. 1681.—3. Mary, mar. to James Chadwick of Wanstead Esq. and had issue, George, John and Mary. Of these last three, George left one son Evelyn; and Mary as the wife of Edward Fowler son of bishop Fowler of Gloucester, had two daughters, Anna-Maria and Elizabeth.



NORBOROUGH HOUSE. the seat of the Claypooles.

The scene of the Protectress Elizabeth's Death.

APPENDIX.

Lady Mary Fauconberg.

Page 101. Three years after the Restoration, we get a glimpse of this lady and her husband, at the play.—“Here,” says Samuel Pepys, “I saw my Lord Fauconberg and his lady my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad. But when the house began to fill, she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face.” *Pepys's Diary*, 12 June, 1663.

Frances Cromwell's second marriage.

Page 106. It is there stated that “some two or three years after her husband's death the young widow the Lady Frances became the wife of Sir John Russell.”—The interval was longer than two or three years; for the second marriage took place at Hursley, 7 May, 1663, leading us to infer that Lady Frances had found a home in the house of her sister in law, the ex-Protectress Dorothy, from the time when the restoration of royalty became imminent; and thus she may have helped by her presence to mitigate the melancholy and ennui which Lady Dorothy experienced after the flight of her husband.

Captain Robert Nicholas.

Page 140. On a silver soup tureen surmounted by the family crest, an owl with wings extended, on a cap of maintenance, was engraved the following testimonial.

To CAPTAIN ROBERT NICHOLAS of H.M.S. Lark, late Lieutenant-Governor of the island of Curacao.

This piece of plate is presented by the merchants concerned in trade with that island, as a mark of respect to his person, and a token of gratitude for those important benefits which resulted to them from his zeal and activity in the protection of their trade, and the wise policy of those measures to which the beneficial intercourse with the neighbouring Spanish colonies is to be attributed. London, 14 Feb. 1809.

contre ailleurs que séparément. Tout y annonçoit la magnificence du grand Roi qui en en avoit fait par lui-même sur les lieux l'objet essentiel de son attention. Cette place située dans la Manche, étoit, par les avantages de sa position, la plus importante que la France eût sur l'Océan. Tout sembloit concourir à la mettre fort au-dessus des autres. Devenue la plus fameuse école qu'il y eut en Europe pour la construction des ouvrages hydrauliques, par la quantité qui s'y en fit de toute espee, les ingénieurs du Roi s'y attachèrent à perfectionner ce qui n'avoit été pour ainsi dire qu'ébouché en ce genre. Jamais l'art n'a été appliqué plus heureusement à tirer tout l'avantage possible de ce que la nature offroit de favorable, ou à vaincre les obstacles que l'on rencontroit de la part du terrain, pour exécuter les projets qui avoient été résolus." *Architecture Hydraulique, par M. Belidor, 1750.* And concludes his introductory sketch by shewing that facilities for drowning the land in the rear of the town, combined with sea-defences on the north, gave to the citizens perfect security from bombardment.

Oliver and Beverning.

Page 332. While there is reason to think that their esteem was mutual, it is possible that the Protector's confidence in the Dutchman's judgment is here over-stated. In 1654, Beverning, before he thoroughly knew the Protector, spoke of him as "*summus dissimulandi artifex*"; — contrasting strangely with the anxiety he expressed at a later date that Downing would procure an exact portrait of him. Hamlet says,—"Those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little." Beverning's desire, we prefer to think, rested on a better basis than the vulgar sycophancy which disgusted Hamlet.

Kindred Cromwells.

Page 377.—Jonathan Hartop who died at Aldborough near Boroughbridge in Yorkshire in 1791 at the age of 138, is reported in the longevity records as the same person who lent John Milton £50. Of his five wives, the third is said to have been an illegitimate daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who gave with her a portion of £500. Hartop also possessed a Cooper-miniature of Oliver, for which Thomas Hollis in vain offered him £300.

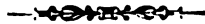
Here is a strange jumble of traditions and anachronisms,

constructed apparently by the gossips who were familiar with the old gentleman in 1791, but whose knowledge of Oliver and of Oliver's times, like that of most other people in England, had become very foggy. The connexion between the Hartopp and Fleetwood families, and the £500 given to Jerry White as a solatium for losing Frances Cromwell, seem to be the basis of the story.

Algernon Borthwick.

Page 166. This gentleman was knighted in April 1880, having unsuccessfully contested Evesham in the conservative interest at the recent election.

In the formation of Mr. Gladstone's administration of 1880, four names occurring in the above pages require notice,—namely,—Sir William Harcourt, page 166, as Secretary of State for the Home Department;—the Earl of Morley, page 164, as Under Secretary for War;—the Marquis of Ripon, page 160, as Governor General of India;—and Earl Cowper, page 160, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.



ERRATA.

Page 20, l. 25. For *Herncanæ* read *Hearneanæ*.

Page 62, l. 2. For *thoretic* read *theoretic*.

Page 268, l. 30. For *Mnrray* read *Murray*.

Page 311. For *Sotheby* and *Wilkinson* read *Puttick* and *Simpson*.

Page 80. Head of *Mrs. Bendysh*. This portrait being posthumous, its only claim on the reader's acceptance must take the form of "As you like it."

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